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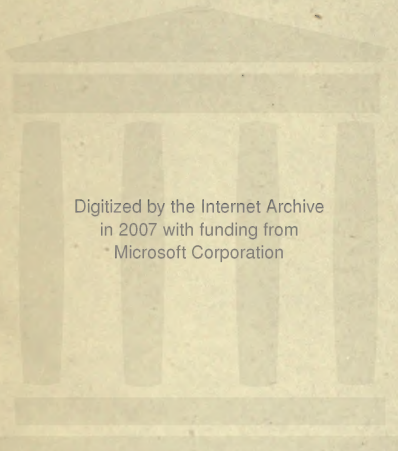


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HALF-HOURS

WITH

THE BEST AUTHORS.

VOL. IV.

HALF-HOURS

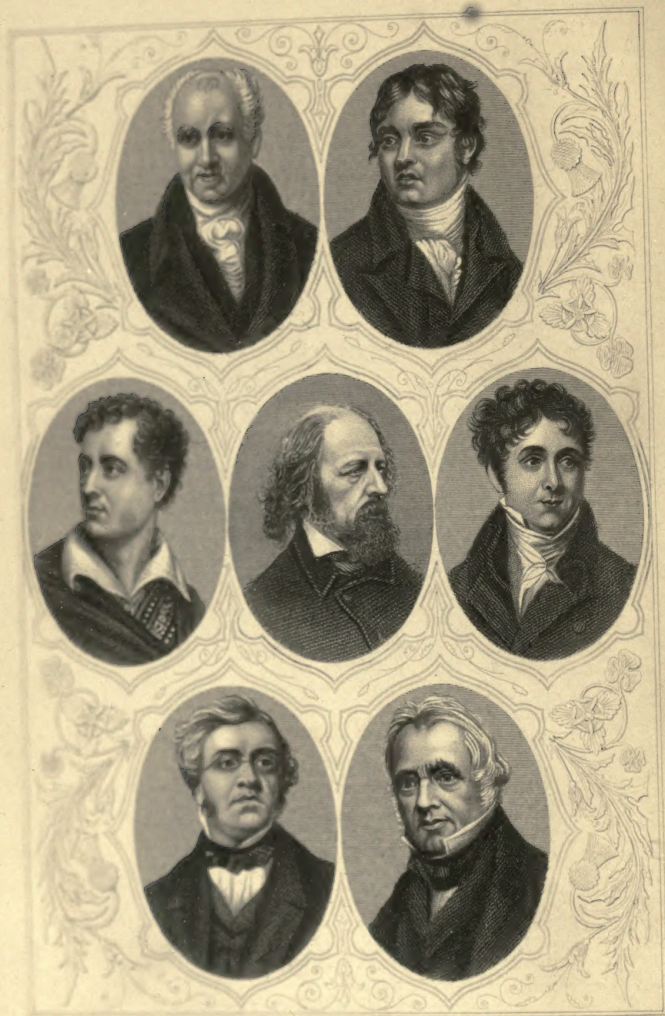
WITH

A BEST VOLUME

FOR







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THE BEST AUTHORS.

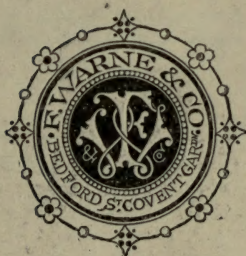
INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,  
By CHARLES KNIGHT.

WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

A New Edition.

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## CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

---

274.	The Immortality of the Soul . . . . .	SHERLOCK . . . . .	1
	Hope at the Close of Life . . . . .	CAMPBELL . . . . .	6
275.	Let Winter Come . . . . .	VARIOUS . . . . .	7
276.	Reflections upon Exile . . . . .	BOLINGBROKE . . . . .	12
277.	The Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero . . . . .	GEORGE LONG . . . . .	23
278.	Field Sports, Agriculture, and Trade of the Middle Ages . . . . .	HALLAM . . . . .	28
279.	The Astrologer . . . . .	BUTLER . . . . .	33
280.	The Value of Time . . . . .	S. JOHNSON . . . . .	37
281.	On the Goodness of the Deity . . . . .	PALEY . . . . .	40
	God the Author of Nature . . . . .	COWPER . . . . .	47
282.	Thomas Chatterton . . . . .	CAMPBELL . . . . .	48
283.	Some Account of the Great Law-Suit between the } Parishes of St Dennis and St George in the Water }	MACAULAY . . . . .	55
284.	The Hall of Eblis . . . . .	BECKFORD . . . . .	64
285.	The Clouds . . . . .	SHELLEY . . . . .	71
286.	Advice to his Son . . . . .	LORD BURLEIGH . . . . .	72
287.	Dr Johnson's Dinner Talk . . . . .	BOSWELL . . . . .	77
288.	Special Means of Contentment . . . . .	BISHOP SANDERSON . . . . .	81
289.	Mortality at Sea . . . . .	ANSON . . . . .	90
290.	Imitation in Art . . . . .	REYNOLDS . . . . .	98
291.	The Betrothed . . . . .	CRABBE . . . . .	103
292.	Of Security . . . . .	JEREMY BENTHAM . . . . .	106
293.	Sancho Panza in his Island . . . . .	CERVANTES . . . . .	113
294.	Coningsby and the Mysterious Stranger . . . . .	B. DISRAELI . . . . .	120
295.	Good Works . . . . .	THOMAS ERSKINE . . . . .	131
296.	Fame . . . . .	SOUTHEY . . . . .	135
297.	The Married Life of Albert Durer . . . . .	LEOPOLD SCHEFER . . . . .	141
298.	Love . . . . .	ELLIOTT . . . . .	148
299.	Scottish Music . . . . .	BEATTIE . . . . .	156
300.	Scottish Songs . . . . .	TANNAHILL . . . . .	161

	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
301.	The Landlord and the Agent . . . . .	MARIA EDGEWORTH	164
302.	Of the Happiness of the Life to Come . . . . .	ARCHB. LEIGHTON	170
	Hope Beyond the Grave . . . . .	BEATTIE	176
303.	An English Cathedral and St Mark's . . . . .	RUSKIN	176
304.	Of the Public Good . . . . .	A. SIDNEY	183
305.	A Word to the Wise . . . . .	BISHOP BERKELEY	186
306.	Songs . . . . .	VARIOUS	191
307.	Of Myself . . . . .	COWLEY	196
308.	The Plague of Florence . . . . .	BOCCACCIO	200
309.	False and True Knowledge . . . . .	SIR JOHN DAVIES	205
310.	Generalisations of Science . . . . .	A. VON HUMBOLDT	211
311.	The Vanity of Human Wishes . . . . .	S. JOHNSON	216
312.	Anglo-Saxons and Normans . . . . .	HARDY	227
313.	Absence . . . . .	SHAKSPERE	235
314.	The Defence of Poesy . . . . .	SIR P. SIDNEY	238
315.	The Difference of Wits . . . . .	BEN JONSON	244
316.	The Influence of the Parental Character . . . . .	REV. RICHARD CECIL	247
	Paternal Affection . . . . .	W. SCOTT	251
	Bring Flowers . . . . .	MRS HEMANS	251
317.	Of Wisdom . . . . .	HENRY TAYLOR	252
318.	Imitation of Horace . . . . .	SWIFT AND POPE	260
319.	Domestic Jars . . . . .	LORD STOWELL	263
320.	Winter Walk at Noon . . . . .	COWPER	269
321.	The Vicar of Wakefield . . . . .	JOHN FORSTER	273
322.	The Modern Dramatic Poets—II. Manfred . . . . .	{ BYRON . . . . .	282
	Fazio . . . . .	{ MILMAN . . . . .	286
323.	Hymn on the Seasons . . . . .	THOMSON	288
324.	The Modern Dramatic Poets—III. The Hunchback . . . . .	{ SHERIDAN KNOWLES	291
	Richelieu. . . . .	{ BULWER LYTTON . . . . .	295
325.	Art and Nature . . . . .	BYRON	298
326.	Sonnets . . . . .	VARIOUS	308
327.	The Haunch of Venison . . . . .	GOLDSMITH	314
328.	A Gossip at Reculvers . . . . .	DOUGLAS JERROLD	318
329.	Education . . . . .	POPE	325
330.	The New Dress . . . . .	R. BRATHWAYTE	330
331.	The Divina Commedia of Dante—I. . . . .	DANTE	332
332.	The Divina Commedia of Dante—II. . . . .	DANTE	337
333.	The Divina Commedia of Dante—III. . . . .	DANTE	345
334.	Character of Charles II. . . . .	BURNET	352
335.	The Modern Dramatic Poets—IV. Ion . . . . .	{ TALFOURD	356
	Philip Van Artevelde . . . . .	{ H. TAYLOR	360
		{ W. M. PRAED	366
336.	Enigmas . . . . .	{ BYRON	367
337.	The Ways of God . . . . .	JOHN SCOTT	368

	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
	The Sabbath . . . . .	WILLIS . . . . .	371
338.	Ancient London . . . . .	FITZ STEPHEN . . . . .	373
339.	The Christmas Tree . . . . .	COLERIDGE . . . . .	379
340.	The Canadian Indians . . . . .	SIR F. B. HEAD . . . . .	381
341.	Newstead Abbey . . . . .	BYRON . . . . .	390
342.	The Death of Lord Hastings . . . . .	HALL . . . . .	394
343.	The Doctor's Family Feeling . . . . .	SOUTHEY . . . . .	400
344.	Of Fraud . . . . .	BISHOP WILSON . . . . .	405
345.	Christmas . . . . .	VARIOUS . . . . .	414
346.	Knowledge . . . . .	LORD BACON . . . . .	418
347.	Sympathetic Imitation . . . . .	DUGALD STEWART . . . . .	423
348.	Queen Christina of Sweden . . . . .	RANKE . . . . .	431
349.	Lyrics of the Heart . . . . .	ALARIC A. WATTS . . . . .	438
350.	The War in La Vendée . . . . .	JEFFREY . . . . .	444
351.	Hymn of the Nativity . . . . .	MILTON . . . . .	451
	Hymn for Christmas Day . . . . .	KEBLE . . . . .	457
352.	Errors of Learning . . . . .	LORD BACON . . . . .	459
353.	Another Year . . . . .	VARIOUS . . . . .	464
354.	Prince Consort's Speech at Birmingham . . . . .	PRINCE ALBERT . . . . .	469
355.	Marian Erle . . . . .	MRS BROWNING . . . . .	473
356.	Wit and Humour . . . . .	SYDNEY SMITH . . . . .	479
357.	The Forging of the Anchor . . . . .	SAMUEL FERGUSON . . . . .	482
358.	On the Wisdom of this World . . . . .	SWIFT . . . . .	485
359.	The Modern Dramatic Poets—V. A Legend of Florence	{ LEIGH HUNT . . . . .	493
	The Earl of Gowrie . . . . .	{ JAMES WHITE . . . . .	498
360.	The Independent Minister . . . . .	MRS GASKELL . . . . .	502
361.	Rural Rides . . . . .	COBBETT . . . . .	511
362.	Resolution and Independence . . . . .	WORDSWORTH . . . . .	515
363.	The Chapel . . . . .	C. KNIGHT . . . . .	520
364.	Great Floods in the Province of Moray . . . . .	LAUDER . . . . .	526
365.	December . . . . .	CLARE . . . . .	533
	INDEX OF SUBJECTS . . . . .		537
	INDEX OF AUTHORS . . . . .		553





# HALF-HOURS

WITH

## THE BEST AUTHORS.

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### 274.—*The Immortality of the Soul.*

SHERLOCK.

[DR THOMAS SHERLOCK, one of the most eminent divines of the last century, was born in 1678; died in 1761. His father, Dr William Sherlock, was Master of the Temple, his writings were very numerous, and amongst them that entitled "A Practical Discourse concerning Death" was long a popular work. During this long life he was an indefatigable preacher and defender of Christianity. He was successively Master of the Temple, Bishop of Bangor, of Salisbury, and of London.]

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Had it not been for philosophy, there had remained perhaps no footsteps of any unbelievers in this great article; for the sense of nature would have directed all right; but philosophy misguided many. For those who denied immortality, did not deny the common sense of nature, which they felt as well as others; but they rejected the notice and thought it false, because they could not find physical causes to support the belief, or thought that they found physical causes effectually to overthrow it. This account we owe to Cicero, one of the best judges of antiquity, who tells us plainly that the reason why many rejected the

belief of the immortality of the soul was because they could not form a conception of an unbodied soul. So that infidelity is of no older a date than philosophy ; and a future state was not doubted of till men had puzzled and confounded themselves in their search after the physical reason of the soul's immortality. And now consider how the case stands, and how far the evidence of nature is weakened by the authority of such unbelievers. All mankind receive the belief of a future life, urged to it every day by what they feel transacted in their own breasts : but some philosophers reject this opinion, because they have no conception of a soul distinct from the body ; as if the immortality of the soul depended merely upon the strength of human imagination. Were the natural evidence of immortality built upon any particular notion of a human soul, the evidence of nature might be overthrown by showing the impossibility or improbability of such notion : but the evidence of nature is not concerned in any notion ; and all the common notions may be false, and yet the evidence of nature stand good, which only supposes man to be rational, and consequently accountable : and if any philosopher can prove the contrary, he may then, if his word will afterwards pass for anything, reject this and all other evidence whatever.

The natural evidence, I say, supposes only that a man is a rational accountable creature ; and, this being the true foundation in nature for the belief of the immortality, the true notion of nature must needs be this, that man, as such, shall live to account for his doings. The question, then, upon the foot of nature, is this : What constitutes the man ? And whoever observes with any care will find that this is the point upon which the learned of antiquity divided. The vulgar spoke of men after death just in the same manner as they did of men on earth : and Cicero observes, that the common error, as he calls it, so far prevailed, that they supposed such things to be transacted *apud inferos, quæ sine corporibus nec fieri possent nec intelligi* ; which could neither be done, nor conceived to be done, without bodies. The generality of men could not arrive to abstracted notions of unbodied spirits ; and though they could not but think that the body,

which was burnt before their eyes, was dissipated and destroyed ; yet so great was the force of nature, which was ever suggesting to them that men should live again, that they continued to imagine men with bodies in another life, having no other notion or conception of men.

But, with the learned, nothing was held to be more absurd than to think of having bodies again in another state ; and yet they knew that the true foundation of immortality was laid in this point, that the same individuals should continue. The natural consequence then was, from these principles, to exclude the body from being any part of the man ; and all, I believe, who asserted any immortality, agreed in this notion. The Platonists undoubtedly did ; and Cicero has everywhere declared it to be his opinion : *Tu habito*, (says he,) *te non esse mortalem, sed corpus ; Nec enim is es quem forma ista declarat ; sed mens cujusque is est quisque*. It is not you, but your body, which is mortal ; for you are not what you appear to be ; but it is the mind which is the man. This being the case, the controversy was necessarily brought to turn upon the nature of the soul ; and the belief of immortality either prevailed or sunk, according as men conceived of the natural dignity and power of the soul. For this reason the corporealists rejected the opinion ; for, since it was universally agreed among the learned that all that was corporeal of man died, they who had no notion of anything else necessarily concluded that the whole man died.

From this view you may judge how the cause of immortality stood, and what difficulties attended it, upon the foot of natural religion. All men had a natural sense and expectation of a future life.

The difficulty was to account how the same individuals, which lived and died in this world, and one part of which evidently went to decay, should live again in another world. The vulgar, who had no other notion of a man but what came in by their eyes, supposed that just such men as lived in this world should live in the next ; overlooking the difficulties which lay in their way, whilst they ran hastily to embrace the sentiments of nature,

This advantage they had, however, that ~~their~~ opinion preserved the identity of individuals, and they conceived themselves to be the very same with respect to the life to come as they found themselves to be in regard to the life present. But then, had they been pressed, they could not have stood the difficulties arising from the dissolution of the body, the loss of which, in their way of thinking, was the loss of the individual.

The learned, who could not but see and feel this difficulty, to avoid it, shut out the body from being any part of the man, and made the soul alone to be the perfect *individuum*. This engaged them in endless disputes upon the nature of the soul ; and this grand article of natural religion, by this means, was made to hang by the slender threads of philosophy ; and the whole was entirely lost, if their first position proved false, that the soul is the whole of man ; and it is an assertion which will not perhaps stand the examination. The maintainers of this opinion, though they supposed a sensitive, as well as a rational soul in man, which was the seat of the passions, and consequently the spring of all human actions ; yet this sensitive soul they gave up to death as well as the body, and preserved nothing but the pure intellectual mind. And yet it is something surprising to think that a mere rational mind should be the same individual with a man, who consists of a rational mind, a sensitive soul, and a body. This carries no probability with it at first sight, and reason cannot undertake much in its behalf.

But, whatever becomes of these speculations, there is a further difficulty, which can hardly be got over ; which is, that this notion of immortality and future judgment can never serve the ends and purposes of religion, because it is a notion which the generality of mankind can never arrive at. Go to the villages, and tell the ploughmen, that if they sin, yet their bodies shall sleep in peace ; no material, no sensible fire shall ever reach them ; but there is something within them purely intellectual, which will suffer to eternity ; you will hardly find that they have enough of the intellectual to comprehend your meaning. Now natural religion is founded on the sense of nature ; that is, upon the common appre-



hensions of mankind; and therefore abstracted metaphysical notions, beat out upon the anvil of the schools, can never support natural religion, or make any part of it.

In this point, then, nature seems to be lame, and not able to support the hopes of immortality which she gives to all her children. The expectation of the vulgar, that they shall live again, and be just the same flesh and blood which now they are, is justifiable upon no principles of reason or nature. What is there in the whole compass of things which yields a similitude of dust and ashes rising up again into regular bodies, and to perpetual immortality? On the other side, that the intellectual soul should be the whole man, how justifiable soever it may be in other respects, yet it is not the common sense of nature, and therefore most certainly no part of natural religion.

But it may be worth inquiring how nature becomes thus defective in this material point. Did not God intend men originally for religious creatures; and, if He did, is it not reasonable to expect an original and consistent scheme of religion? which yet in the point now before us seems to be wanting. The account of this we cannot learn from reason or nature: but in the sacred history the fact is cleared beyond dispute.

Lastly, if we consider how our Saviour has enlightened this doctrine, it will appear that He has removed the difficulty at which nature stumbled. As death was no part of the state of nature, so the difficulties arising from it were not provided for in the religion of nature. To remove these was the proper work of revelation; these our Lord has effectually cleared by His gospel, and shown us that the body may and shall be united to the spirit in the day of the Lord, so that the complete man shall stand before the great tribunal, to receive a just recompense of reward for the things done in the body. . . . This has restored religion, which had hardly one sound foot to stand on, and made our faith and our reason consistent, which were before at too great a distance. Nature indeed taught us to hope for immortality; but it was in spite of sense and experience, till the great Prince of our peace

appeared, who brought life and immortality to light through His gospel.

---

## HOPE AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

CAMPBELL.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !  
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal power !  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within ;  
Oh ! deep enchanting prelude to repose !  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !  
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,  
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run !  
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears :  
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !  
While Nature hears, with terror mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;  
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss !  
Daughter of faith ! awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !  
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !

Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
 Chased on his knight steed by the star of day!  
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.



### 275.—*Let Winter Come.*

VARIOUS.

WINTER, like every other season, has its appropriate sentiments, but suited to the mood of the poet's mind. It suggests pictures of home comfort :—

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep  
 The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!  
 Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,  
 And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,  
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay,  
 With mental light, the melancholy day!  
 And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,  
 The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,  
 How bright the faggots in his little hall,  
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

CAMPBELL.

Even its gloom has its inspiration of solemn musings, such as Burns has beautifully described :—" As I am what the men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal, I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment, which are, in a manner, peculiar to myself, or some here and there such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast : but there is something even in the

"Mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt, and deep-stretch'd o'er the buried earth,'

which raises the mind to a serious solemnity, favourable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion : my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him* who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed the following :—

"The wintry west extends his blast,  
And hail and rain does blaw :  
Or the stormy north sends driving forth  
The blinding sleet and snaw ;  
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,  
And roars frae bank to brae ;  
And bird and beast in covert rest,  
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,  
The joyless winter day,  
Let others fear, to me more dear  
Than all the pride of May :  
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,  
My griefs it seems to join ;  
The leafless trees my fancy please,  
Their fate resembles mine !



"Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme  
 These woes of mine fulfil ;  
 Here firm I rest, they must be best,  
 Because they are Thy will !  
 Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant  
 This one request of mine !)  
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,  
 Assist me to resign."

Winter calls up the personifications of the painter-poets :—

Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frieze,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adown distill :  
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;  
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;  
 That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld. SPENSER.

Winter sets the poetical observer to his natural descriptions :—

It was frosty winter season,  
 And fair Flora's wealth was geason.\*  
 Meads that erst with green were spread,  
 With choice flow'rs diap'ed,  
 Had tawny veils ; cold and scanted .  
 What the spring and nature planted,  
 Leafless boughs there might you see,  
 All, except fair Daphne's tree :  
 On their twigs no birds perch'd,  
 Warmer coverts now they search'd,  
 And, by nature's surest reason,  
 Framed their voices to the season ;  
 With their feeble tunes bewraying  
 How they grieved the spring's decaying.  
 Frosty winter thus had gloom'd  
 Each fair thing that summer bloom'd,  
 Fields were bare, and trees unclad,  
 Flow'rs wither'd, birds were sad :  
 When I saw a shepherd fold  
 Sheep in cote to shun the cold ;  
 Himself sitting on the grass,  
 That with frost wither'd was,

---

\* *Geason*, rare, uncommon.

Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say,  
 "Love is folly, when astray."

GREENE.

The wrathful winter, hast'ning on apace,  
 With blust'ring blasts had all ybar'd the treen,  
 And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,  
 With chilling cold had pierced the tender green ;  
 The mantle's rent, wherein enwrapped been  
     The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,  
     The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,  
 Was all despoiled of her beauties' hue ;  
 And soot fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's Queen  
 Had clad the earth) now Boreas' blasts down blew,  
 And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue  
     The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced,  
     In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery :  
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold ;  
 And dropping down the tears abundantly,  
 Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told  
 The cruel season : bidding me withhold  
     Myself within, for I was gotten out  
     Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

SACKVILLE.

The modern bard moralises on Winter in unrhymed lyrics :—

Though now no more the musing ear  
 Delights to listen to the breeze .  
 That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,  
     I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,  
 Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,  
 And sweet the autumnal winds that shake  
     The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul  
 The silence of the wintry scene,  
 When Nature shrouds herself, entranced  
     In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam  
 The wild heath sparkling on the sight ;  
 Not undelightful now to pace  
     The forest's ample rounds.

And see the spangled branches shine,  
And mark the moss of many a hue,  
That varies the old tree's brown bark,  
As o'er the gray stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright  
Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;  
The ivy round the leafless oak  
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,  
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,  
And, by Religion's aid upheld,  
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,  
Whose waters hid from summer sun  
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear  
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare ;  
The long grass bends its spear-like form ;  
And lovely is the silvery scene  
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour  
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,  
No more expands the bursting bud,  
Or bids the flow'ret bloom ;

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms  
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,  
Expand the bursting bud again,  
And bid the flower rebloom.

SOUTHEY.

The contrasts of Summer and Winter were never more harmoniously put than by the great master of metrical harmony :—

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,  
When the north wind congregates in crowds  
The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
From the horizon—and the stainless sky  
Opens beyond them like eternity.  
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,  
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;  
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die  
 In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie  
 Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes  
 Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes  
 A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when  
 Among their children comfortable men  
 Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold ;  
 Alas then for the homeless beggar old !

SHELLEY.

Even the homely song of the Ayrshire ploughman, engrafted upon an old melody, is beautiful and true :—

Up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early :  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly ;  
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
 A' day they fare but sparely ;  
 And lang's the night frae e'en to mourn,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning, &amp;c.

BURNS.

## 276.—Reflections upon Exile.

BOLINGBROKE.

["WHO now reads Bolingbroke?" said Burke. Few indeed. Some are deterred by his character for infidelity ; some because many of the subjects on which he treats are of temporary interest. A great orator of our own day has written his panegyric. Of his abilities no one can doubt : of his honesty we are inclined to believe that it was neither much below nor much above the standard by which most orators and party leaders are tried by those who come after them. But as an author he has remarkable merit. Pope called him "the best writer of his age." The following extract is from his "Reflections upon Exile." It would be interesting if only viewed in connexion with his own circumstances. It is professedly an imitation of Seneca. Noble as are some of the sentiments, pure as is the style, we cannot avoid seeing how insufficient is mere philosophy to take the sting out of adverse fortune ; and we know



moreover that his own exile had none of the calm he describes, but that he lived and died an intriguer. Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke, was born at Battersea, in 1678. His political life belongs to history. He was an exile from 1715 to 1723, being attainted of high treason; but was permitted to return to England, and was restored to his property, though always excluded from the House of Lords. He died in 1751.]

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Dissipation of mind and length of time are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions. But the first of these work a temporary, the second a slow effect; and such are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly to imagine that the disease is cured because we find means to get some moments of respite from pain? Or shall we expect from time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. Let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision knife and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

The recalling of former misfortunes serves to fortify the mind against later. He must blush to sink under the anguish of one wound, who surveys a body seamed over with the scars of many, and who has come victorious out of all the conflicts wherein he received them. Let sighs and tears, and fainting under the lightest stroke of adverse fortune be the portion of those unhappy people whose tender minds a long course of felicity has enervated; while such as have passed through years of calamity, bear up, with a noble and immovable constancy, against the heaviest. Uninterrupted misery has this good effect,—as it continually torments, it finally hardens.

Such is the language of philosophy; and happy is the man who acquires the right of holding it. But this right is not to be

acquired by pathetic discourse. Our conduct can alone give it us; and, therefore, instead of presuming on our strength, the surest method is to confess our weakness, and, without loss of time, to apply ourselves to the study of wisdom. This was the advice which the oracle gave to Zeno, and there is no other way of securing our tranquillity amidst all the accidents to which human life is exposed.

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In order to which great end, it is necessary that we stand watchful, as sentinels, to discover the secret wiles and open attacks of the capricious goddess, Fortune, before they reach us. Where she falls upon us unexpectedly, it is hard to resist; but those who wait for her will repel her with ease. The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without difficulty, the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson, long ago, and never trusted to Fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputations, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so that she might snatch them away, without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us, if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

It is much harder to examine and judge than to take up opinions on trust: and therefore the far greatest part of the

world borrow from others those which they entertain concerning all the affairs of life and death. Hence it proceeds that men are so unanimously eager in the pursuit of things which, far from having any inherent real good, are varnished over with a specious and deceitful gloss, and contain nothing answerable to their appearances. Hence it proceeds, on the other hand, that in those things which are called evils there is nothing so hard and terrible as the general cry of the world threatens. The word *exile* comes indeed harsh to the ear, and strikes us like a melancholy and execrable sound, through a certain persuasion which men have habitually concurred in. Thus the multitude has ordained. But the greatest part of their ordinances are abrogated by the wise.

Rejecting, therefore, the judgment of those who determine according to popular opinions, or the first appearance of things, let us examine what exile really is. It is, then, a change of place; and, lest you should say that I diminish the object, and conceal the most shocking parts of it, I add, that this change of place is frequently accompanied by some or all of the following inconveniences: by the loss of the estate which we enjoyed, and the rank which we held, by the loss of that consideration and power which we were in possession of; by a separation from our family and our friends, by the contempt which we may fall into; by the ignominy with which those who have driven us abroad will endeavour to sully the innocence of our characters, and to justify the injustice of their own conduct.

All these shall be spoken to hereafter. In the meanwhile let us consider what evil there is in change of place, abstractedly and by itself.

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it, then, to pass that such numbers of men live out of their country by choice? Observe how the streets of London and Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them, one by one, of what country they are; how many will you find, who, from different parts of the earth, come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities, and the

largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence, to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or the West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North: you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad and inhabit there by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which have passed through the minds of men, may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

There is nothing surely more groundless than the notion here advanced, nothing more absurd. We love the country in which we are born, because we receive particular benefits from it, and because we have particular obligations to it: which ties we may have to another country, as well as to that we are born in; to our country by election, as well as to our country by birth. In all other respects, a wise man looks on himself as a citizen of the world; and, when you ask him where his country lies, points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens.

Varro, the most learned of the Romans, thought, since nature is the same wherever we go, that this single circumstance was sufficient to remove all objections to change of place, taken by itself, and stripped of the other inconveniences which attend exile. M. Brutus thought it enough that those who go into banishment, cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along with them. Now, if any one judge that each of these comforts is in itself insufficient, he must, however, confess that both of them, joined together, are able to remove the terrors of exile. For what trifles must all we leave behind us be esteemed, in



comparison of the two most precious things which men can enjoy, and which, we are sure, will follow us wherever we turn our steps—the same nature and our proper virtue. Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest ; lies out of the reach of human power ; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the force of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun ; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them ; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up in heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Change of place, then, may be borne by every man. It is the delight of many. But who can bear the evils which accompany exile ? You who ask the question can bear them. Every one



who considers them as they are in themselves, instead of looking at them through the false optic which prejudice holds before our eyes. For what? you have lost your estate; reduce your desires, and you will perceive yourself to be as rich as ever, with this considerable advantage to boot, that your cares will be diminished. Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds, whilst those which fancy and custom create are confined to none. Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense. If we suffer our desires, therefore, to wander beyond these bounds, they wander eternally. We become necessitous in the midst of plenty, and our poverty increases with our riches. Reduce our desires, be able to say with the apostle of Greece, to whom Erasmus was ready to address his prayers, *quam multis ipse non egeo!* banish out of your exile all imaginary, and you will suffer no real, wants. The little stream which is left will suffice to quench the thirst of nature, and that which cannot be quenched by it is not your thirst but your distemper; a distemper formed by the vicious habits of your mind, and not the effects of exile. How great a part of mankind bear poverty with cheerfulness, because they have been bred in it, and are accustomed to it! Shall we not be able to acquire, by reason and by reflection, what the meanest artisan possesses by habit? Shall those who have so many advantages over him be slaves to wants and necessities of which he is ignorant? The rich, whose wanton appetites neither the produce of one country nor of one part of the world can satisfy, for whom the whole habitable globe is ransacked, for whom the caravans of the East are continually in march, and the remotest seas are covered with ships; these pampered creatures, sated with superfluity, are often glad to inhabit a humble cot, and to make a homely meal. They run for refuge into the arms of frugality. Madmen that they are, to live always in fear of what they sometimes wish for, and to fly from that life which they find it luxury to imitate! Let us cast our eyes backwards on those great men who lived in the ages of virtue, of simplicity, of frugality, and let us blush to think that we enjoy in banishment more than they were masters of in the midst of their glory, in the utmost

affluence of their fortune. Let us imagine that we behold a great dictator giving audience to the Samnite ambassadors, and preparing on the hearth his mean repast with the same hand which had so often subdued the enemies of the Commonwealth, and borne the triumphal laurel to the capitol. Let us remember that Plato had but three servants, and that Zeno had none. Socrates, the reformer of his country, was maintained, as Menenius Agrippa, the arbiter of his country, was buried, by contribution. While Attilius Regulus beat the Carthaginians, in Afric, the flight of his ploughman reduced his family to distress at home, and the tillage of his little farm became the public care. Scipio died without leaving enough to marry his daughters, and their portions were paid out of the treasures of the state ; for sure it was just that the people of Rome should once pay tribute to him who had established a perpetual tribute on Carthage. After such examples, shall we be afraid of poverty ? Shall we disdain to be adopted into a family which has so many illustrious ancestors ? Shall we complain of banishment for taking from us what the greatest philosophers and the greatest heroes of antiquity never enjoyed ?

You will find fault, perhaps, and attribute to artifice, that I consider singly misfortunes which come altogether on the banished man, and overbear him with their united weight ; you could support change of place if it was not accompanied with poverty, or poverty if it was not accompanied with the separation from your family and your friends, with the loss of your rank, consideration, and power, with contempt and ignominy. Whoever he be who reasons in this manner, let him take the following answer. The least of these circumstances is singly sufficient to render the man miserable who is not prepared for it, he who has not divested himself of that passion upon which it is directed to work. But he who has got the mastery of all his passions, who has foreseen all these accidents, and prepared his mind to endure them all, will be superior to all of them, and to all of them at once as well as singly. He will not bear the loss of his rank, because he can bear the loss of his estate ; but he will bear both, because he is pre-

pared for both ; because he is free from pride as much as he is from avarice.

You are separated from your family and your friends. Take the list of them, and look it well over. How few of your family will you find who deserve the name of friends ! And how few among these who are really such ! Erase the names of such as ought not to stand on the roll, and the voluminous catalogue will soon dwindle into a narrow compass. Regret, if you please, your separation from this small remnant. Far be it from me, whilst I declaim against a shameful and vicious weakness of mind, to proscribe the sentiments of a virtuous friendship. Regret your separation from your friends, but regret it like a man who deserves to be theirs. This is strength, not weakness of mind ; it is virtue, not vice.

But the least uneasiness under the loss of the rank which we held is ignominious. There is no valuable rank among men, but that which real merit assigns. The princes of the earth may give names, and institute ceremonies, and exact the observation of them ; their imbecility and their wickedness may prompt them to clothe fools and knaves with robes of honour, and emblems of wisdom and virtue ; but no man will be in truth superior to another, without superior merit : and that rank can no more be taken from us than the merit which establishes it. The supreme authority gives a fictitious and arbitrary value to coin, which is therefore not current alike in all times and in all places ; but the real value remains invariable, and the provident man, who gets rid as soon as he can of the drossy piece, hoards up the good silver. Thus merit will not procure the same consideration universally. But what then ? the title to this consideration is the same, and will be found alike in every circumstance by those who are wise and virtuous themselves. If it is not owned by such as are otherwise, nothing is however taken from us : we have no reason to complain. They considered us for a rank which we had ; for our denomination, not for our intrinsic value. We have that rank, that denomination no longer ; and they consider us no longer ; they admire in us what we admire not in ourselves. If

they learn to neglect, let us learn to pity them. Their assiduity was importunate; let us not complain of the ease which this change procures us; let us rather apprehend the return of that rank and that power, which, like a sunny day, would bring back these little insects, and make them swarm once more about us. I know how apt we are, under specious pretences, to disguise our weaknesses and our vices, and how often we succeed, not only in deceiving the world, but even in deceiving ourselves. An inclination to do good is inseparable from a virtuous mind, and, therefore, the man who cannot bear with patience the loss of that rank and power which he enjoyed, may be willing to attribute his regrets to the impossibility which he supposes himself reduced to of satisfying this inclination. But let such an one know that a wise man contents himself with doing as much good as his situation allows him to do; that there is no situation wherein we may not do a great deal; and that, when we were deprived of greater power to do more good, we escape at the same time the temptation of doing some evil.

The inconveniences which we have mentioned carry nothing along with them difficult to be borne by a wise and virtuous man; and those which remained to be mentioned, contempt and ignominy, can never fall to his lot. It is impossible that he who reverences himself should be despised by others, and how can ignominy affect the man who collects all his strength within himself, who appeals from the judgment of the multitude to another tribunal, and lives independent of mankind and the accidents of life? Cato lost the election of prætor, and that of consul; but is any one blind enough to truth to imagine that these repulses reflected any disgrace on him? The dignity of those two magistracies would have been increased by his wearing them. They suffered, not Cato.

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Ignominy can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers, and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is



venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against the attacks which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity. If we have applied ourselves betimes to the study of wisdom, and to the practice of virtue, these evils become indifferent; but if we have neglected to do so they become necessary. In one case they are evils, in the other they are remedies for greater evils than themselves. Zeno rejoiced that a shipwreck had thrown him on the Athenian coast, and he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of virtue, of wisdom, of immortality. There are good and bad airs for the mind as well as for the body. Prosperity often irritates our chronical distempers, and leaves no hopes of finding any specific but in adversity. In such cases banishment is like change of air, and the evils we suffer are like rough medicines applied to inveterate diseases. What Anacharsis said of the vine may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, of pleasure, and of sorrow: and happy it is if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate. They are the last remedy which indulgent Providence uses: and, if they fail, we must languish and die in misery and contempt. Vain men! how seldom do we know what to wish or to pray for! When we pray against misfortunes, and when we fear them most we want them most. It was for this reason that Pythagoras forbade his disciples to ask anything in particular of God. The shortest and the best prayer which we can address to Him, who knows our wants, and our ignorance in asking, is this:—*Thy will be done.*

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277.—*The Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero.*TACITUS, *ANNALS*, XIV. 3-9.[*A specimen of a translation of Tacitus.*]

GEORGE LONG.

[CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS, a great Roman historian, and one of the most remarkable writers of antiquity, is supposed to have been born in the reign of Nero. The following specimen of a translation of his “Annals” will give some notion of his unequalled condensation of thought, and his power of vigorous narration in the fewest words.]

Nero now began to shun all private interviews with his mother : whenever she withdrew to her gardens, or her villa at Tusculum, or to the neighbourhood of Antium, he would commend her for seeking retirement. At last, feeling her existence a heavy burden to him wherever she might be, he resolved to put her to death, the only matter of deliberation with him being whether he should get rid of her by poison, by the dagger, or by some other violent means. His first resolve was to take her off by poison. But, if poison should be given to her at the emperor’s table, it could not be imputed to accident, for Britannicus had already perished by the same means ; to tamper with the attendants of Agrippina appeared hazardous, for her experience in crime had made her vigilant against treachery, and she had fortified herself against poisons by the habit of taking antidotes. If the dagger was employed, nobody could suggest how the murder could be concealed ; and Nero feared that, whoever was selected to commit so great a crime he might refuse to obey the emperor’s commands.

Anicetus, a freedman, offered the resources of his invention. He was the commander of the fleet at Misenum, had been engaged in the education of Nero, and he and Agrippina hated one another. He told Nero that a vessel might be so constructed, that part of it could be detached when the vessel was afloat, and Agrippina thrown into the water before she was aware of it ; that nothing gave so many chances of accident as the sea ; and if Agrippina should perish in the wreck, who could be so unreason-

able as to impute to crime what was the fault of the winds and the waves? that, when Agrippina was dead, the emperor could build a temple and erect altars to her memory, and make other demonstrations of filial affection. The device was approved, and it was favoured by the time, for Agrippina was in the habit of attending the festival of the Quinquatrus at Baiæ. To that place Nero lured his mother, often declaring "that sons ought to bear with the angry passions of their parents, and try to pacify them," in order that he might give rise to reports of a reconciliation, and that Agrippina might believe it, for women are easily disposed to credit anything that pleases them. On her arrival, he went to meet her on the shore, for she came from Antium; he took her by the hand, embraced her, and conducted her to Bauli. That was the name of a villa, which was situated between the promontory of Misenum and the lake of Baiæ, and washed by the waves of the sea, which there forms a kind of bay.

Among the rest of the vessels one more highly ornamented than the others was lying there, as if this also were designed to do honour to his mother, for she had been accustomed to sail in a trireme and have a body of rowers belonging to the fleet. She was also invited to a banquet, that advantage might be taken of the night to conceal the crime. It was well ascertained that some one betrayed the treacherous design of Nero; and Agrippina being informed of it, and doubtful whether to give credit to it or not, was carried to Baiæ in a litter. The blandishments of her son removed her fears. She was kindly received, and had a place at table assigned to her above Nero. Sometimes adopting the ordinary familiarity of youth, and then assuming a more serious air, as if his purpose was to mingle business and pleasure, Nero prolonged the entertainment by varied conversation: and, when Agrippina rose to go away, he accompanied her to the sea shore, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon her, and pressing her to his bosom, either to fill up the measure of his simulation, or it may be that the last sight of a mother who was going to her death absorbed all the thoughts of his mind, brutal though he was.

The gods had given a starlight night and a tranquil sea, as if to furnish evidence of the crime. The ship had not advanced far, with two of the intimate friends of Agrippina who accompanied her, Crepereius Gallus, who was standing not far from the helm, and Acerronia, who was lying at the feet of her mistress, and joyfully speaking of the change in Nero's temper, and his reconciliation with his mother, when, on a signal being given, the roof of the place, which was loaded with lead, tumbled down, and Crepereius was immediately crushed to death. Agrippina and Acerronia were protected by the sides of the chamber, which happened to be strong enough to resist the weight: nor did the vessel fall in peices, for most of the men on board were in a state of alarm: and those who were unacquainted with the design (and they were the greater part) impeded the movements of those who were privy to it. The rowers advised that the vessel should be thrown on one side and thus sunk. But neither could the rowers promptly come to an agreement about such a measure at the moment, and the rest by resisting it allowed Agrippina and her attendant to fall more gently into the sea. While Acerronia, who lost her presence of mind, was calling out that she was Agrippina, and imploring help for the emperor's mother, she was despatched with boat-poles and oars, and other naval implements which chanced to be in the way. Agrippina kept silent, and was consequently not so well recognised, but yet she received one wound on her shoulder. She swam till she fell in with some boats, by which she was conveyed into the Lucrine Lake, and thence to her own villa. There turning over in her mind the various circumstances,—that it was expressly for this purpose that she had been invited by treacherous letters, and treated with particular distinction; that it was near the shore, without being driven by the winds or dashed against rocks, that the upper part of the vessel had fallen in, just as any construction on land might have done; considering too the death of Acerronia, and casting her eyes on her own wound; reflecting that the only protection against treachery was to affect not to see it,—she sent her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that, by the blessing of the gods and her



own good fortune, she had escaped a grievous accident ; she entertained him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the meantime, assuming an appearance of being perfectly at ease, she dressed her wound, and used warm applications to her body. She ordered the testament of Acerronia to be sought for, and her goods to be sealed : in this alone there was no simulation.

Nero, who was waiting for the news of the completion of his crime, received intelligence that Agrippina had escaped with no further injury than a slight blow : she had just been in danger enough to leave no doubt in her mind who had planned it.

Half-dead with terror, and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment, eager for revenge ; that she would either arm the slaves or inflame the soldiers, or make her way to the senate and people, and urge against him the wreck of the vessel, her wound, and the death of her friends ; what protection had he against her, if Seneca and Burrus could not devise something ? and he immediately sent for them. It is doubtful whether they were already acquainted with his designs. Both were silent for some time, either because they thought it useless to attempt to dissuade Nero, or they believed that things had come to that pass that Nero must perish if Agrippina was not removed out of the way. Seneca at last so far took the lead as to look to Burrus, and ask whether the soldiers should receive orders to kill Agrippina. Burrus replied that the Prætorians were devoted to all the family of the Cæsars ; that they cherished the memory of Germanicus, and they would not venture on any extreme measures against his children ; Anicetus, he said, should perform his promise. Without any hesitation Anicetus asked to be allowed to complete his crime. Upon hearing these words, Nero declared that on that day the empire was really conferred on him, and to a freedman he owed the gift ; he bade him go quick, and take with him the readiest men to execute his commands. Nero himself, hearing that Agerinus had come to him with a message from Agrippina, adopted a theatrical contrivance to make him look like a criminal : while Agerinus was delivering his message, he threw down a dagger

at his feet. He then commanded him to be put in chains, as if he had been detected in an assassination, in order that he might invent a false story of his mother having plotted the destruction of the emperor, and then, through shame at her crime being detected, having committed suicide.

In the meantime, the danger of Agrippina was noised abroad, but only as an accident; and the people, as they heard of it, hurried to the shore. Some got upon the mole, others into the nearest boats; some waded into the sea as far as they could; and some stretched out their hands; the whole coast was filled with the cries, the prayers, the shouts of people asking various questions or giving uncertain answers. A great multitude crowded thither with lights; and, when it was generally known that Agrippina was safe, they were preparing to give her their congratulations, when they were dispersed by the threats of a body of armed men.

Anicetus posted men about Agrippina's villa, and, bursting open the door, he seized the slaves, whom he met before he reached the door of the chamber. A few slaves were standing there: the rest had been frightened away by the soldiers breaking in. In the chamber there was a feeble light and a single female slave. Agrippina was growing more and more uneasy that no messenger came from her son; that even Agerinus did not return. The face of the shore was now changed; there were solitude and sudden noises, and the indications of some extreme calamity. As her slave was going away, Agrippina cried out, "Do you too leave me?" and seeing Anicetus, accompanied by Hercules, a captain of a trireme, and Oloriatius, a centurion in the fleet, she said, "if he had come to see her, he must tell Nero that she was recovered; if he had come to commit a crime, she would not believe that her son was privy to it; he would not command the murder of his mother." The assassins surrounded the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. As the centurion was drawing his sword to kill her, she presented her womb, and said "Strike here;" and she was despatched with many wounds. So far all agree. As to Nero coming to see the body of his mother, and praising the beauty of her person, there

are some authorities that have so stated, and there are some that deny it. She was burnt the same night, on a banqueting couch, and with the meanest ceremonial; nor, so long as Nero was in possession of power, was the earth piled up, or covered over.

By the care of her domestics a slight tumult was afterwards raised on the place, near the road to Misenum and the villa of the Dictator Cæsar, which stands on the highest spot of ground, and commands a prospect of the bay below. When the funeral pile was lighted, a freedman of Agrippina, named Mnester, stabbed himself; it is doubtful whether through affection to his mistress, or through fear of being put to death. Many years before Agrippina had believed that this would be her end, and she had braved it. For, when she was consulting the Chaldæans about Nero, they told her that Nero would be emperor, and would kill his mother: she replied, "Let him be my murderer, only let him reign."

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## 278.—Field Sports, Agriculture, and Trade of the Middle Ages.

HALLAM.

THE favourite diversions of the Middle Ages, in the intervals of war, were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure; but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our review, every age would furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his

wrist, or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And, in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrist. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

It was impossible to repress the eagerness with which the clergy, especially after the barbarians had been tempted by rich bishops to take upon them the sacred functions, rushed into these secular amusements. Prohibitions of councils, however frequently repeated, produced little effect. In some instances a particular monastery obtained a dispensation. Thus that of Saint Denis, in 774, represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that their skins would serve to bind the books in the library. Reasons equally cogent, we may presume, could not be wanting in every other case. As the bishops and abbots were perfectly feudal lords, and often did not scruple to lead their vassals into the field, it was not to be expected that they should debar themselves of an innocent pastime. It was hardly such, indeed, when practised at the expense of others. Alexander III., by a letter to the clergy of Berkshire, dispenses with their keeping the archdeacon in dogs and hawks during his visitation. This season gave jovial ecclesiastics an opportunity of trying different countries. An archbishop of York, in 1321, seems to have carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the abbeys on his road, and to have hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish. The third council of Lateran, in 1180, had prohibited this amusement on such journeys, and restricted bishops to a train of forty or fifty horses.

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource, on which the wholesomeness and comfort, as well as the luxury of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the



summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that, when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse therefore for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport. The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe, but even Henry IV. enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX., who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it ; a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit toward the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture, it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first object of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use ; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

These habits of the rich, and the miserable servitude of those who cultivated the land, rendered its fertility unavailing. Predial servitude indeed, in some of its modifications, has always been the great bar to improvement. In the agricultural economy of Rome, the labouring husbandman, the menial slave of some



wealthy senator, had not even that qualified interest in the soil which the tenure of villanage afforded to the peasant of feudal ages. Italy, therefore, a country presenting many natural impediments, was but imperfectly reduced into cultivation before the irruption of the barbarians. That revolution destroyed agriculture, with every other art, and succeeding calamities during five or six centuries left the finest regions of Europe unfruitful and desolate. There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased; one by rendering fresh land serviceable; the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture; neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, such as the manorial and commonable rights in England, and by the general tone of manners.

Till the reign of Charlemagne there were no towns in Germany, except a few that were erected on the Rhine and the Danube by the Romans. A house with its stables and farm-buildings, surrounded by a hedge or enclosure, was called a court, or, as we find it in our law-books, a curtilage; the toft or homestead of a more genuine English dialect. One of these, with the adjacent domain of arable fields and woods, had the name of villa or manse. Several manses composed a march; and several marches formed a pagus, or district. From these elements, in the progress of population, arose villages and towns. In France undoubtedly there were always cities of some importance. Country parishes contained several manses or farms of arable land around a common pasture, where every one was bound by custom to feed his cattle.

The condition even of internal trade was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige perhaps to be discovered for several centuries of any considerable manufacture; I mean, of working up articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required.

Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants ; even kings, in the ninth century, had their clothes made by the women upon their farms ; but the peasantry must have been supplied with garments and implements of labour by purchase ; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver, its smith, and its currier. But there were almost insuperable impediments to any extended traffic ; the insecurity of movable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it ; the ignorance of mutual wants ; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion. In the domains of every lord a toll was paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market. These customs, equitable and necessary in their principle, became in practice oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty territory, which the road might intersect. Several of Charlemagne's capitularies repeat complaints of these exactions, and endeavour to abolish such tolls as were not founded on prescription. One of them rather amusingly illustrates the modesty and moderation of the landholders. It is enacted that no one shall be compelled to go out of his way in order to pay toll at a particular bridge, when he can cross the river more conveniently at another place. These provisions, like most others of that age, were unlikely to produce much amendment. It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveller, or shared in the spoil of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated. Proofs occur, even in the latter periods of the Middle Ages, when government had regained its energy, and civilisation had made considerable progress, of public robberies systematically perpetrated by men of noble rank. In the more savage times, before the twelfth century, they were probably too frequent to excite much attention. It was a custom in some places to waylay travellers, and not only to plunder, but to sell them as slaves, or compel them to pay ransom. Harold, son of Godwin, having been wrecked on the coast of Ponthieu, was imprisoned by the lord, says an historian, according to the custom of that territory. Germany appears to

have been, upon the whole, the country where downright robbery was most unscrupulously practised by the great. Their castles, erected on almost inaccessible heights among the woods, became the secure receptacle of predatory bands, who spread terror over the country. From these barbarian lords of the dark ages, as from a living model, the romancers are said to have drawn their giants and other disloyal enemies of true chivalry. Robbery, indeed, is the constant theme both of the capitularies and of the Anglo-Saxon laws; one has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst of lucre, which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions, than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed.

## 279.—The Astrologer.

BUTLER.

[SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of "*Hudibras*," the son of a farmer at Strensham in Worcestershire, was born about 1612, and was educated at the Free School of Worcester. The records of his life are very meagre. His great poem exhibits his political and religious opinions. He died in London in 1680. The wit of Butler is unrivalled; and the popularity of "*Hudibras*" must have been at one time universal, for some of his axiomatic lines have passed into proverbs, which are still to be found amongst the colloquial pleasantries of the English people.]

He had been long t'ward mathematics,  
Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
And was old dog at physiology;  
But, as a dog, that turns the spit,  
Bestirs himself and plies his feet  
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down  
again;

And still he's in the selfsame place  
Where at his setting out he was;  
So in the circle of the arts  
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,  
Till falling back still, for retreat,  
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:

For as those fowls that live in water  
Are never wet, he did but smatter;  
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
His understanding still was clear;  
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob  
Grosted.

He with the moon was more familiar  
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;  
Her secrets understood so clear,  
That some believed he had been there;  
Knew when she was in fittest mood  
For cutting corns, or letting blood;  
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
And in what sign best cider's made;

Whether the wane be, or increase,  
 Best to set garlic or sow pease;  
 Who first found out the man i' th'  
   moon,  
 That to the ancients was unknown;  
 How many dukes, and earls, and  
   peers,  
 Are in the planetary spheres,  
 Their airy empire, and command,  
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and  
   land;  
 What factions they've, and what they  
   drive at  
 In public vogue, or what in private;  
 With what designs and interests  
 Each party manages contests.  
 He made an instrument to know  
 If the moon shine at full or no;  
 That would, as soon as e'er she  
   shone, straight  
 Whether 'twere day or night demon-  
   strate;  
 Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is,  
 And prove that she's not made of  
   green cheese.  
 It would demonstrate, that the man in  
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean;  
 And that it is no dog nor bitch  
 That stands behind him at his breech,  
 But a huge Caspian sea or lake,  
 With arms, which men for legs mis-  
   take;  
 How large a gulf his tail composes,  
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;  
 How many German leagues by th'  
   scale  
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.  
 He made a planetary gin,  
 Which rats would run their own  
   heads in,  
 And come on purpose to be taken  
 Without th' expense of cheese or  
   bacon:  
 With lute-strings he would counterfeit  
 Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat;

Quote moles and spots on any place  
 O' th' body, by the index face;  
 Cure warts and corns, with applica-  
   tion  
 Of med'cines to th' imagination;  
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare,  
 With rhymes, the toothache and ca-  
   tarrh;  
 Chase evil spirits away by dint  
 Of sickle, horseshoe, hollow flint:  
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,  
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel;  
 And fire a mine in China, here,  
 With sympathetic gunpowder.  
 He knew what's ever's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew would  
   own.  
 What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus  
 Could make a man with, as he tells us;  
 What figured slates are best to make  
 On wat'ry surface duck or drake;  
 What bowling-stones, in running race,  
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace;  
 Whether a pulse beat in the black  
 List of a dappled louse's back;  
 If systole or diastole move  
 Quickest when he's in wrath or love;  
 When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;  
 How many scores a flea will jump,  
 Of his own length, from head to  
   rump,  
 Which Socrates and Chærephon  
 In vain assay'd so long ago;  
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,  
 And not an elephant's proboscis;  
 How many diff'rent specieses  
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheeses;  
 And which are next of kin to those  
 Engendered in a chandler's nose;  
 Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in vinegar and wood.  
 A paltry wretch he had, half-  
   starved,  
 That him in place of Zany served,



Hight Whackum, bred to dash and  
draw,

Not wine, but more unwholesome  
law:

To make 'twixt words and lines huge  
gaps,

Wide as meridians in maps ;

To squander paper, and spare ink,

Or cheat men of their words, some  
think.

From this by merited degrees

He'd to more high advancement rise,

To be an under-conjuror,

Or journeyman astrologer :

His bus'ness was to pump and  
wheedle,

And men with their own keys un-  
riddle ;

To make them to themselves give  
answers,

For which they pay the necromancers ;

To fetch and carry intelligence

Of whom, and what, and where, and  
whence,

And all discoveries disperse

Among th' whole pack of conjurors ;

What cut-purses have left with them,

For the right owners to redeem.

And what they dare not vent, find  
out,

To gain themselves and th' art repute ;

Draw figures, schemes, and horo-  
scopes,

Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers'  
shops

Of thieves ascendant in the cart,

And find out all by rules of art ;

Which way a serving-man, that's run

With clothes or money away, is gone ;

Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,

And where a watch, for half the worth,

May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate

Restored at conscionable rate.

Beside all this, he served his master

In quality of poetaster,

And rhymes appropriate could make  
To ev'ry month i' th' almanac ;

When terms begin and end, could  
tell

With their returns, in doggerel :

When the exchequer opes and shuts,

And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;

When men may eat and drink their  
fill,

And when be temp'rate, if they will ;

When use and when abstain from vice,

Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.

And as in prisons mean rogues beat

Hemp for the service of the great,

So Whackum beat his dirty brains

T' advance his master's fame and  
gains,

And, like the devil's oracles,

Put into dogg'el rhymes his spells,

Which over ev'ry month's blank page

I' th' almanac, strange bilks presage.

His sonnets charm'd the attentive  
crowd.

By wide mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,

That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,

Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts :

A carman's horse could not pass by,

But stood tied up to poetry :

No porter's burden pass'd along,

But served for burden to his song :

Each window like a pill'ry appears,

With heads thrust through nail'd by  
the ears ;

All trades run in as to the sight

Of monsters, or their dear delight,

The gallows-tree, when cutting purse

Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse.

Which none does hear, but would  
have hung

T' have been the theme of such a song.

Those two together long had lived,

In mansion, prudently contrived,

Where neither tree nor house could  
bar

The free detection of a star ;

And nigh an ancient obelisk  
 Was raised by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written, not in words,  
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws, concerning  
 The worth of astrologic learning :  
 From top of this there hung a rope,  
 To which he fasten'd telescope ;  
 The spectacles with which the stars  
 He reads in smallest characters.  
 It happen'd, as a boy one night,  
 Did fly his tassel of a kite,  
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that  
 flies,  
 That, like a bird of Paradise,  
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;  
 His train was six yards long, milk  
 white,  
 At th' end of which there hung a light,  
 Enclosed in lanthorn made of paper,  
 That far off like a star did appear :  
 This Sidrophel by chance espied,  
 And with amazement staring wide :  
 Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful  
 wonder  
 Is that appears in heaven yonder ?  
 A comet, and without a beard !  
 Or star, that ne'er before appear'd !  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrawl  
 Of all those beasts, and fish and fowl,  
 With which, like Indian plantations,  
 The learn'd stock the constellations ;  
 Nor those that, drawn for signs, have  
 been  
 To th' houses where the planets inn.  
 It must be supernatural,  
 Unless it be that cannon-ball  
 That, shot i' the air, point blank up-  
 right,  
 Was borne to that prodigious height,  
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain,  
 It ne'er came backwards down again,  
 But in the airy regions yet  
 Hangs, like the body o' Mahomet :

For if it be above the shade,  
 That by the earth's round bulk is  
 made,  
 'Tis probable it may from far  
 Appear no bullet, but a star.  
 This said, he to his engines flew,  
 Placed near at hand, in open view,  
 And raised it, till it levell'd right  
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite ;  
 Then peeping through, Bless us, quoth  
 he,  
 It is a planet now I see ;  
 And, if I err not, by his proper  
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
 It should be Saturn : yes, 'tis clear  
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him  
 there ?  
 He's got between the Dragon's tail,  
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale :  
 Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,  
 For 'tis a prodigy not common,  
 And can no less than the world's end,  
 Or nature's funeral portend.  
 With that, he fell again to pry  
 Through perspective more wistfully,  
 When, by mischance, the fatal string,  
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well  
 shot,  
 Quoth Whackum, who right wisely  
 thought  
 He'd levell'd at a star, and hit it ;  
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,  
 Cried out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this to see a star fall !  
 It threatens nature, and the doom  
 Will not be long before it come !  
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough  
 The day of judgment's not far off ;  
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgewick,  
 And some of us find out by magic :  
 Then, since the time we have to live  
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.

280.—*The Value of Time.*

S. JOHNSON.

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean ; that, of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands ; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost ; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom ; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others ; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor, we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments ; many of our provisions for ease and happiness are always exhausted by the present day : and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent ; and, perhaps, it might be found that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant for the exercise of reason and virtue ; that we want not time, but diligence,

for great performances ; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another ; and atoms we cannot perceive till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years ; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses ; by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life ; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price ; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge,



and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires : efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient ; and it is only necessary that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation ; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry : but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this it has probably proceeded that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles

which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him: he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours which, in the midst of the most reckless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us that the "Praise of Folly," one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy: *ne totum illud tempus, quo equo fuit incidendum illiteratis fabulis teretur*; "lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be baffled away without regard to literature."

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that *time was his ESTATE*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

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## 281.—On the Goodness of the Deity.

PALEY.

[WILLIAM PALEY was born at Peterborough in 1743. He was educated by his father, who was head-master of the Grammar School of Giggleswick, in Yorkshire, and he graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1763. His

life was passed in the calm discharge of his professional duties, and in the composition of the various works which have made his name one of the most familiar in English literature. Bishop Porteus made him a prebendary of St Paul's, London, and Bishop Prettyman the sub-dean of Lincoln, in 1794; and the year following Barrington, the Bishop of Durham, presented him with the valuable rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth. His tolerance and freedom of inquiry were not in unison with the opinions of those who had the bestowal of preferment. His reputation as a moralist and theologian has rather diminished of late years. His philosophy is that of expediency—his religion is that which is proposed to the reason rather than the heart. But for acuteness, strength of grasp, and felicity of illustration, he has never been surpassed; and though his chief works are founded upon materials collected by others, his powers as a writer are so admirable, that well-known facts and common thoughts become original under his treatment. His great works are “Moral and Political Philosophy;” “Horæ Paulinæ;” “Evidences of Christianity;” and “Natural Theology.” From the latter popular book our extract is taken. Paley died in 1805.]

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The proof of the *Divine goodness* rests upon two propositions; each, as we contend, capable of being made out by observations drawn from the appearances of nature.

The first is, “that in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*.”

The second, “that the Deity has superadded *pleasure* to animal sensations beyond what was necessary for any other purpose, or when the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain.”

First, “in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*.”

No productions of nature display contrivance so manifestly as the parts of animals; and the parts of animals have all of them, I believe, a real, and with very few exceptions, all of them a known and intelligible subserviency to the use of the animal. Now, when the multitude of animals is considered, the number of parts in each, their figure and fitness, the faculties depending upon them, the variety of species, the complexity of structure, the success, in so many cases, the felicity of the result, we can never reflect, without the profoundest adoration, upon the character of that Being from whom all these things have proceeded: we cannot

help acknowledging what an exertion of benevolence creation was; of a benevolence how minute in its care, how vast in its comprehension!

When we appeal to the parts and faculties of animals, and to the limbs and senses of animals in particular, we state, I conceive, the proper medium of proof for the conclusion which we wish to establish. I will not say that the insensible parts of nature are made solely for the sensitive parts, but this I say, that when we consider the benevolence of the Deity, we can only consider it in relation to sensitive being. Without this reference, or referred to anything else, the attribute has no object, the term has no meaning. Dead matter is nothing. The parts, therefore, especially the limbs and senses, of animals, although they constitute in mass and quantity a small portion of the material creation, yet, since they alone are instruments of perception, they compose what may be called the whole of visible nature, estimated with a view to the disposition of its Author. Consequently, it is in *these* that we are to seek His character. It is by these that we are to prove that the world was made with a benevolent design.

Nor is the design abortive. It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born *flies* are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motion, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A *bee* amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The *whole winged* insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the



Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else would fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are *running about*, with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half-covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the *waters* produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement,) all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young *shrimps*, in the act of bounding in the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The *young* of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak.

Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or, perhaps, of the single word which it has learnt to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run, (which precedes walking,) although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say, and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten : in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds, what is in no inconsiderable degree an equivalent for them all, "perception of ease." Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure : the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest ; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau, to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their

activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life, under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one: as a Christian, I am willing to believe that there is a great deal of truth in the following representation given by a very pious writer, as well as excellent man:—"To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetite, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward, with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations, towards His eternal and ever-increasing favour."

What is seen in different stages of the same life, is still more exemplified in the lives of different animals. Animal enjoyments are infinitely *diversified*. The modes of life to which the organisation of different animals respectively determines them are not only of various, but of opposite kinds. Yet each is happy in its own. For instance: animals of prey live much alone; animals of a milder constitution in society. Yet the herring, which lives in shoals, and the sheep, which lives in flocks, are not more happy in a crowd, or more contented amongst their companions, than is the pike or the lion with the deep solitudes of the pool or the forest.

But it will be said that the instances which we have here brought forward, whether of vivacity or repose, or of apparent enjoyment derived from either, are picked and favourable instances. We answer, first, that they are instances, nevertheless, which comprise large provisions of sensitive existence; that every case which we have described is the case of millions. At this moment, in every given moment of time, how many myriads of animals are eating

\* Father's Instructions, by Dr Percival, of Manchester, p. 317.

their food, gratifying their appetites, ruminating in their holes, accomplishing their wishes, pursuing their pleasures, taking their pastimes! In each individual, how many things must go right for it to be at ease; yet how large a proportion out of every species is so in every assignable instant! Secondly, we contend, in the terms of our original proposition, that throughout the whole of life, as it is diffused in nature, and as far as we are acquainted with it, looking to the average of sensations, the plurality, and the preponderancy is in favour of happiness by a vast excess. In our own species, in which, perhaps, the assertion may be more questionable than any other, the prepollency of good over evil, of health, for example, and ease, over pain and distress, is evinced by the very notice which calamities excite. What inquiries does the sickness of our friends produce! what conversation their misfortunes! This shows that the common course of things is in favour of happiness; that happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator is the very *extensiveness* of His bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest, or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferments, *i.e.*, of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are the great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet, because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment; they move no gratitude. Now, herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the *more* satisfactory—the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more con-



spicuous—by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness ; by its falling to the lot and forming the happiness of the great bulk and body of our species, as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be a matter of thankfulness that others do. But we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction. That is not the worst ; we *see* nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass, and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction, that the amplitude of the divine benignity is perceived.

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## GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

COWPER.

THERE lives and works

A soul in all things, and that soul is God,  
The beauties of the wilderness are His,  
That make so gay the solitary place,  
Where no eye sees them ; and the fairer forms  
That cultivation glories in are His.  
He sets the bright procession on its way,  
And marshals all the order of the year ;  
He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ  
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,  
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
Nature is but a name for an effect,  
Whose cause is God.

One spirit—His

Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—  
Rules universal nature ! Not a flower  
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar ; and includes,  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,

The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.  
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds  
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,  
Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

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### 282.—Thomas Chatterton:



CAMPBELL.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in 1777 at Glasgow; he died in 1844 at Boulogne, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His reputation will chiefly rest upon his poetry; and of this his lyrics will perhaps give him the best claim to immortality. His "Specimens of the British Poets" offer favourable examples of his critical ability, and of his prose style. From this popular work the following notice of Chatterton is extracted.]

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Thomas Chatterton was the posthumous child of the master of a free school in Bristol. At five years of age he was sent to the same school which his father had taught, but he made so little

improvement that his mother took him back ; nor could he be induced to learn his letters, till his intention had been accidentally struck by the illuminated capitals of a French musical manuscript. His mother afterwards taught him to read from an old black letter Bible. One of his biographers has expressed surprise that a person in his mother's rank of life should have been acquainted with black letter. The writer might have known that books of the ancient type continued to be read in that rank of life long after they had ceased to be used by persons of higher station. At the age of eight he was put to a charity school in Bristol, where he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. From his tenth year he discovered an extraordinary passion for books, and before he was twelve had perused about seventy volumes, chiefly on history and divinity. The prematurity of his mind, at the latter period, was so strongly marked in a serious and religious cast of thought as to induce the bishop to confirm him, and admit him to the sacrament at that early age. His piety, however, was not of long duration. He had also written some verses sufficiently wonderful for his years, and had picked up some knowledge of music and drawing, when, at the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a Mr Lambert, a scrivener, in his native city. In Mr Lambert's house his situation was very humble, he ate with the servants, and slept in the same room with the footboy ; but his employment left him many hours of leisure for reading, and these he devoted to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language, which, together with his poetical ingenuity, proved sufficient for his Rowleian fabrications.

It was in the year 1768 that he first attracted attention. On the occasion of the new bridge of Bristol being opened, he sent to "*Farley's Journal*," in that city, a letter signed *Dunhelmus Bristoliensis*, containing an account of a procession of friars, and of other ceremonies which had taken place, at a remote period, when the old bridge had been opened. The account was said to be taken from an ancient manuscript. Curiosity was instantly excited, and the sages of Bristol, with a spirit of bar-

barism which the monks and friars of the fifteenth century could not easily have rivalled, having traced the letter to Chatterton, interrogated him, with *threats*, about the original. Boy as he was, he haughtily refused to explain upon compulsion, but by milder treatment was brought to state that he had found the manuscript in his mother's house. The true part of the history of those ancient papers, from which he pretended to have derived this original of Farley's letter, as well as his subsequent poetical treasures, was, that in the muniment room of St Mary Redcliffe Church, of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the "Cofre," of Mr Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727, those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority; some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed, as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley, (the friend of Canynge,) a priest of the fifteenth century. The rumour of his discoveries occasioned his acquaintance to be sought by a few individuals of Bristol, to whom he made presents of vellum manuscripts of professed antiquity. The first who applied to him was a Mr Calcot, who obtained from him the Bristowe Tragedy, and Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's ancestor. Mr Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a History of Bristol, was also presented with some of the poetry of Rowley; and Mr Burgum, a pewterer, was favoured with the "Romaunt of the Knyghte," a poem, said by Chatterton to have been written by the pewterer's ancestor, John de Berghum, about four hundred and fifty years before. The believing presentees, in return, supplied him with small sums of money, lent him books, and introduced him into society. Mr Barret even gave him a few slight instructions in his own profession. Chatterton's spirit and ambition perceptibly increased, and he used to talk to his mother and sisters of his prospects of



fame and fortune, always promising that they should be partakers in his success.

Having deceived several incompetent judges with regard to his manuscripts, he next ventured to address himself to Horace Walpole, to whom he sent a letter, offering to supply him with an account of a series of eminent painters, who had flourished at Bristol. Walpole returned a polite answer, desiring further information, on which Chatterton transmitted to him some of his Rowleian poetry, described his own servile situation, and requested the patronage of his correspondent. The virtuoso, however, having shown the poetical specimens to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them to be forgeries, sent the youth a cold reply, advising him to apply to the business of his profession. Walpole set out soon after for Paris, and neglected to return the manuscripts till they had been twice demanded back by Chatterton; the second time in a very indignant letter. On these circumstances was founded the whole charge that was brought against Walpole, of blighting the prospects and eventually contributing to the ruin of the youthful genius. Whatever may be thought of some expressions respecting Chatterton, which Walpole employed in the explanation of the affair which he afterwards published, the idea of taxing him with criminality in neglecting him was manifestly unjust. But, in all cases of misfortune, the first consolation to which human nature resorts is, right or wrong, to find somebody to blame, and an evil seems to be half cured when it is traced to an object of indignation.

In the meantime Chatterton had commenced a correspondence with the "*Town and Country Magazine*," in London, to which he transmitted several communications on subjects relating to English antiquities, besides his specimens of Rowley's poetry, and fragments, purporting to be translations of Saxon poems, written in the measured prose of Macpherson's style. His poetical talent also continued to develop itself in several pieces of verse, avowedly original, though in a manner less pleasing than in his feigned relics of the Gothic Muse. When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of

his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a "local habitation and a name," we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages from Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the church of St Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination. The romance of his character is somewhat disenchanted, when we find him, in his satire of "*Kew Gardens*," which he wrote before leaving Bristol, indulging in the vulgar scandal of the day upon the characters of the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute, whatever proofs such a production may afford of the quickness and versatility of his talents.

As he had not exactly followed Horace Walpole's advice with regard to moulding his inclinations to business, he felt the irksomeness of his situation in Mr Lambert's office at last intolerable, and he vehemently solicited and obtained the attorney's consent to release him from his apprenticeship. His master is said to have been alarmed into this concession by the hints which Chatterton gave of his intention to destroy himself; but even without this fear, Mr Lambert could have no great motive to detain so reluctant an apprentice from the hopes of his future services.

In the month of April 1770, Chatterton arrived in London, aged seventeen years and five months. He immediately received from the booksellers, with whom he had already corresponded, several important literary engagements. He projected a History of England, and a History of London, wrote for the magazines and newspapers, and contributed songs for the public gardens. But party politics soon became his favourite object, as they flattered his self-importance, and were likely to give the most lucrative employment to his pen. His introduction to one or two in-

dividuals, who noticed him on this account, seems to have filled his ardent and sanguine fancy with unbounded prospects of success. Among these acquaintances was the Lord Mayor, Beckford, and it is not unlikely, if that magistrate had not died soon after, that Chatterton might have found a patron. His death, however, and a little experience, put an end to the young adventurer's hopes of making his fortune by writing in hostility to government; and with great accommodation of principle he addressed a letter to Lord North, in praise of his administration. There was perhaps more levity than profligacy in this tergiversation, though it must be owned that it was not the levity of an ingenuous boy.

During the few months of his existence in London, his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for, while apparently exchanging his shadowy visions of Rowley for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw everything in exaggerated colours. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage and the profits of literary labour. The abortive attempt which he made to obtain the situation of a surgeon's mate on board an African vessel, shows that he had abandoned the hopes of gaining a livelihood by working for the booksellers, though he was known to have shrewdly remarked that they were not the worst patrons of merit. After this disappointment his poverty became extreme, and though there is an account of a gentleman having sent him a guinea within the few last days of his life, yet there is too much reason to fear that the pangs of his voluntary death were preceded by the actual sufferings of want. Mrs Angel, a sack-maker, in Brook Street, Holborn, in whose house he lodged, offered him a dinner the day before his death, knowing that he had fasted a long time; but his pride made him refuse it with some indignation. On

the 25th of August he was found dead in his bed, from the effects of poison which he had swallowed. He was interred in a shell in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse.

The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved, is little to be envied for its tranquillity ; but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery, and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand, he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for severe study, temperance, and natural affection. His Rowleian forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history ; but it deprived no man of his fame, it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius, it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party, or a country, of a name which was its pride and ornament.

Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a Methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels ; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them. If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. In the striking passage



of the martyr Bawdin standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward, who beheld him from the window, when

“The tyrant’s soul rushed to his face,”

and when he exclaimed,

“Behold the man ! he speaks the truth,  
He’s greater than a king ;”

in these, and in all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

“Summ’d the actions of the day,  
Each night before he slept.”

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy ! The inequality of Chatterton’s various productions may be compared to the disproportion of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favourite maxim, pushed it might be to hyperbole, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age.

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## 283.—Some Account of the Great Law-Suit between the Parishes of St Dennis and St George in the Water.

MACAULAY.

[FROM KNIGHT’S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.]

THE parish of St Dennis is one of the most pleasant parts of the country in which it is situated. It is fertile, well wooded, well watered, and of an excellent air. For many generations the

manor had been holden in tail-mail by a worshipful family, who have always taken precedence of their neighbours at the races and at the sessions.

In ancient times the affairs of this parish were administered by a court baron, in which the freeholders were judges; and the rates levied by select vestries of the inhabitant householders. But at length these good customs fell into disuse. The lords of the manor indeed still held courts for form's sake, but they or their stewards had the whole management of affairs. They demanded services, duties, and customs to which they had no just title. Nay, they would often bring actions against their neighbours for their own private advantage, and then send in the bill to the parish. No objection was made, during many years, to these proceedings, so that the rates became heavier and heavier; nor was any person exempted from these demands, except the footmen and the gamekeepers of the squire and the rector of the parish. They indeed were never checked in any excess. They would come to an honest labourer's cottage, eat his pancakes, tuck his fowls into their pockets, and cane the poor man himself. If he went up to the great house to complain, it was hard to get the speech of Sir Lewis; and indeed his only chance of being righted was to coax the squire's pretty housekeeper, who could do what she pleased with her master. If he ventured to intrude upon the lord of the manor without this precaution, he gained nothing by his pains. Sir Lewis, indeed, would at first receive him with a civil face; for, to give him his due, he could be a fine gentleman when he pleased. "Good day, my friend," he would say; "what situation have you in my family?" "Bless your honour," says the poor fellow, "I am not one of your honour's servants; I rent a small piece of ground, your honour." "Then, you dog," quoth the squire, "what do you mean by coming here? Has a gentleman nothing to do but to hear the complaints of clowns? Here! Philip, James, Dick, toss this fellow in a blanket; or duck him, and set him in the stocks to dry."

One of these precious lords of the manor enclosed a deer park; and, in order to stock it, he seized all the pretty pet fawns that

his tenants had brought up, without paying them a farthing, or asking their leave. It was a sad day for the parish of St Dennis. Indeed, I do not believe that all his oppressive exactions and long bills enraged the poor tenants so much as this cruel measure.

Yet for a long time, in spite of all these inconveniences, St Dennis was a very pleasant place. The people could not refrain from capering if they heard the sound of a fiddle. And, if they were inclined to be riotous, Sir Lewis had only to send for Punch, or the dancing-dogs, and all was quiet again. But this could not last for ever; they began to think more and more of their condition; and, at last, a club of foul-mouthed good-for-nothing rascals was held at the sign of the Devil, for the purpose of abusing the squire and the parson. The doctor, to own the truth, was old and indolent, extremely fat and greedy. He had not preached a tolerable sermon for a long time. The squire was still worse; so that, partly by truth and partly by falsehood, the club set the whole parish against their superiors. The boys scrawled caricatures of the clergyman upon the church door, and shot at the landlord with pop-guns as he rode a-hunting. It was even whispered about that the lord of the manor had no right to his estate, and that, if he were compelled to produce the original title-deeds, it would be found that he only held the estate in trust for the inhabitants of the parish.

In the meantime the squire was pressed more and more for money. The parish would pay no more. The rector refused to lend a farthing. The Jews were clamorous for their money; and the landlord had no other resource than to call together the inhabitants of the parish, and to request their assistance. They now attacked him furiously about their grievances, and insisted that he should relinquish his oppressive powers. They insisted that his footmen should be kept in order; that the parson should pay his share of the rates: that the children of the parish should be allowed to fish in the trout streams, and to gather blackberries in the hedges. They at last went so far as to demand that he should acknowledge that he held his estate only in trust for them. His

distress compelled him to submit. They, in return, agreed to set him free from his pecuniary difficulties, and to suffer him to inhabit the manor-house, and only annoyed him from time to time by singing impudent ballads under his window.

The neighbouring gentlefolks did not look on these proceedings with much complacency. It is true that Sir Lewis and his ancestors had plagued them with lawsuits, and affronted them at county meetings. Still they preferred the insolence of a gentleman to that of the rabble, and felt some uneasiness lest the example should infect their own tenants.

A large party of them met at the house of Lord Cæsar Germain. Lord Cæsar was the proudest man in the county. His family was very ancient and illustrious, though not particularly opulent. He had invited most of his wealthy neighbours. There was Mrs Kitty North, the relict of poor Squire Peter, respecting whom, the coroner's jury had found a verdict of accidental death, but whose fate had, nevertheless, excited strange whispers in the neighbourhood. There was Squire Don, the owner of the great West Indian property, who was not so rich as he had formerly been, but still retained his pride, and kept up his customary pomp; so that he had plenty of plate, but no breeches. There was Squire Von Blunderbussen, who had succeeded to the estates of his uncle, old Colonel Frederic Von Blunderbussen, of the Hussars. The colonel was a very singular old fellow: he used to learn a page of Chambaud's Grammar, and to translate "*Télémaque*" every morning, and he kept six French masters to teach him to parley-voo. Nevertheless, he was a shrewd clever man, and improved his estate with so much care, sometimes by honest and sometimes by dishonest means, that he left a very pretty property to his nephew.

Lord Cæsar poured out a glass of Tokay for Mrs Kitty. "Your health, my dear madam; I never saw you look more charming. Pray, what think you of these doings at St Dennis's?"

"Fine doings, indeed!" interrupted Von Blunderbussen. "I wish that we had my old uncle alive, we would have had some of them up to the halberts. He knew how to use a cat-o'-nine-tails.



If things go on in this way, a gentleman will not be able to horse-whip an impudent farmer, or to say a civil word to a milkmaid."

"Indeed, it's very true, sir," said Mrs Kitty, "their insolence is intolerable. Look at me, for instance :—a poor lone woman !—my dear Peter dead ! I loved him, so I did ; and when he died, I was so hysterical, you cannot think. And now I cannot lean on the arm of a decent footman, or take a walk with a tall grenadier behind me, just to protect me from audacious vagabonds, but they must have their nauseous suspicions ;—odious creatures !"—

"This must be stopped," replied Lord Cæsar. "We ought to contribute to support my poor brother-in-law against these rascals. I will write to Squire Guelf on this subject by this night's post. His name is always at the head of our county subscriptions."

If the people of St Dennis had been angry before, they were well-nigh mad when they heard of this conversation. The whole parish ran to the manor-house. Sir Lewis's Swiss porter shut the door against them ; but they broke in and knocked him on the head for his impudence. They then seized the squire, hooted at him, pelted him, ducked him, and carried him to the watch-house. They turned the rector into the street, burnt his wig and band, and sold the church-plate by auction. They put up a painted Jezebel in the pulpit to preach. They scratched out the texts which were written round the church, and scribbled profane scraps of songs and plays in their place. They set the organ playing to pot-house tunes. Instead of being decently asked in church, they were married over a broomstick. But, of all their whims, the use of the new patent steel-traps was the most remarkable.

This trap was constructed on a completely new principle. It consisted of a cleaver hung in a frame like a window ; when any poor wretch got in, down it came with a tremendous din, and took of his head in a twinkling. They got the squire into one of these machines. In order to prevent any of his partisans from getting footing in the parish, they placed traps at every corner. It was impossible to walk through the highway at broad noon

without tumbling into one or other of them. No man could go about his business in security. Yet so great was the hatred which the inhabitants entertained for the old family, that a few decent honest people, who begged them to take down the steel-traps, and to put up humane man-traps in their room, were very roughly handled for their good-nature.

In the meantime the neighbouring gentry undertook a suit against the parish on the behalf of Sir Lewis's heir, and applied to Squire Guelf for his assistance.

Everybody knows that Squire Guelf is more closely tied up than any gentleman in the shire. He could, therefore, lend them no help; but he referred them to the Vestry of the Parish of St George in the water. These good people had long borne a grudge against their neighbours on the other side of the stream, and some mutual trespasses had lately occurred which increased their hostility.

There was an honest Irishman, a great favourite among them, who used to entertain them with raree-shows, and to exhibit a magic lantern to the children on the winter evenings. He had gone quite mad upon the subject. Sometimes he would call out in the middle of the street—"Take care of that corner, neighbours: for the love of Heaven, keep clear of that post, there is a patent steel-trap concealed thereabouts." Sometimes he would be disturbed by frightful dreams; then he would get up at the dead of night, open his window and cry "Fire," till the parish was roused, and the engines sent for. The pulpit of the parish of St George seemed likely to fall; I believe that the only reason was that the parson had grown too fat and heavy; but nothing would persuade this honest man but that it was a scheme of the people of St Dennis's, and that they had sawed through the pillars in order to break the rector's neck. Once he went about with a knife in his pocket, and told all the persons whom he met that it had been sharpened by the knife-grinder of the next parish to cut their throats. These extravagances had a great effect on the people, and the more so because they were espoused by Squire Guelf's steward, who was the most influential person in the parish.

He was a very fair-spoken man, very attentive to the main chance, and the idol of the old women, because he never played at skittles or danced with the girls ; and, indeed, never took any recreation but that of drinking on Saturday nights with his friend Harry the Scotch pedlar. His supporters called him Sweet William ; his enemies the Bottomless Pit.

The people of St Dennis's, however, had their advocates. There was Frank, the richest farmer in the parish, whose great-grandfather had been knocked on the head many years before, in a squabble between the parish and a former landlord. There was Dick, the merry-andrew, rather light-fingered and riotous, but a clever droll fellow. Above all, there was Charley, the publican, a jolly, fat, honest lad, a great favourite with the women, who, if he had not been too fond of ale and chuck-farthing, would have been the best fellow in the neighbourhood.

"My boys," said Charley, "this is exceedingly well for Madame North ;—not that I would speak uncivilly of her ; she put up my picture in her best room, bless her for it ! But, I say, this is very well for her, and for Lord Cæsar, and Squire Don, and Colonel Von ;—but what affair is it of yours or mine ? It is not to be wondered at that gentlemen should wish to keep poor people out of their own. But it is strange, indeed, that they should expect the poor themselves to combine against their own interests. If the folks at St Dennis's should attack us, we have the law and our cudgels to protect us. But why, in the name of wonder, are we to attack them ? When old Sir Charles, who was lord of the manor formerly, and the parson, who was presented by him to the living, tried to bully the Vestry, did not we knock their heads together, and go to meeting to hear Jeremiah Ringletub preach ? And did Squire Don, or the great Sir Lewis, that lived at that time, or the Germains, say a word against us for it ? Mind your own business, my lads ; law is not to be had for nothing ; and we, you may be sure, shall have to pay the whole bill."

Nevertheless the people of St George were resolved on war. They cried out more lustily, "Squire Guelf for ever ! Sweet William for ever ! No steel-traps !" Squire Guelf took all the

rascally footmen who had worn old Sir Lewis's livery into his service. They were fed in his kitchen on the very best of everything, though they had no settlement. Many people, and the paupers in particular, grumbled at these proceedings. The steward, however, devised a way to keep them quiet.

There had lived in this parish for many years an old gentleman, named Sir Habeas Corpus. He was said by some to be of Saxon, by some of Norman extraction. Some maintain that he was not born till after the time of Sir Charles, to whom we have before alluded. Others are of opinion that he was a legitimate son of old Lady Magna Charta, although he was long concealed and kept out of his birthright. Certain it is that he was a very benevolent person. Whenever any poor fellow was taken up on grounds which he thought insufficient, he used to attend on his behalf and bail him; and thus he had become so popular that to take direct measures against him was out of the question.

The steward, accordingly, brought a dozen physicians to examine Sir Habeas. After consultation they reported that he was in a very bad way, and ought not, on any account, to be allowed to stir out for several months. Fortified with this authority, the parish officers put him to bed, closed his windows, and barred his doors. They paid him every attention, and from time to time issued bulletins of his health. The steward never spoke of him without declaring that he was the best gentleman in the world; but excellent care was taken that he should never stir out of doors.

When this obstacle was removed, the squire and the steward kept the parish in excellent order; flogged this man, sent that man to the stocks, and pushed forward the law-suit with a noble disregard of expense. They were, however, wanting either in skill or in fortune. And everything went against them after their antagonists had begun to employ Solicitor Nap.

Who does not know the name of Solicitor Nap? At what ale-house is not his behaviour discussed? In what print-shop is not his picture seen? Yet how little truth has been said about him!



Some people hold that he used to give laudanum by pints to his sick clerks for his amusement. Others, whose number has very much increased since he was killed by the gaol distemper, conceive that he was the very model of honour and good nature. I shall try to tell the truth about him.

He was assuredly an excellent solicitor. In his way he never was surpassed. As soon as the parish began to employ him, their cause took a turn. In a very little time they were successful, and Nap became rich. He now set up for a gentleman, took possession of the old manor-house, got into the commission of the peace, and affected to be on a par with the best of the county. He governed the vestries as absolutely as the old family had done. Yet, to give him his due, he managed things with far more discretion than either Sir Lewis or the rioters who had pulled the lords of the manor down. He kept his servants in tolerable order. He removed the steel-traps from the highways and the corners of the streets. He still left a few, indeed, in the more exposed parts of his premises, and set up a board announcing that traps and spring-guns were set in his grounds. He brought the poor parson back to the parish; and though he did not enable him to keep a fine house and a coach as formerly, he settled him in a snug little cottage, and allowed him a pleasant pad-nag. He whitewashed the church again, and put the stocks, which had been much wanted of late, into good repair.

With the neighbouring gentry, however, he was no favourite. He was crafty and litigious. He cared nothing for right if he could raise a point of law against them. He pounded their cattle, broke their hedges, and seduced their tenants from them. He almost ruined Lord Cæsar with actions, in every one of which he was successful. Von Blunderbussen went to law with him for an alleged trespass, but was cast, and almost ruined by the costs of suit. He next took a fancy to the seat of Squire Don, who was, to say the truth, little better than an idiot. He asked the poor dupe to dinner, and then threatened to have him tossed in a blanket unless he would make over his estates to him. The poor squire signed and sealed a deed, by which the property

was assigned to Joe, a brother of Nap, in trust for, and to the use of, Nap himself. The tenants, however, stood out. They maintained that the estate was entailed, and refused to pay rents to the new landlord ; and in this refusal they were stoutly supported by the people in St George's.

About the same time Nap took it into his head to match with quality, and nothing would serve him but one of the Miss Germans. Lord Cæsar swore like a trooper, but there was no help for it. Nap had twice put executions in his principal residence, and had refused to discharge the latter of the two till he had extorted a bond from his lordship, which compelled him to comply.

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## 284.—The Hall of Eblis.

BECKFORD.

[WILLIAM BECKFORD, remarkable for his literary ability, his taste, his wealth, and his eccentricity, was the son of the famous Alderman Beckford. He was born in 1761, and died in 1844. His Arabian tale of "Vathek" was written originally in French, and its author affirmed that he wrote it at one sitting, of three days and two nights. The translation from which our extract is given was done by some unknown person ; Beckford thought well of it. At a late period of his life, Mr Beckford published several volumes connected with his early travels, which confirmed the reputation which he had long before acquired by "Vathek."]

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns, which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were veiled by no roof ; and their capital, of an achitecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of darkness, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. "No !" replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles ; abide where thou art, and expect my

commands." Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar ; and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a leaf ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin ; and, though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the palace, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, that possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, at last fixed in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words :—

"Vathek, thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back ; but, in favour to thy companion, and as the meed for what thou has done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers."

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain, against which the terrace was reared, trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble, that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapour ascending from which gathered into a cloud under the hollow of a vault.

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned without hesitation the pure atmosphere, to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of those impious personages was haughty and determined. As they descended, by the effulgence of the torches they gazed on each other with mutual admiration, and both appeared so resplendent that they already esteemed themselves spiritual intelligences. The only circumstance that perplexed them was their

not arriving at the bottom of the stairs. On hastening their descent, with an ardent impetuosity, they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree, that they seemed not walking, but falling from a precipice. Their progress, however, was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the caliph without difficulty recognised. Here the Giaour awaited them, with a key in his hand. "Ye are welcome," said he to them, with a ghastly smile, "in spite of Mahomet and all his dependants. I will now admit you into that palace where you have so highly merited a place." Whilst he was uttering these words, he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once expanded with a noise still louder than the thunder of mountains, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that, at first, they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their views to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun, when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. Between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits, of each sex, danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music, which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had, all, the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in pro-



found reverie ; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows ; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other ; and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts? "Perplex not yourselves," replied he, bluntly, "with so much at once ; you will soon be acquainted with all. Let us haste and present you to Eblis." They continued their way through the multitude ; but, notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls, and of galleries, that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion. Here the choirs and dances were heard no longer. The light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair ; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence the heart of the caliph sank within him ; and, for the first time, he fell prostrate on his face. Nour-

onihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest melancholy, said, "Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the preadamite sultans; their bickering sabres; and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence; and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour, "Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans." "Come," answered this wicked Dives, with his malignant grin—"come! and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more." He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached, at length, a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funeral gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay the fleshless forms of the preadamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion. They regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand, motionless, on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes: Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives

in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart; yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, visible in part through the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. "Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries," said the Giaour to Vathek; "and avail thyself of the talismans, which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they were guarded."

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: "In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, librating over me, served as a canopy from the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was conse-

crated to a star. There, for a while, I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural existences were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when, at once, the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope ; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments, ineffable torments ! An unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards heaven in token of supplication ; and the caliph observed through his bosom, which was transparant as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out, with a convulsive sob, "O Giaour ! whither hast thou brought us ? Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet ! remains there no more mercy ?" "None ! none !" replied the malicious Dives. "Know, miserable prince ! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair. Thy heart, also, will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period ; employ them as thou wilt. Recline on these heaps of gold ; command the infernal potentates ; range, at thy pleasure, through these immense subterranean domains ; no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission ; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction : their tears unable to flow ; scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach ; the Dives fell prostrate before them ; every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view ; but they no longer felt the incentives of curosity, pride, or avarice. With like apathy they



heard the chorus of genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery ; all without bounds or limit ; all distinguished by the same luring gloom ; all adorned with the same awful grandeur ; all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain ; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed, by their looks, to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them, to wait, in direful suspense, the moment which should render them, to each other, the like objects of terror,

### 285.—The Clouds.

SHELLEY.

<p>I BRING fresh showers for the thirst- ing flowers, From the seas and the streams ; I bear light shade for the leaves when laid In their noonday dreams. From my wings are shaken the dews that waken The sweet buds every one, When rocked to rest on their mother's breast, As she dances about the sun. I wield the flail of the lashing hail, And whiten the green plains under, And then again I dissolve it in rain, And laugh as I pass in thunder.</p> <p>I sift the snow on the mountains be- low, And their great pines groan aghast ; And all the night 'tis my pillow white, While I sleep in the arms of the blast. Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers, Lightning my pilot sits,</p>	<p>In a cavern under is fettered the thunder, It struggles and howls at fits ; Over earth and ocean with gentle motion, This pilot is guiding me, Lured by the love of the genii that move In the depths of the purple sea ; Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, Over the lakes and the plains, Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream, The Spirit he loves remains ; And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile, Whilst he is dissolving in rains.</p> <p>The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes, And his burning plumes outspread, Leaps on the back of my sailing rack, When the morning star shines dead. As on the jag of a mountain crag, Which an earthquake rocks and swings,</p>
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An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from  
 the lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardours of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine  
 airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
 floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen  
 feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my  
 tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-  
 built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through  
 me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon  
 and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burn-  
 ing zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of  
 pearl ;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars  
 reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner  
 unfurl.  
 From cape to cape with a bridge-like  
 shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch, through which I  
 march,  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are  
 chained to my chair,  
 Is the million-coloured bow ;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours  
 wove,  
 Whilst the moist earth was laughing  
 below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,  
 And the nursling of the sky :  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean  
 and shores ;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when, with never  
 a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with  
 their convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a  
 ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and upbuild it again.

## 286.—Advice to his Son.

LORD BURLEIGH.

[WILLIAM CECIL, Lord Burleigh, the Prime Minister of England for upwards of half a century, was born in 1520. His father was Master of the Robes to Henry VIII. We give his "Advice to his Son," as a singular ex-

ample of the acuteness, sense, prudence, and worldliness which the great statesman carried into all his social relations, private as well as public. He died in 1598, having lived a prosperous and secure life in dangerous times, yet without any serious imputation upon his integrity in an age when honesty was not the characteristic of the courtier.]

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## SON ROBERT—

The virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed ; together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor ; puts me in rather assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as life ; I mean, the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer : without which, all other things are vain and miserable. So that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents. Yet, that I may not cast off the care befitting a parent towards his child, or that thou shouldst have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivedst thy breath and being, I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience than by much reading. To the end that, entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayst be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And, because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts ; and next unto Moses's tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content. And they are these following :—

1. When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war ; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure ; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth.

Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth ; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool, for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will yirke thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

And, touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate ; and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink ; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues ; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much : otherwise, thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow—so much for the first precept.

2. Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability ; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own



vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps ; for they shall learn nothing there, but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither by my consent shalt thou train them up in wars. For he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than in use. For soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

3. Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee. For he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household is like him that keepeth water in a sieve ; and what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand. For there is one penny saved in four, betwixt buying in thy need, and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen or friends, or men entreated to stay ; for they expect much and do little : nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few, than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the most ; and then thou mayst boldly require service at their hands.

4. Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table. Grace them with thy countenance and further them in all honest actions : for by this means thou shalt so double the band of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back. But shake of those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but, in an adverse storm, they will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

5. Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. But, if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So shalt thou secure thyself and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour, or a friend, but of a stranger, where, paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy

freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word : for he ~~that~~ hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

6. Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong : for besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance. Neither attempt law against any man before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right on thy side ; and then spare not for either money or pains : for a cause or two so followed, and obtained, will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

7. Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many yet small gifts, and of little charge. And if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight ; otherwise in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a foot-ball for every insulting companion to spurn at.

8. Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous. With thine equals, familiar, yet respectful. Towards thy inferiors show much humanity, and some familiarity : as to bow the body ; stretch forth the hand ; and to uncover the head ; with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement. The second makes thee known for a man well bred. The third gains a good report, which, once got, is easily kept. For right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits. Yet I advise thee not to affect, or neglect, popularity, too much. Seek not to be Essex, shun to be Raleigh.

9. Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate : for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become the enemy.

10. Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests. The one will make thee unwelcome to all company ; the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends. For suspicious jests (when any of them savour of truth) leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched. And, albeit, I

have already pointed at this inclusively ; yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution. Because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather *leese* their friend than their jest. And if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

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## 287—Dr Johnson's Dinner Talk.

BOSWELL.

[MACAULAY, in his review of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," says, "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. . . . Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all." That he accurately reported what he heard and saw of the eminent persons to whose society he was admitted, there can be no doubt. But the very interest of the record shows that he could discriminate. He did not put down *all* that he heard—the conversation of six hours occupies only six pages ;—he knew what was good in the talk of Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Reynolds, and Burke ; and, what is better, he felt what was characteristic of the men ; and these things make the charm of the book. This was talent, and an uncommon talent ; and Jemmy Boswell, to whom we all owe so many hours of delight, must not be despised. Boswell was the son of Alexander Boswell, a Lord of Session ; he was born in 1740 ; died 1795.]

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On Tuesday, April 13, he and Dr Goldsmith and I dined at General Oglethorpe's. Goldsmith expatiated on the common topic, that the race of our people was degenerated, and that this was owing to luxury.—JOHNSON. "Sir, in the first place I doubt the fact. I believe that there are as many tall men in England now as ever there were. But, secondly, supposing the stature of our people to be diminished, that is not owing to luxury ; for, sir, consider to how very small a proportion of our people luxury can reach. Our soldiery surely are not luxurious, who live on sixpence a day ; and the same remark will apply to almost all the other classes. Luxury, so far as it reaches the poor, will do good

to the race of people ; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury ; for, as I said before, it can reach but to a very few. I admit that the great increase of commerce and manufactures hurts the military spirit of a people, because it produces a competition for something else than martial honours—a competition for riches. It also hurts the bodies of the people ; for you will observe there is no man who works at any particular trade but you may know him from his appearance to do so. One part or other of his body being more used than the rest, he is in some degree deformed : but, sir, that is not luxury. A tailor sits cross-legged, but that is not luxury.”—GOLDSMITH. “Come, you’re just going to the same place by another road.”—JOHNSON. “Nay, sir, I say that is not *luxury*. Let us take a walk from Charing-cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world ; what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin-shops) that can do any human being any harm ?”—GOLDSMITH. “Well, sir, I’ll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland-house is a pickle-shop.”—JOHNSON. “Well, sir, do we not know that a maid can, in one afternoon, make pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year ? Nay, that five pickle-shops can serve all the kingdom ? Besides, sir, there is no harm done to anybody by the making of pickles, or the eating of pickles.”

On Thursday, April 15, I dined with him and Dr Goldsmith at General Paoli’s. We found here Signor Martinelli, of Florence, author of a History of England, in Italian, printed at London.

I spoke of Allan Ramsay’s “Gentle Shepherd,” in the Scottish dialect, as the best pastoral that had ever been written ; not only abounding with beautiful rural imagery, and just and pleasing sentiments, but being a real picture of manners ; and I offered to teach Dr Johnson to understand it. “No, sir,” said he, “I won’t learn it. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it.”

An animated debate took place whether Martinelli should continue his history of England to the present day.—GOLDSMITH.



"To be sure he should."—JOHNSON. "No, sir, he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told."—GOLDSMITH. "It may, perhaps, be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner, who comes among us without prejudice, may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely."—JOHNSON. "Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the error and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be."—GOLDSMITH. "Sir, he wants only to sell his history, and to tell truth—one an honest, the other a laudable motive."—JOHNSON. "Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours; but he must write so as he may *live* by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age. A foreigner who attaches himself to any political party in this country is in the worst state that can be imagined: he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest."—BOSWELL. "Or principle."—GOLDSMITH. "There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell truth with safety."—JOHNSON. "Why, sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. But besides, a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him than one truth which he does not wish should be told."—GOLDSMITH. "For my part, I'd tell truth, and shame the devil."—JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws."—GOLDSMITH. "His claws can do you no harm when you have the shield of truth."

It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London:—JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months."—GOLDSMITH. "And a very dull fellow."—JOHNSON. "Why, no, sir."

Martinelli told us that for several years he lived much with Charles Townshend, and that he ventured to tell him he was a bad joker.—JOHNSON. “Why, sir, this much I can say upon the subject:—One day he and a few more agreed to go and dine in the country, and each of them was to bring a friend in his carriage with him. Charles Townshend asked Fitzherbert to go with him, but told him, ‘You must find somebody to bring you back: I can only carry you there.’ Fitzherbert did not much like this arrangement. He, however, consented, observing sarcastically, ‘It will do very well; for then the same jokes will serve you in returning as in going!’”

An eminent public character being mentioned:—JOHNSON. “I remember being present when he showed himself to be so corrupted, or at least something so different from what I think right, as to maintain that a member of parliament should go along with his party, right or wrong. Now, sir, this is so remote from native virtue, from scholastic virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great change before he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining that you may lie to the public; for you lie when you call that right which you think wrong, or the reverse. A friend of ours, who is too much an echo of that gentleman, observed, that a man who does not stick uniformly to a party, is only waiting to be bought. Why, then, said I, he is only waiting to be what that gentleman is already.”

We talked of the king’s coming to see Goldsmith’s new play:—“I wish he would,” said Goldsmith: adding, however, with an affected indifference, “Not that it would do me the least good.”—JOHNSON. “Well, then, sir, let us say it would do *him* good, (laughing.) No, sir, this affectation will not pass; it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours, who would not wish to please the chief magistrate?”—GOLDSMITH. “I *do* wish to please him. I remember a line in Dryden,—

‘And every poet is the monarch’s friend.’

It ought to be reversed.” . . .

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288.—*Special Means of Contentment.*

BISHOP SANDERSON.

[ROBERT SANDERSON, Bishop of Lincoln, was born at Rotherham, in 1587; was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford; in 1641 was appointed chaplain to Charles I., and during the troubles remained for many years in retirement at his humble living of Boothby Pagnell, occasionally suffering persecution and poverty. Upon the Restoration, he was created Bishop of Lincoln, in 1660. He died in 1662. The following extract is from "The Christian Man a contented Man."]

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The first thing to be done is to labour for a true and lively faith; for faith is the very basis, the foundation whereupon our hearts, and all our hearts' content must rest; the whole frame of our contentment rising higher or lower, weaker or stronger, in proportion to that foundation. And this faith, as to our present purpose, hath a double object, (as before was touched,) to wit, the goodness of God, and the truth of God; His goodness in the dispensation of His special providence for the present, and His truth in the performance of His temporal promises for the future. First, then, labour to have thy heart thoroughly persuaded of the goodness of God towards thee; that He is thy Father; and that whether He frown upon thee, or correct thee, or howsoever otherwise He seem to deal with thee, He still beareth a fatherly affection towards thee; that what He giveth thee, He giveth in love, because He seeth it best for thee to have it; and what He denieth thee, He denieth in love, because He seeth it best for thee to want it. A sick man, in the extremity of his distemper, desireth some of those that are about him and sit at his bedside, as they love him, to give him a draught of cold water to allay his thirst, but cannot obtain it from his dearest wife that lieth in his bosom, nor from his nearest friend that loveth him as his own soul. They consider that if they should satisfy his desire, they should destroy his life; they will therefore rather urge him, and even compel him, to take what the doctor hath prescribed, how unpleasant and distasteful soever it may seem unto him; and then, if pain and the impotency of his desire will but permit him the use of his reason, he yieldeth

to their persuasions ; for then he considereth that all this is done out of their love to him, and for his good, both when he is denied what he most desireth, and when he is pressed to take what he vehemently abhorreth. Persuade thyself, in like sort, of all the Lord's dealings with thee ; if at any time He do not answer thee in the desire of thy heart, conclude there is either some unworthiness in thy person, or some inordinateness in thy desire, or some unfitness or unseasonableness in the thing desired—something or other not right on thy part ; but be sure not to impute it to any defect of love in Him.

And as thou art steadfastly to believe His goodness and love, in ordering all things in such sort as He doth for the present, so ought thou with like steadfastness to rest upon His truth and faithfulness for the making good of all those gracious promises that He hath made in His word concerning thy temporal provision and preservation for the future. Only understand those promises rightly, with their due conditions and limitations, and in that sense wherein He intended them when He made them, and then never doubt the performance ; for say, in good sooth, art thou able to charge Him with any breach of faith hitherto ? Hast thou ever found that He hath dealt unfaithfully with thee ? Or didst thou ever hear that He had dealt unfaithfully with any other ? There is no want of power in Him, that He should not be as big as His word ; there is no want of love in Him, that He should not be as good as His word. He is not as man, that He should repent ; or as the son of man, that He should call back His word. There is no lightness or inconstancy in Him, that there should be “yea and nay” in His promises ; but they are all “yea and amen.” Thy heart can tell thee that thou hast often broken vow and promise with Him, and dealt unfaithfully in His covenant ; but do not offer Him that indignity, in addition to all thy other injuries, as to measure Him by thyself, to judge of His feelings by thine, and to think Him altogether such a one as thyself—so false, so fickle, so uncertain as thou art. Far be all such thoughts from every one of us ! Though we deny Him, yet He abideth faithful, and will not, cannot deny Himself. We are fleeting and mutable—



off and on ; to-day not the same as we were yesterday ; and to-morrow, perhaps, like neither of the former days ; yet He continueth yesterday, to-day, and the same for evermore. Roll thyself, then, upon His providence, and repose thyself with assured confidence upon His promises, and contentment will follow. Upon this base the apostle hath betokened contentation, (Heb. xiii. 5 :) “ Be content with such things as ye have : for He hath said I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”

The next thing we are to look after in this business is humility and poverty of spirit. It is our pride most that undoeth us ; much of our discontent springeth from it. We think highly of ourselves ; thence our envy, fretting, and pining away, when we see others, who we think deserve not much better than we do, to have yet much more than we have—wealth, honour, power, ease, reputation, anything. Pride and beggary sort ill together, even in our own judgments ; so hateful a thing is a proud beggar, in the opinion of the world, that proverbs have grown from it ; we think he better deserveth the stocks or the whip than an alms, that beggeth at our doors, and yet taketh scornfully what is given him if it be not of the best in the house. Can we hate this in others towards ourselves, and yet be so blind with pride and self-love as not to discern the same hateful disposition in ourselves towards our good God ? Extremely beggarly we are. Are we not very beggars, that came naked into the world, and must go naked out of it ?—that brought nothing along with us at our coming, and it is certain we shall carry nothing away with us at our departure ? Are we not errant beggars, that must beg, and that daily, for our daily bread ?—and yet are we also extremely proud, and take the alms that God thinketh fit to bestow upon us, in great snuff,\* if it be not every way to our liking. Alas ! what could we look for if God should give us but what we deserve ? Did we but well consider our own unworthiness, it would enforce an acknowledgment from us, like that of Jacob, that we are far “ less than the least of his mercies,” &c. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under His table, as our dogs do under ours ; who far

\* Snuff, perverse resentment.

better deserve it at our hands than we do at His. Our hands did not make them nor fashion them, yet they love us, and follow us, and guard our houses, and do us pleasures and services many other ways ; but we, although we are His creatures, and the workmanship of His hands, yet do nothing (as of ourselves) but hate Him, and dishonour Him, and rebel against Him, and by most unworthy provocation daily and minutely tempt His patience ; and what good thing, then, can we deserve at His hands ?—rather, what evil thing do we not deserve, if He should render to us according as we deal with Him ? Why should we then be displeased with any of His dispensations ? Having deserved nothing, we may very well hold ourselves content with anything.

A third help unto contentation is to set a just valuation upon the things we have. We commonly have our eye upon those things that we desire, and set so great a price upon them, that the overvaluing of what we have in chase and expectation maketh us much undervalue what we have in present possession ; an infirmity to which the best of the faithful (the father of the faithful not excepted) are subject. It was the speech of no worse a man than Abraham : “ O Lord,” saith he, “ what wilt thou give me seeing I go childless ? ” As if he had said, “ All this great increase of cattle, and abundance of treasure which Thou hast given me, avail me nothing so long as I have never a child to leave it to.” It differeth not much, you see, from the speech of discontented Haman, “ All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai,” &c., save that Abraham’s speech proceeded from the weakness of his faith at that time, and under that temptation, and Haman’s from habitual infidelity, and a heart totally carnal. It is the admirable goodness of a gracious God that He accepteth the faith of His poor servants, be it never so small, and passeth by the defects thereof, be they never so great ; only it should be our care not to flatter ourselves so far as to cherish those infirmities, or allow ourselves therein, but rather to strive against them with our utmost strength, that we may overcome the temptation ; and that is best done by casting our eye, as well upon what we have, and could not well be without, as upon what we fain would have,

but might want. The things the Lord hath already lent thee, consider how useful they are to thee ; how beneficial, how comfortable ; how ill thou couldst spare them ; how much worse thou shouldst be than now thou art without them ; how many men in the world that want what thou enjoyest—would be glad, with all their hearts, to exchange for it that which thou so much desirest. And let these considerations prevail with thee, both to be thankful for what God hath been pleased already to give thee, and to be content to want what it is His pleasure yet to withhold from thee.

Another help for the same purpose, fourthly, is to compare ourselves and our estates rather with those that are below us, than with those that are above us. We love comparisons but too well unless we could make better use of them. We run over all our neighbours in our thoughts, and when we have so done, we make our comparisons so untowardly, that there is no neighbour we have, but, (as we handle the matter,) we are the worse for him ; we find in him something or other that serveth as fuel, either to our pride, or uncharitableness, or other corrupt lusts. We look at our poorer neighbour, and, because we are richer than he, we cast a scornful eye upon him, and in the pride of our hearts, despise him. We look at our richer neighbour, and, because we are not so full as he, we cast an envious eye upon him, and, out of the uncharitableness of our hearts, malice him. Thus, unhappily, do we misplace our thoughts, or misapply them, and, whatsoever the premises are, draw wretched conclusions from them—as the spider is said to suck poison out of every flower ; whereas sanctified wisdom, if it might be heard, would rather teach us to make a holy advantage of such like comparisons for the increase of some precious graces in us ; and, namely, these two of thankfulness and contentedness, as the bee gathereth honey out of every weed. And the course is this : observe thy present corruption, whatever it be, when it beginneth to stir within thee, and then make the comparison so as may best serve to weaken the temptation arising from that lust. As for example : when thou findest thyself apt to magnify and exalt thyself in thine own

greatness, and puffed up with the conceit of some excellency, (whether real or but imaginary,) in thyself, to swell above thy meaner brethren, then look upwards, and thou shalt see, perhaps, hundreds above thee that have something that thou hast not. It may be, the comparing of thyself with them may help to allay the swelling, and reduce thee to a more sober and humble temper. But when, on the other side, thou findest thyself apt to grudge at the prosperity of others, and to murmur at the scantiness of thine own portion, then look downwards, and thou shalt see, perhaps, thousands below thee that want something that thou hast. It may be, the comparing thyself with them may help to silence all those repining thoughts and obmurmurations against the wise dispensations of Almighty God ; for, tell me, why should one or two richer neighbours be such a grievous eyesore to thee, to provoke this discontent, rather than ten or twenty poorer ones a spur to quicken thee to thankfulness? If reason, by the instigation of corrupt nature, can teach thee to argue thus : “ My house, my farm, my stock, my whole condition is naught ; many a man hath better,” why should not reason, heightened by God’s grace, teach thee as well to argue thus : “ Mine are good enough ; many a good man hath worse ?”

Fifthly, for the getting of contentment, it would not a little avail us to consider the insufficiency of those things, the want whereof now discontenteth us, to give us content if we should obtain them ; not only for that reason, that as the things increase, our desires also increase with them, (which yet is most true, and of very important consideration, too, as Solomon saith, “ He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver,”) but for a farther reason also, because, with the best conveniences of this life, there are interwoven sundry inconveniences withal, which, for the most part, the eagerness of our desires will not suffer us to foresee whilst we have them in chase, but we shall be sure to find them at length in the possession and use. Whilst we are in the pursuit of anything, we think ever and ever how beneficial it may be to us, and we promise to ourselves much good from it ; and our thoughts are so taken up with such meditations, that we consider it ab-



stractedly from those discommodiousnesses and incumbrances which yet inseparably cleave thereunto ; but when we have gotten what we so importunately desired, and think to enter upon the enjoyment, we then begin to find those discommodiousnesses and incumbrances which before we never thought of, as well as those services and advantages which we expected from it. Now, if we could be so wise and provident beforehand, as to forethink and forecast the inconveniences as well as the usefulness of those things we seek after, it would certainly bring our desires to better moderation, work in us a just disestimation of these earthly things which we usually overprize, and make us the better contented if we go without them—as Damocles said of his diadem, what a glorious lustre doth the imperial crown make to dazzle the eyes of the beholders, and to tempt ambition to wade even through a sea of blood, and stretch itself beyond all the lines of justice and religion to get within the reach of it ! Yet, did a man but know what legions of fears and cares, like so many restless spirits, are encircled within that narrow round, he could not be excused from the extremity of madness if he should much envy him that wore it, much less if he should by villany or bloodshed aspire to it. When Damocles had the sword hanging over his head in a twine thread, he had little stomach to eat of those delicacies that stood before him upon the board, which a little before he deemed the greatest happiness the world could afford. There is nothing under the sun but is full, not of vanity only, but also of vexation : why then should we not be well content to be without that thing, (if it be the Lord's will we should want it,) which we cannot have without much vanity, and some vexation withal ?

In the sixth place, a notable help to contentment is sobriety, under which name I comprehend both frugality and temperance. Frugality is of very serviceable use, partly to the acquiring, partly to the exercising of every man's graces and virtues, as magnificence, justice, liberality, thankfulness, &c., and this contentation among the rest. Hardly can that man be either truly thankful unto God, or much helpful to his friends, or do any great matters in the way of charity and to pious uses, or keep touch in his pro-

mises, and pay every man his own, (as every honest man should do,) or live a contented life, that is not frugal. We all cry out against covetousness, and that justly, as a base sin, the cause of many evils and mischiefs, and a main opposite to contentment; but truly, if things be rightly considered, we shall find prodigality to match it, as in sundry other respects, so particularly for the opposition it hath to contentedness. For contentedness consisteth in the mutual and relative sufficiency of the things unto the mind, and of the mind unto the things; where covetousness reigneth in the heart, the mind is too narrow for the things; and where the estate is profusely wasted, the things must needs be too scant for the mind: so that the disproportion is still the same, though it arise not from the same principle. As in many other things we may observe an unhappy coincidence of extremes, contrary causes, for different reasons, producing one and the same evil effect. Extreme cold parcheth the grass, as well as extreme heat; and lines drawn from the opposite parts of the circumference meet in the centre. Although the prodigal man, therefore, utterly disclaim covetousness, and profess to hate it, yet doth he indeed, by his wastefulness, pull upon himself a necessity of being covetous, and transgresseth the commandment which saith, "Thou shall not covet," as much as the most covetous wretch in the whole world doth. The difference is but this—the one coveteth that he may have it, the other coveteth that he may spend it; as St James saith, he coveteth, "that he may consume it upon his lusts." He that will fare deliciously every day, or carry a great port in the world, and maintain a numerous family of idle and unnecessary dependants, or adventure great sums in gaming or upon matches, or bring up his children too highly, or any other way stretch himself in his expenses beyond the proportion of his revenues, it is impossible but he should desire means wherewithal to maintain the charges he must be at for the aforesaid ends, which, since his proper revenues (according to our supposition) will not reach to do, his wits are set at work how to compass supplies, and to make it out of other men's estates. Hence he is driven to succour himself by frauds and oppressions, and all

those other evils that spring from the root of covetousness ; and when these also fail, (as hold they cannot long,) there is then no remedy, but he must live the remainder of his days upon borrowing and shifting, whereby he casteth himself into debts and dangers, loseth his credit or liberty, or both, and createth to him a world of discontents. He that would live a contented life, and bear a contented mind, it standeth him upon to be frugal.

Temperance also is of right good use to the same end ; that is to say, a moderate use at all times, and now and then a voluntary forbearance of and abstinence from the creatures, when we might lawfully use them. If we would sometimes deny our appetites in the use of meats, and drinks, and sleep, and sports, and other comforts and refreshments of this life, and exercise ourselves sometimes to fastings and wantings, and other hardnesses and austerities, we should be the better able sure to undergo them stoutly, and grudge and shrink less under them, if at any time hereafter, by any accident or affliction, we should be hard put to it. We should, in all likelihood, be the better content to want many things when we cannot have them, if we would now and then inure ourselves to be as if we wanted them whilst we have them.

Lastly, (for I may not enlarge,) that meditation, which was so frequent with the godly fathers under both Testaments, (and whereof the more sober sort among the heathens had some glimmering light,) that “we have here no abiding city, but seek one to come ;” that we are here but as strangers and pilgrims in a foreign land, heaven being our home ; and that our continuance in this world is but as the lodging of a traveller in an inn for a night : this meditation, I say, if followed home, would much further us in the present learning. The apostle seemeth to make use of it for this very purpose, “We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out ;” and thence inferreth in the very next words, “having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.” We forget ourselves very much when we fancy to ourselves a kind of perpetuity here, as if our “houses should continue for ever, and our dwelling-places should remain

from one generation to another." We think it good being here ; here we would build us tabernacles, set up our rest here, and that is it that maketh us so greedy after the things that belong hither, and so sullen and discomposed when our endeavours in the pursuit of them prove successless ; whereas, if we would rightly inform ourselves, and seriously think of it, what the world is, and what ourselves are—the world but an inn, and ourselves but passengers—it would fashion us to more moderate desires and better-composed affections. In our inns we would be glad to have wholesome diet, clean lodgings, diligent attendance, and all other things with convenience to our liking ; but yet we will be wary what we call for, that we exceed not too much, lest the reckoning prove too sharp afterwards ; and if such things as we are to make use of there, we find not altogether as we wish, we do not much trouble ourselves at it, but pass it over, cheering ourselves with these thoughts, that our stay is but for a night ; we shall be able sure to make shift with mean accommodations for one night ; we shall be at home ere it be long, where we can mend ourselves, and have things more to our own heart's content. The plenteousness of that house, when we shall arrive at our own home, will fully satiate our largest desires. In the meantime, let the expectation of that fulness, and the approach of our departure out of this sorry inn, sustain our souls with comfort against all the emptiness of this world ; and whatsoever we meet with in our passage through it that is in any way apt to breed us vexation or discontent, that we may learn with St Paul, "in whatsoever estate we are, to be therewith content." God vouchsafe this to us all, for his dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ.

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### 289.—Mortality at Sea.

ANSON.

[THE narrative known as "Lord Anson's Voyage Round the World," from which the following is an extract, was written by Mr Benjamin Robins, from materials furnished by Lord Anson, digested under his own immediate inspec-



tion. This book may therefore be considered as an example of divided authorship. It is full of the most vigorous narrative, and will always be read with deep interest. George Anson, the son of a Staffordshire gentleman, had an early passion for the sea, and he rose by successive steps to the highest rank, having, during forty years of his professional life, performed the most eminent public services. He died in 1762.]

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Soon after our passing Straits Le Maire the scurvy began to make its appearance amongst us ; and our long continuance at sea, the fatigue we underwent, and the various disappointments we met with, had occasioned its spreading to such a degree, that at the latter end of April there were but few on board who were not in some degree afflicted with it, and in that month no less than forty-three died of it on board the *Centurion*. But though we thought that the distemper had then risen to an extraordinary height, and were willing to hope that as we advanced to the northward its malignity would abate ; yet we found, to the contrary, that in the month of May we lost nearly double that number : and as we did not get to land till the middle of June, the mortality went on increasing, and the disease extended itself so prodigiously, that, after the loss of two hundred men, we could not at last muster more than six foremast men in a watch capable of duty.

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With this terrible disease we struggled the greatest part of the time of our beating round Cape Horn ; and though it did not then rage with its utmost violence, yet we buried no less than forty-three men on board the *Centurion* in the month of April, as hath been already observed ; however, we still entertained hopes that, when we should have once secured our passage round the Cape, we should put a period to this and all the other evils which had so constantly pursued us. But it was our misfortune to find that the Pacific Ocean was to us less hospitable than the turbulent neighbourhood of Terra del Fuego and Cape Horn. For being arrived, on the 8th of May, off the island of Socoro, which was the first rendezvous appointed for the squadron, and where we hoped to have met with some of our companions, we cruised for them in that station several days. But here we were not only

disappointed in our expectations of being joined by our friends, and were thereby induced to favour the gloomy suggestions of their having all perished ; but we were likewise perpetually alarmed with the fears of being driven on shore upon this coast, which appeared too craggy and irregular to give us the least prospect that in such a case any of us could possibly escape immediate destruction. For the land had indeed a most tremendous aspect : the most distant part of it, and which appeared far within the country, being the mountains usually called the Andes or Cordilleras, was extremely high, and covered with snow ; and the coast itself seemed quite rocky and barren, and the water's edge skirted with precipices. In some places indeed we discerned several deep bays running into the land, but the entrance into them was generally blocked up by numbers of little islands ; and though it was not improbable but there might be convenient shelter in some of those bays, and proper channels leading thereto, yet, as we were utterly ignorant of the coast, had we been driven ashore by western winds which blow almost constantly there, we did not expect to have avoided the loss of our ship, and of our lives.

This continued peril, which lasted for above a fortnight, was greatly aggravated by the difficulties we found in working the ship : as the scurvy had by this time destroyed so great a part of our hands, and had in some degree affected almost the whole crew. Nor did we, as we hoped, find the winds less violent as we advanced to the northward ; for we had often prodigious squalls, which split our sails, greatly damaged our rigging, and endangered our masts. Indeed, during the greatest part of the time we were upon this coast, the wind blew so hard, that in another situation, where we had sufficient sea-room, we should certainly have lain to ; but in the present exigency we were necessitated to carry both our courses and topsails, in order to keep clear of this lee-shore. In one of these squalls, which was attended by several violent claps of thunder, a sudden flash of fire darted along our decks, which, dividing, exploded with a report like that of several pistols, and wounded many of our men and officers as it passed,

marking them in different parts of the body: this flame was attended with a strong sulphurous stench, and was doubtless of the same nature with the larger and more violent blasts of lightning which then filled the air.

And now, having cruised in vain for more than a fortnight in quest of the other ships of the squadron, it was resolved to take advantage of the present favourable season, and the offing we had made from this terrible coast, and to make the best of our way for the island of Juan Fernandez. For though our next rendezvous was appointed off the harbour of Baldivia, yet as we had hitherto seen none of our companions at this first rendezvous, it was not to be supposed that any of them would be found at the second: indeed, we had the greatest reason to suspect that all but ourselves had perished. Besides, we were by this time reduced to so low a condition, that, instead of attempting to attack the places of the enemy, our utmost hopes could only suggest to us the possibility of saving the ship, and some part of the remaining enfeebled crew, by our speedy arrival at Juan Fernandez; for this was the only road in that part of the world where there was any probability of our recovering our sick, or refitting our vessel, and consequently our getting thither was the only chance we had left to avoid perishing at sea.

On the 30th of May we had a view of the continent of Chili, distant about twelve or thirteen leagues; the land made exceeding high, and uneven, and appeared quite white; what we saw being doubtless a part of the Cordilleras which are always covered with snow. Though by this view of the land we ascertained our position, yet it gave us great uneasiness to find that we had so needlessly altered our course, when we were, in all probability, just upon the point of making the island: for the mortality amongst us was now increased to a most dreadful degree, and those who remained alive were utterly dispirited by this new disappointment, and the prospect of their longer continuance at sea: our water, too, began to grow scarce: so that a general dejection

prevailed amongst us, which added much to the virulence of the disease, and destroyed numbers of our best men ; and to all these calamities there was added this vexatious circumstance, that when, after having got a sight of the main, we tacked and stood to the westward in quest of the island, we were so much delayed by calms and contrary winds, that it cost us nine days to regain the westing, which, when we stood to the eastward, we ran down in two. In this desponding condition, with a crazy ship, a great scarcity of fresh water, and a crew so universally diseased that there were not above ten foremast men in a watch capable of doing duty, and even some of these lame, and unable to go aloft ; under these disheartening circumstances we stood to the westward ; and on the 9th of June, at daybreak, we at last discovered the long-wished-for island of Juan Fernandez.

Though, on this first view, it appeared to be a very mountainous place, extremely rugged and irregular, yet as it was land, and the land we sought for, it was to us a most agreeable sight : because at this place only we could hope to put a period to those terrible calamities we had so long struggled with, which had already swept away above half our crew, and which, had we continued a few days longer at sea, would inevitably have completed our destruction. For we were by this time reduced to so helpless a condition, that, out of two hundred and odd men, which remained alive, we could not, taking all our watches together, muster hands enough to work the ship on an emergency, though we included the officers, their servants, and the boys.

The wind being northerly when we first made the island, we kept plying all that day, and the next night, in order to get in with the land ; and, wearing the ship in the middle watch, we had a melancholy instance of the almost incredible debility of our people ; for the lieutenant could muster no more than two quarter-masters and six foremast men capable of working ; so that without the assistance of the officers, servants, and the boys, it might have proved impossible for us to have reached the island after we had got sight of it ; and even with this assistance they were two hours



in trimming the sails ; to so wretched a condition was a sixty-gun ship reduced, which had passed Straits Le Maire but three months before, with between four and five hundred men, almost all of them in health and vigour.

However, on the 10th, in the afternoon, we got under the lee of the island, and kept ranging along it, at about two miles' distance, in order to look out for the proper anchorage, which was described to be in a bay on the north side. Being now nearer in with the shore, we could discover that the broken craggy precipices, which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were far from barren, being in most places covered with woods, and that between them there were everywhere interspersed the finest valleys, clothed with a most beautiful verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades, no valley, of any extent, being unprovided of its proper rill. The water, too, as we afterwards found, was not inferior to any we had ever tasted, and was constantly clear. The aspect of this country, thus diversified, would at all times have been extremely delightful ; but in our distressed situation, languishing as we were for the land and its vegetable productions, (an inclination constantly attending every stage of the sea-scurvy,) it is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the greens and other refreshments which were then in sight ; and particularly the water, for of this we had been confined to a very sparing allowance a considerable time, and had then but five tons remaining on board. Those only who have endured a long series of thirst, and who can readily recall the desire and agitation which the ideas alone of springs and brooks have at that time raised in them, can judge of the emotion with which we eyed a large cascade of the most transparent water, which poured itself from a rock near a hundred feet high into the sea at a small distance from the ship. Even those amongst the diseased who were not in the very last stages of the distemper, though they had been long confined to their hammocks, exerted the small remains of strength that were left them, and crawled up to the deck to feast themselves with this reviving prospect. Thus we coasted the

shore fully employed in the contemplation of this enchanting landscape, which still improved upon us the farther we advanced. But at last the night closed upon us, before we had satisfied ourselves which was the proper bay to anchor in ; and therefore we resolved to keep in soundings all night, (we having then from sixty-four to seventy fathom,) and to send our boat next morning to discover the road : however, the current shifted in the night, and set us so near the land, that we were obliged to let go the best bower in fifty-six fathom, not half a mile from the shore. At four in the morning the cutter was despatched with our third lieutenant to find out the bay we were in search of, who returned again at noon with the boat laden with seals and grass ; for, though the island abounded with better vegetables, yet the boat's crew, in their short stay, had not met with them ; and they well knew that even grass would prove a dainty, as indeed it was all soon and eagerly devoured. The seals too were considered as fresh provision, but as yet were not much admired, though they grew afterwards into more repute ; for what rendered them less valuable at this juncture was the prodigious quantity of excellent fish, which the people on board had taken during the absence of the boat.

The cutter, in this expedition had discovered the bay where we intended to anchor, which we found was to the westward of our present station ; and the next morning, the weather proving favourable, we endeavoured to weigh, in order to proceed thither ; but though, on this occasion, we mustered all the strength we could, obliging even the sick, who were scarcely able to keep on their legs, to assist us ; yet the capstan was so weakly manned, that it was near four hours before we had the cable right up and down : after which, with our utmost efforts, and with many surges and some purchases we made use of to increase our power, we found ourselves incapable of starting the anchor from the ground. However, at noon, as a fresh gale blew towards the bay, we were induced to set the sails, which fortunately tripped the anchor : and then we steered along shore, till we came abreast of the point that forms the eastern part of the bay. On the opening of

the bay, the wind that had befriended us thus far shifted, and blew from thence in squalls ; but, by means of the headway we had got, we loosed close in, till the anchor brought us up in sixty-six fathom. Soon after we had thus got to our new berth, we discovered a sail, which we made no doubt was one of our squadron ; and, on its nearer approach, we found it to be the *Trial* sloop. We immediately sent some of our hands on board her, by whose assistance she was brought to an anchor between us and the land. We soon found that the sloop had not been exempted from the same calamities which we had so severely felt : for her commander, Captain Saunders, waiting on the commodore, informed him, that out of his small complement he had buried thirty-four of his men ; and those that remained were so universally afflicted with the scurvy, that only himself, his lieutenant, and three of his men, were able to stand by the sails. The *Trial* came to an anchor within us on the 12th, about noon, and we carried our hawsers on board her, in order to moor ourselves nearer in shore : but the wind coming off the land, in violent gusts, prevented our mooring in the berth we intended. Indeed, our principal attention was employed in business rather of more importance. For we were now extremely occupied in sending on shore materials to raise tents for the reception of the sick, who died apace on board, and doubtless the distemper was considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay : for the number of the diseased was so great, and so few could be spared from the necessary duty of the sails to look after them, that it was impossible to avoid a great relaxation in the article of cleanliness, which had rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks. Notwithstanding our desire of freeing the sick from their hateful situation, and their own extreme impatience to get on shore, we had not hands enough to prepare the tents for their reception before the 16th ; but on that and the two following days we sent them all on shore, amounting to a hundred and sixty-seven persons, besides twelve or fourteen who died in the boats, on their being exposed to the fresh air. The greatest part of our sick were so infirm, that we were obliged to carry them out of the ship in their hammocks, and to convey

them afterwards in the same manner from the water side to their tents, over a stony beach. This was a work of considerable fatigue to the few who were healthy ; and therefore the commodore, according to his accustomed humanity, not only assisted herein with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand. The extreme weakness of our sick may in some measure be collected from the numbers who died after they had got on shore ; for it had generally been found that the land, and the refreshments it produces, very soon discover most stages of the sea-scurvy ; and we flattered ourselves that those who had not perished on this first exposure to the open air, but had lived to be placed in their tents, would have been speedily restored to their health and vigour ; yet, to our great mortification, it was near twenty days after their landing before the mortality was tolerably ceased ; and for the first ten or twelve days we buried rarely less than six each day, and many of those who survived recovered by very slow and insensible degrees. Indeed, those who were well enough at their first getting on shore, to creep out of their tents, and crawl about, were soon relieved, and recovered their health and strength in a very short time ; but, in the rest, the disease seemed to have acquired a degree of inveteracy which was altogether without example.

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## 290.—*Imitation in Art.*

REYNOLDS.

[It is as a writer that we shall here have to speak of the great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His lectures, delivered as President of the Royal Academy, are admirable examples of that species of composition. They unite enlarged principles with accurate knowledge, and are remarkable for their elegance and purity of style. Joshua Reynolds was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, rector of Plympton, Devon. He was born in 1723, and, having exhibited a decided vocation for art, was placed as a pupil with Hudson, a celebrated portrait-painter. The course of his professional career has been detailed in his Life by Northcote. He died in 1792.]

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The subject of this discourse will be IMITATION, as far as a painter is concerned in it. By imitation, I do not mean imita-



tion in its largest sense, but simply the following of other masters, and the advantage to be drawn from the study of their works.

Those who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of *inspiration*, as a *gift* bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to insure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine, coldly, whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence.

It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the *cause* of anything extraordinary to be astonished at the *effect*, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired ; who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.

The travellers into the East tell us that, when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining amongst them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long-lost science, they always answer, that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its own powers and those works of complicated art which it is utterly unable to fathom ; and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by supernatural powers.

And as for artists themselves, it is by no means their interest to undeceive such judges, however conscious they may be of the very natural means by which their extraordinary powers were acquired ; though our art, being intrinsically imitative, rejects this idea of inspiration more perhaps than any other.

It is to avoid this plain confession of truth, as it should seem, that this imitation of masters, indeed almost all imitation, which implies a more regular and progressive method of attaining the

ends of painting, has ever been particularly inveighed against with great keenness, both by ancient and modern writers.

To derive all from native power, to owe nothing to another, is the praise which men, who do not much think on what they are saying, bestow sometimes upon others, and sometimes on themselves; and their imaginary dignity is naturally heightened by a supercilious censure of the low, the barren, the grovelling, the servile imitator. It would be no wonder if a student, frightened by these terrific and disgraceful epithets, with which the poor imitators are so often loaded, should let fall his pencil in mere despair; (conscious, as he must be, how much he has been indebted to the labours of others—how little, how very little of his art was born with him;) and consider it as hopeless to set about acquiring, by the imitation of any human master, what he is taught to suppose is matter of inspiration from Heaven.

Some allowance must be made for what is said in the gaiety of rhetoric. We cannot suppose that any one can really mean to exclude all imitation of others. A position so wild would scarce deserve a serious answer; for it is apparent, if we were forbid to make use of the advantages which our predecessors afford us, the art would be always to begin, and consequently remain always in its infant state; and it is a common observation, that no art was ever invented and carried to perfection at the same time.

But, to bring us entirely to reason and sobriety, let it be observed, that a painter must not only be of necessity an imitator of the works of nature, which alone is sufficient to dispel this phantom of inspiration, but he must be as necessarily an imitator of the works of other painters: this appears more humiliating, but is equally true; and no man can be an artist, whatever he may suppose, upon any other terms.

However, those who appear more moderate and reasonable allow that our study is to begin by imitation; but maintain that we should no longer use the thoughts of our predecessors, when we are become able to think for ourselves. They hold that imitation is as hurtful to the more advanced student, as it was advantageous to the beginner.

For my own part, I confess, I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of the art, but am of opinion that the study of other masters, which I here call imitation, may be extended throughout our whole lives, without any danger of the inconveniences with which it is charged, of enfeebling the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have.

I am, on the contrary, persuaded, that by imitation only, variety, and even originality of invention is produced. I will go further; even Genius—at least what generally is so called—is the child of imitation. But, as this appears to be contrary to the general opinion, I must explain my position before I enforce it.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.

This opinion, of the impossibility of acquiring those beauties which stamp the work with the character of Genius, supposes that it is something more fixed than in reality it is; and that we always do, and ever did, agree in opinion with respect to what should be considered as the characteristic of Genius. But the truth is, that the *degree* of excellence which proclaims *Genius* is different in different times and different places; and what shows it to be so is that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

When the arts were in their infancy, the power of merely drawing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts. The common people, ignorant of the principles of art, talk the same language even to this day. But when it was found that every man could be taught to do this, and a great deal more, merely by the observance of certain precepts, the name of Genius then shifted its application, and was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented; to him who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity; in short, those qualities, or excellences, the power of producing which could not *then* be taught by any known and promulgated rules.

We are very sure that the beauty of form, the expression of the passions, the art of composition, even the power of giving a general air of grandeur to a work, is at present very much under the dominion of rules. These excellences were, heretofore, considered merely as the effects of Genius ; and justly, if Genius is not taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation and experience.

He who first made any of these observations, and digested them, so as to form an invariable principle for himself to work by, had that merit, but probably no one went very far at once ; and, generally, the first who gave the hint, did not know how to pursue it steadily and methodically ; at least, not in the beginning. He himself worked on it, and improved it ; others worked more and improved further ; until the secret was discovered, and the practice made as general as refined practice can be made. How many more principles may be fixed and ascertained we cannot tell ; but, as criticism is likely to go hand in hand with the art which is its subject, we may venture to say, that, as that art shall advance, its powers will be still more and more fixed by rules.

But, by whatever strides criticism may gain ground, we need be under no apprehension that invention will ever be annihilated or subdued ; or intellectual energy be brought entirely within the restraint of written law. Genius will still have room enough to expatiate, and keep always at the same distance from narrow comprehension and mechanical performance.

What we now call Genius, begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end ; but where known vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place. It must of necessity be, that even works of Genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules ; it cannot be by chance that excellences are produced with any constancy or any certainty, for this is not the nature of chance ; but the rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of Genius, work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observations, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit being expressed in



words ; especially as artists are not very frequently skilful in that mode of communicating ideas. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist ; and he works from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. It is true these refined principles cannot be always made palpable, like the more gross rules of art ; yet it does not follow, but that the mind may be put in such a train, that it shall perceive, by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety, which words, particularly words of unpractised writers, such as we are, can but very feebly suggest.

Invention is one of the great marks of Genius ; but if we consult experience we shall find, that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

## 291.—The Betrothed.

CRABBE.

YES, there are real mourners ; I have  
seen,  
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering and  
serene ;  
Attention through the day her duties  
claimed,  
And to be useful as resigned she  
aimed ;  
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed  
t' expect  
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;  
But when her wearied parents sank  
to sleep,  
She sought her place to meditate and  
weep :  
Then to her mind was all the past  
displayed.  
That faithful memory brings to  
sorrow's aid ;

For then she thought on one regretted  
youth,  
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned  
truth ;  
In every place she wandered where  
they'd been,  
And sadly sacred held the parting scene  
Where last for sea he took his leave  
—that place  
With double interest would she  
nightly trace ;  
For long the courtship was, and he  
would say  
Each time he sailed—" This once,  
and then the day ;"  
Yet prudence tarried, but when last  
he went,  
He drew from pitying love a full con-  
sent.

Happy he sailed, and great the  
 care she took  
 That he should softly sleep, and  
 smartly look ;  
 White was his better linen, and his  
 check  
 Was made more trim than any on the  
 deck ;  
 And every comfort men at sea can  
 know,  
 Was hers to buy, to make, and to  
 bestow ;

For he to Greenland sailed, and much  
 she told  
 How he should guard against the  
 climate's cold.  
 Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd  
 withstood,  
 Nor could she trace the fever in his  
 blood.  
 His messmates smiled at flushings in  
 his cheek,  
 And he, too, smiled, but seldom  
 would he speak ;



For now he found the danger, felt the  
 pain,  
 With grievous symptoms he could  
 not explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced  
 with a sigh [die ;  
 A lover's message—"Thomas, I must  
 Would I could see my Sally, and  
 could rest  
 My throbbing temples on her faithful  
 breast,

And gazing go ! if not, this trifle  
 take,  
 And say, till death I wore it for her  
 sake.  
 Yes, I must die !—blow on, sweet  
 breeze, blow on !  
 Give me one look before my life be  
 gone ;  
 Oh, give me that ! and let me not  
 despair—  
 One last fond look—and now repeat  
 the prayer."

He had his wish, and more. I will  
not paint  
The lovers' meeting : she beheld him  
faint—  
With tender fears she took a nearer  
view,  
Her terrors doubling as her hopes  
withdrew ;  
He tried to smile, and, half-succeed-  
ing, said,  
“Yes, I must die!”—and hope for  
ever fled.

Still long she nursed him ; tender  
thoughts meantime  
Were interchanged, and hopes and  
views sublime.  
To her he came to die, and every day  
She took some portion of the dread  
away ;  
With him she prayed, to him his  
Bible read,  
Soothed the faint heart and held the  
aching head ;  
She came with smiles the hour of pain  
to cheer,  
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the  
tear ;  
Then, as if breaking from a cloud,  
she gave  
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of  
the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and  
they forgot  
The care, the dread, the anguish of  
their lot ;  
They spoke with cheerfulness, and  
seemed to think,  
Yet said not so—“Perhaps he will  
not sink.”  
A sudden rightness in his look  
appeared,  
A sudden vigour in his voice was  
heard ;

She had been reading in the Book of  
Prayer,  
And led him forth, and placed him in  
his chair ;  
Lively he seemed and spoke of all he  
knew,  
The friendly many, and the favourite  
few ;  
Nor one that day did he to mind re-  
call,  
But she has treasured, and she loves  
them all.  
When in her way she meets them,  
they appear  
Peculiar people—death has made  
them dear.

He named his friend, but then his  
hand she pressed,  
And fondly whispered, “Thou must  
go to rest.”  
“I go,” he said ; but as he spoke she  
found  
His hand more cold, and fluttering  
was the sound ;  
Then gazed affrighted, but she caught  
a last,  
A dying look of love—and all was  
past.

She placed a decent stone his grave  
above,  
Neatly engraved, an offering of her  
love.  
For that she wrought, for that forsook  
her bed,  
Awake alike to duty and the dead.  
She would have grieved had they  
presumed to spare  
The least assistance—’twas her proper  
care.  
Here will she come, and on the grave  
will sit,  
Folding her arms, in long abstracted  
fit ;

But if observers pass, will take her round,	Then go again, and thus her hour employ
And careless seem, for she would not be found;	While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

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## 292.—Of Security.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

[JEREMY BENTHAM, in many respects one of the most distinguished men of the reign of George III., was born in 1747. He died in 1832. His first publication was a "Fragment on Government," which appeared in 1776. Of Mr Bentham's labours as a philosophical writer, it would be impossible to give any notion, without minute details. His latter style was remarkable for many peculiarities, which in some degree injured the value of his thoughts; but his early writings are forcible and elegant—admirable specimens of pure English. His works have been collected under the superintendence of his executor, Dr Bowring. The following is from "The Principles of the Civil Code."]

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This inestimable good is the distinctive mark of civilisation; it is entirely the work of the laws. Without law there is no security; consequently no abundance, nor even certain subsistence. And the only equality which can exist in such a condition is the equality of misery.

In order rightly to estimate this great benefit of the laws, it is only necessary to consider the condition of savages. They struggle, without ceasing, against famine, which sometimes cuts off, in a few days, whole nations. Rivalry with respect to the means of subsistence produces amongst them the most cruel wars; and, like the most ferocious beasts, men pursue men, that they may feed on one another. The dread of this horrible calamity destroys amongst them the gentlest sentiments of nature: pity connects itself with insensibility in putting the old persons to death, because they can no longer follow their prey.

Examine, also, what passes at those periods, during which civilised societies almost return into the savage state;—I refer to a time of war, when the laws which give security are, in part, suspended. Every instant of its duration is fruitful in calamity:



at every step which it imprints upon the globe, at every movement which it makes, the existing mass of riches—the foundation of abundance and subsistence—is decreased, and disappears: the lowly cottage and the lofty palace are alike subject to its ravages; and often the anger or caprice of a moment consigns to destruction the slow productions of an age of labour.

Law, alone, has accomplished what all the natural feelings were not able to do; law, alone, has been able to create a fixed and durable possession, which deserves the name of property. The law, alone, could accustom men to submit to the yoke of foresight, at first painful to be borne, but, afterwards, agreeable and mild; it alone could encourage them in labour—superfluous at present, and which they are not to enjoy till the future. Economy has as many enemies as there are spendthrifts, or men who would enjoy without taking the trouble to produce. Labour is too painful for idleness; it is too slow for impatience; cunning and injustice underhandedly conspire to appropriate its fruits; insolence and audacity plot to seize them by open force. Hence society, always tottering, always threatened, never at rest, lives in the midst of snares. It requires, in the legislator, vigilance continually sustained, and power always in action, to defend it against his constantly-reviving crowd of adversaries.

The law does not say to a man, “*Work, and I will reward you;*” but it says to him, “*Work, and, by stopping the hand that would take them from you, I will insure to you the fruits of your labour, its natural and sufficient reward, which, without me, you could not preserve.*” If industry creates, it is the law which preserves; if, at the first moment, we owe everything to labour, at the second, and every succeeding moment, we owe everything to the law.

In order to form a clear idea of the whole extent which ought to be given to the principle of security, it is necessary to consider, that man is not like the brutes, limited to the present time, either in enjoyment or suffering; but that he is susceptible of pleasure and pain by anticipation, and that it is not enough to guard him against an actual loss, but also to guarantee to him, as much as possible, his possessions against future losses. The idea of his

security must be prolonged to him throughout the whole vista that his imagination can measure.

This disposition to look forward, which has so marked an influence upon the condition of man, may be called expectation—expectation of the future. It is by means of this we are enabled to form a general plan of conduct ; it is by means of this that the successive moments which compose the duration of life are not like isolated and independent points, but become parts of a continuous whole. Expectation is a chain which unites our present and our future existence, and passes beyond ourselves to the generations which follow us. The sensibility of the individual is prolonged through all the links of this chain.

The principle of security comprehends the maintenance of all these hopes ; it directs that events, inasmuch as they are dependent upon the laws, should be conformed to the expectations to which the laws have given birth.

Every injury which happens to this sentiment produces a distinct, a peculiar evil, which may be called pain of disappointed expectation.

The views of jurists must have been extremely confused, since they have paid no particular attention to a sentiment so fundamental in human life ; the word expectation is scarcely to be found in their vocabulary ; an argument can scarcely be found in their works, founded upon this principle. They have followed it, without doubt, in many instances, but it has been from instinct, and not from reason.

The laws, in creating property, have created wealth ; but, with respect to poverty, it is not the work of the laws,—it is the primitive condition of the human race. The man who lives only from day to day is precisely the man in a state of nature. The savage, the poor in society, I acknowledge, obtain nothing but by painful labour ; but in a state of nature what could he obtain but at the price of his toil. Has not hunting its fatigues, fishing its dangers, war its uncertainties ? And if man appear to love this adventurous life—if he have an instinct greedy of these kinds of

peril—if the savage rejoice in the delights of an idleness so dearly purchased—ought it to be concluded that he is more happy than our day-labourers? No: the labour of these is more uniform, but the reward is more certain; the lot of the woman is more gentle, infancy and old age have more resources; the species multiplies in a proportion a thousand times greater, and this alone would suffice to show on which side is the superiority of happiness. Hence the laws, in creating property, have been benefactors to those who remain in their original poverty. They participate more or less in the pleasures, advantages, and resources of civilised society; their industry and labour place them among the candidates for fortune; they enjoy the pleasures of acquisition; hope mingles with their labours. The security which the law gives them, is this of little importance? Those who look from above at the inferior ranks see all objects less than they really are; but, at the base of the pyramid, it is the summit which disappears in its turn. So far from making these comparisons, they dream not of them; they are not tormented with impossibilities; so that, all things considered, the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace. It is surprising that so judicious a writer as Beccaria should have insisted, in a work dictated by the soundest philosophy, a doubt subversive of the social order. *The right of property, says he, is a terrible right, and may not, perhaps, be necessary.* Upon this right, tyrannical and sanguinary laws have been founded. It has been most frightfully abused; but the right itself presents only ideas of pleasure, of abundance, and of security. It is this right which has overcome the natural aversion to labour—which has bestowed on man the empire of the earth—which has led nations to give up their wandering habits—which has created a love of country and posterity. To enjoy quickly—to enjoy without punishment—this is the universal desire of man; this is the desire which is terrible, since it arms all those who possess nothing against those who possess anything. But the law, which restrains this desire, is the most splendid triumph of humanity over itself.

If I despair of enjoying the fruits of my labour, I shall only think of living from day to day: I shall not undertake labours which will only benefit my enemies. But besides this, in order to the existence of labour, the will alone is not sufficient—instruments are wanting. Whilst these are being provided, subsistence is necessary. A single loss may render me unable to act, without depriving me of the disposition to labour—without having paralysed my will.

For the development of industry, the union of *power* and *will* is required. Will depends upon encouragement, power upon means. These means are called, in the language of political economy, productive capital. With regard to a single individual, his capital may be destroyed, without his industrious disposition being destroyed or even weakened. With regard to a nation, the destruction of its productive capital is impossible; but, long before this fatal term arrives, the mischief would have reached the will; and the spirit of industry would fall under a terrible *marasmus*, in the midst of the natural resources presented by a rich and fertile soil.

The will, however, is excited by so many stimulants, that it resists a multitude of discouragements and losses: a passing calamity, how great soever it may be, does not destroy the spirit of industry. This has been seen springing up again after destructive wars, which have impoverished nations; like a robust oak, which in a few years repairs the injuries inflicted by the tempest, and covers itself with new branches. Nothing less is requisite for freezing up industry than the operation of a permanent domestic cause; such as a tyrannical government, a bad legislation, an intolerant religion which repels men from each other, or a minute superstition which terrifies them.

The first act of violence will produce a certain degree of apprehension—there are already some timid minds discouraged; a second outrage, quickly succeeding, will spread a more considerable alarm. The most prudent will begin to contract their enterprises, and, by degrees, to abandon an uncertain career. In proportion as these attacks are repeated, and the system of



oppression assumes an habitual character, the dispersion augments: those who have fled are not replaced; those who remain fall into a state of languor. It is thus that, after a time, the field of industry, being beaten down by storms, becomes at last a desert.

Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, the wastes of Africa, so rich in agriculture, commerce, and population whilst the Roman empire flourished—what have they become under the absurd despotism of the Turk? The palaces are changed into cabins, and the cities into small towns; this government, hateful to all persons of reflection, has never understood that a state can never become rich but by an inviolable respect for property. It has possessed only two secrets for governing—to drain and to brutify its subjects. Hence, the finest countries in the world, wasted, barren, or almost abandoned, can scarcely be recognised in the hands of their barbarous conquerors. For these evils need not be attributed to remote causes: civil wars, invasions—the scourges of nature: these might have dissipated the wealth, put the arts to flight, and swallowed up the cities; but the ports which have been filled up would have been re-opened, the communications re-established, the manufactures revived, the towns rebuilt, and all these ravages repaired in time, if the men had continued to be men. But they are not so in those unhappy countries; despair, the slow but fatal effect of long-continued insecurity, has destroyed all the active powers of their souls.

If we trace the history of this contagion, we shall see, that its first effects fell upon the richest part of society. Wealth was the first object of depredation. Superfluity vanished by little and little; absolute necessity must still be provided for, notwithstanding obstacles; man must live: but, when he limits his efforts to mere existence, the state languishes, and the torch of industry furnishes but a few dying sparks. Besides, abundance is never so distinct from subsistence that the one can be injured without a dangerous attack upon the other: whilst some lose only what is superfluous, others lose what is necessary. From the infinitely complicated system of economical relations, the wealth of one

part of the citizens is, uniformly, the source from which a more numerous party derives its subsistence.

But another and more smiling picture may be traced, and not less instructive, of the progress of security, and prosperity, its inseparable companion. North America presents the most striking contrast of these two states: savage nature is there placed by the side of civilisation. The interior of this immense region presents only a frightful solitude; impenetrable forests or barren tracts, standing waters, noxious exhalations, venomous reptiles—such is the land left to itself. The barbarous hordes who traverse these deserts, without fixed habitation, always occupied in the pursuit of their prey, and always filled with implacable rivalry, only meet to attack and to destroy each other; so that the wild beasts are not so dangerous to man as man himself. But upon the borders of these solitudes what a different prospect presents itself! One could almost believe that one saw, at one view, the two empires of good and evil. The forests have given place to cultivated fields; the morass is dried up; the land has become solid; is covered with meadows, pastures, domestic animals, smiling and healthy habitations; cities have risen up on regular plans; wide roads are traced between them; everything shows that men are seeking the means of drawing near to one another; they no longer dread, or seek to murder each other. The sea-ports are filled with vessels receiving all the productions of the earth, and serving to exchange its riches. A countless multitude, living in peace and abundance upon the fruits of their labours, has succeeded to the nations of hunters, who were always struggling between war and famine. What has produced these wonders? What has renovated the surface of the earth? What has given to man this dominion over embellished, fruitful, and perfectionated nature? The benevolent genius is *security*. It is security which has wrought out this great metamorphosis. How rapid have been its operations! It is scarcely two centuries since William Penn reached these savage wilds with a colony of true conquerors: for they were men of peace, who sullied not their establishment by force, and who made themselves respected only by acts of benevolence and justice.

## 293.—Sancho Panza in his Island.

CERVANTES.

[WE have previously given a criticism on "Don Quixote," by Mr Hallam. We need only, therefore, preface an extract from that immortal book, by stating that its author, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, was born in 1547; and that he who stands in the same eminent relation to the literature of Spain that Shakspeare does to that of England died on the same day as his great contemporary, the 23d of April 1616.]

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Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had any power. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the Island of Barataria, either because the town was called Barataria, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give Heaven thanks: and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the Island of Barataria. In the meantime, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder: and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My lord governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and by the return he makes the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on

an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat ; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall. "Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island ; and the inscription runs thus : 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'" "And who is he?" asked Sancho. "Your lordship," answered the steward ; "for we know of no other Panza in the island but yourself, who now sit in this chair." "Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name ; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning ; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of these swarms of Dons, that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies. Come, now for your question, good Mr Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other looked like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of my company ; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, 'Yes,' if it like your worship. Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Pr'ythee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, (if it like your worship,) going on to the



same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three. And at last, if it would not make five. I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might: so we struck a bargain.

“Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but when I asked him for my money he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it.”—“Is this true, honest man?” said Sancho to the farmer. “Yes, if it please you,” answered the fellow; “but pray let him show the five caps he has made me.” “With all my heart,” cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. “There,” quoth he, “you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge.” The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering a while, and then, “Methinks,” said he, “this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and, therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business.”

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For, after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. “My lord,” said the other, who had none, “some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me than he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said, that if I lent him so much money he

certainly returned it. Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. "Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money." Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod: this done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that, because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer, that since his adversary had sworn it he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied a while with his head leaning over his stomach, and his forefinger on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little, I have a use for it." "With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid." "How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?" "Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift." This said, he

ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane? He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore that he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff—this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island. At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace: and the beholders were astonished; insomuch, that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

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The history informs us that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now, the instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered great variety of

fruit, and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace: a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and another, who did the office of sewer, set a dish of fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another, with meat, was clapped in the place; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it, than the doctor, with the wand, conjured it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was annoyed at this sudden removal, and, looking about him on the company, asked them whether they used to tantalise people at that rate, feeding their eyes, and starving their bellies? "My lord governor," answered the physician, "you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own, studying night and day his constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do is to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health and offensive to his stomach. Therefore, I now ordered the fruit to be taken away because it was too cold and moist: and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to increase thirst, and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life." "So, then," quoth Sancho, "this dish of roasted partridges here can do me no manner of harm." "Hold," said the physician, "the lord governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it." "Why so?" cried Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, says in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdricis autem pessima*; that is, 'All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all!'" "If it be so," said Sancho, "let Mr Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good, and least harm, and let me eat my bellyful of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and



the pleasures of government, as I live, I am ready to die with hunger ; and, not to allow me to eat any victuals, (let Mr Doctor say what he will,) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it." "Very true, my lord," replied the physician ; "however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits, as being a hairy, furry sort of food ; nor would I have you taste that veal. Indeed, if it were neither roasted nor par-boiled, something might be said ; but, as it is, it must not be." "Well, then," said Sancho, "what think you of that huge dish yonder that smokes so ? I take it to be an olla podrida ; and, that being a hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I cannot but light upon something there that will nick me, and be both wholesome and toothsome." "*Absit*," cried the doctor, "far be such an ill thought from us ; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those wish-washes do. No, leave that luxurious compound to your rich monks and prebendaries, your masters of colleges, and lusty feeders at country weddings ; but let them not encumber the tables of governors, where nothing but delicate unmixed viands, in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are generally allowed to be better than compounds ; for, in a composition, there may happen a mistake by an unequal proportion of the ingredients ; but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore, what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the governor, for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small wafers, and a few thin slices of marmalade, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion." Sancho, hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor's face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied. "My lord," answered he, "I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Augero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand ; and I took my degree of Doctor in the University of Ossuna." "Hark you," said Sancho, in a mighty chafe, "Mr Doctor Pedro Rezio de Augero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand,

and who took your degree of Doctor at the University of Ossuna, and so forth, take yourself away ! Avoid the room this moment, or, by the sun's light, I'll get me a good cudgel, and, beginning with your carcase, will so belabour and rib-roast all the physic-mongers in the island, that I will not leave therein one of the tribe, of those, I mean, that are ignorant quacks ; for, as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honour them like so many angels. Once more, Pedro Rezio, I say, get out of my presence. Avaunt ! or I will take the chair I sit upon, and comb your head with it to some purpose, and let me be called to an account about it when I give up my office ; I do not care, I will clear myself by saying I did the world good service in ridding it of a bad physician, the plague of the commonwealth. Body of me ! let me eat, or let them take their government again ; for an office that will not afford a man victuals is not worth two horse-beans."

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## 294.—Coningsby and the Mysterious Stranger.

B. DISRAELI.

[THE Editor of "Half-Hours," in his "Passages of a Working Life," says, "The novels of Disraeli are not found in my selection. They still preserve their popularity, and I am not quite sure that he might not have attained a more durable reputation as a writer than that which will rest upon his brilliant success as an orator." The omission is here repaired ; although in this, as in other cases, it is difficult to find an extract that can be separated from the context.

Benjamin Disraeli, (the Right Hon.,) the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli, the well-known author of the "Curiosities of Literature," was born in London, on the last day of the year 1805. In 1825 his novel of "Vivian Grey" was published. In 1837 he was returned to Parliament for Maidstone.]

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It was in the month of August, some six or seven years ago, that a traveller on foot, touched, as he emerged from the dark wood, by the beauty of this scene, threw himself under the shade of a spreading tree, and stretched his limbs on the turf for enjoyment rather than repose. The sky was deep-coloured and with-

out a cloud, save here and there a minute, sultry, burnished vapour, almost as glossy as the heavens. Everything was still as it was bright ; all seemed brooding and basking ; the bee upon its wing was the only stirring sight, and its song the only sound.

The traveller fell into a reverie. He was young, and therefore his musings were of the future. He had felt the pride of learning, so ennobling to youth ; he was not a stranger to the stirring impulses of a high ambition, though the world to him was as yet only a world of books, and all that he knew of the schemes of statesmen and the passions of the people were to be found in their annals. Often had his fitful fancy dwelt with fascination on visions of personal distinction, of future celebrity, perhaps even of enduring fame. But his dreams were of another colour now. The surrounding scene, so fair, so still, and sweet—so abstracted from all the tumult of the world, its strife, its passions, and its cares—had fallen on his heart with its soft and subduing spirit—had fallen on a heart still pure and innocent—the heart of one who, notwithstanding all his high resolves and daring thoughts, was blessed with that tenderness of soul which is sometimes linked with an ardent imagination and a strong will. The traveller was an orphan—more than that, a solitary orphan. The sweet sedulousness of a mother's love, a sister's mystical affection, had not cultivated his early susceptibility. No soft pathos of expression had appealed to his childish ear. He was alone, among strangers calmly and coldly kind. It must indeed have been a truly gentle disposition that could have withstood such hard neglect. All that he knew of the power of the softer passions might be found in the fanciful and romantic annals of schoolboy friendship.

And those friends too, so fond, so sympathising, so devoted, where were they now ? Already they were dispersed ; the first great separation of life had been experienced ; the former school-boy had planted his foot on the threshold of manhood. True, many of them might meet again ; many of them the university must again unite, but never with the same feelings. The space of time passed in the world before they again met would be an

age of sensation, passion, experience to all of them. They would meet again with altered mien, with different manners, different voices. Their eyes would not shine with the same light; they would not speak the same words. The favourite phrases of their intimacy, the mystic sounds that spoke only to their initiated ear, they would be ashamed to use them. Yes, they might meet again, but the gushing and secret tenderness was gone for ever!

Nor could our pensive youth conceal it from himself that it was affection, and mainly affection, that had bound him to these dear companions. They could not be to him what he had been to them. His had been the inspiring mind that had guided their opinions, formed their tastes, directed the bent and tenor of their lives and thoughts. Often, indeed, had he needed, sometimes he had even sighed for, the companionship of an equal or superior mind—one who, by the comprehension of his thought, and the richness of his knowledge, and the advantage of his experience, might strengthen and illuminate and guide his obscure or hesitating or unpractised intelligence. He had scarcely been fortunate in this respect, and he deeply regretted it; for he was one of those who was not content with excelling in his own circle, if he thought there was one superior to it. Absolute, not relative distinction, was his noble aim.

Alone, in a lonely scene, he doubly felt the solitude of his life and mind. His heart and his intellect seemed both to need a companion. Books, and action, and deep thought, might in time supply the want of that intellectual guide; but for the heart, where was he to find solace?

Ah! if she would but come forth from that shining lake like a beautiful Ondine! Ah, if she would but step out from the green shade of that secret grove like a Dryad of sylvan Greece! O mystery of mysteries, when the youth dreams his first dream over some imaginary heroine!

Suddenly the brooding wild-fowl rose from the bosom of the lake, soared in the air, and, uttering mournful shrieks, whirled in agitated tumult. The deer started from their knolls, no longer



sunny, stared around, and rushed into the woods. Coningsby raised his eyes from the turf on which they had been long fixed in abstraction, and he observed that the azure sky had vanished, a thin white film had suddenly spread itself over the heavens, and the wind moaned with a sad and fitful gust.

He had some reason to believe that on the other side of the opposite wood the forest was intersected by a public road, and that there were some habitations. Immediately rising, he descended at a rapid pace into the valley, passed the lake, and then struck into the ascending wood on the bank opposite to that on which he had mused away some precious time.

The wind howled, the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. Soon might be distinguished the various voices of the mighty trees, as they expressed their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its deep and long-drawn groan ; while ever and anon, amid a momentary pause, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish.

Coningsby hurried on, the forest became less close. All that he aspired to was to gain more open country. Now he was in a rough flat land, covered only here and there with dwarf under-wood, the horizon bounded at no great distance by a barren hill of moderate elevation. He gained its height with ease. He looked over a vast open country like a wild common ; in the extreme distance hills covered with woods ; the plain intersected by two good roads : the sky entirely clouded, but in the distance black as ebony.

A place of refuge was at hand ;—screened from his first glance by some elm-trees, the ascending smoke now betrayed a roof, which Coningsby reached before the tempest broke. The forest-inn was also a farm-house. There was a comfortable-enough-looking kitchen : but the ingle nook was full of smokers, and Coningsby was glad to avail himself of the only private room for the simple meal which they offered him—only eggs and bacon ; but very welcome to a pedestrian, and a hungry one.

As he stood at the window of his little apartment, watching the

large drops that were the heralds of a coming hurricane, and waiting for his repast, a flash of lightning illumined the whole country, and a horseman at full speed, followed by his groom, galloped up to the door.

The remarkable beauty of the animal so attracted Coningsby's attention, that it prevented him catching even a glimpse of the rider, who rapidly dismounted and entered the inn. The host shortly after came in and asked Coningsby whether he had any objection to a gentleman, who was driven there by the storm, sharing his room until it subsided. The consequence of the immediate assent of Coningsby was, that the landlord retired and soon returned, ushering in an individual, who, though perhaps ten years older than Coningsby, was still, according to Hippocrates, in the period of lusty youth. He was above the middle height, and of a distinguished air and figure; pale, with an impressive brow, and dark eyes of great intelligence.

"I am glad that we have both escaped the storm," said the stranger; "and I am greatly indebted to you for your courtesy." He slightly and graciously bowed, as he spoke, in a voice of remarkable clearness; and his manner, though easy, was touched with a degree of dignity that was engaging.

"The inn is a common home," replied Coningsby, returning his salute.

"And free from cares," added the stranger. Then, looking through the window, he said, "A strange storm this. I was sauntering in the sunshine, when suddenly I found I had to gallop for my life. 'Tis more like a white squall in the Mediterranean than anything else."

"I never was in the Mediterranean," said Coningsby. "There is nothing I should like so much as to travel."

"You are travelling," rejoined his companion. "Every moment is travel, if understood."

"Ah! but the Mediterranean!" exclaimed Coningsby. "What would I not give to see Athens!"

"I have seen it," said the stranger, slightly shrugging his shoulders; "and more wonderful things. Phantoms and

spectres! The Age of Ruins is past. Have you seen Manchester?"

"I have seen nothing," said Coningsby; "this is my first wandering. I am about to visit a friend who lives in this county, and I have sent on my baggage as I could. For myself, I determined to trust to a less commonplace conveyance."

"And seek adventures," said the stranger, smiling. "Well, according to Cervantes, they should begin in an inn."

"I fear that the age of adventures is past, as well as that of ruins," replied Coningsby.

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said the stranger.

At this moment, a pretty serving-maid entered the room. She laid the dapper cloth and arranged the table with a self-possession quite admirable. She seemed unconscious that any being was in the chamber except herself, or that there were any other duties to perform in life beyond filling a salt-cellar or folding a napkin.

"She does not even look at us," said Coningsby, when she had quitted the room; "and I daresay is only a prude."

"She is calm," said the stranger, "because she is mistress of her subject; 'tis the secret of self-possession. She is here as a duchess at court."

They brought in Coningsby's meal, and he invited the stranger to join him. The invitation was accepted with cheerfulness.

"'Tis but simple fare," said Coningsby, as the maiden uncovered the still hissing bacon and the eggs, that looked like tufts of prim-roses.

"Nay, a national dish," said the stranger, glancing quickly at the table, "whose fame is a proverb. And what more should we expect under a simple roof! How much better than an omelette or a greasy olla, that they would give us in a posada! 'Tis a wonderful country this England! What a napkin! How spotless! And so sweet; I declare 'tis a perfume. There is not a princess throughout the South of Europe served with the cleanliness that meets us in this cottage."

"An inheritance from our Saxon fathers," said Coningsby. "I

apprehend the northern nations have a greater sense of cleanliness—of propriety—of what we call comfort.”

“By no means,” said the stranger; “the East is the land of the bath. Moses and Mohammed made cleanliness religion.”

“You will let me help you?” said Coningsby, offering him a plate which he had filled.

“I thank you,” said the stranger, “but it is one of my bread days. With your permission this shall be my dish;” and he cut from the large loaf a supply of crusts.

“’Tis but unsavoury fare after a gallop,” said Coningsby.

“Ah! you are proud of your bacon and your eggs,” said the stranger, smiling, “but I love corn and wine. They are our chief and our oldest luxuries. Time has brought us substitutes, but how inferior! Man has deified corn and wine! but not even the Chinese or the Irish have raised temples to tea and potatoes.”

“But Ceres without Bacchus,” said Coningsby, “how does that do? Think you, under this roof, we could invoke the god?”

“Let us swear by his body that we will try,” said the stranger.

Alas! the landlord was not a priest to Bacchus. But then these inquiries led to the finest perry in the world. The young men agreed they had seldom tasted anything more delicious; they sent for another bottle. Coningsby, who was much interested by his new companion, enjoyed himself amazingly.

A cheese, such as Derby alone can produce, could not induce the stranger to be even partially inconstant to his crusts. But his talk was as vivacious as if the talker had been stimulated by the juices of the finest banquet. Coningsby had never met or read of any one like this chance companion. His sentences were so short, his language so racy, his voice rang so clear, his elocution was so complete. On all subjects his mind seemed to be instructed, and his opinions formed. He flung out a result in a few words; he solved with a phrase some deep problem that men muse over for years. He said many things that were strange, yet they immediately appeared to be true. Then, without the slightest air of pretention or parade, he seemed to know everybody as well as everything. Monarchs, statesmen, authors, adventurers



of all descriptions and of all climes—if their names occurred in their conversation, he described them in an epigrammatic sentence, or revealed their precise position, character, calibre, by a curt dramatic trait. All this, too, without any excitement of manner; on the contrary, with repose amounting almost to nonchalance. If his address had any fault in it, it was rather a deficiency of earnestness. A slight spirit of mockery played over his speech even when you deemed him most serious; you were startled by his sudden transitions from profound thought to poignant sarcasm. A very singular freedom from passion and prejudice on every topic on which they treated, might be some compensation for this want of earnestness, perhaps was its consequence. Certainly it was difficult to ascertain his precise opinions on many subjects, though his manner was frank even to abandonment. And yet throughout his whole conversation, not a stroke of egotism, not a word, not a circumstance escaped him, by which you could judge of his position or purposes in life. As little did he seem to care to discover those of his companion. He did not by any means monopolise the conversation. Far from it; he continually asked questions, and while he received answers, or had engaged his fellow-traveller in any exposition of his opinion or feelings, he listened with a serious and fixed attention, looking Coningsby in the face with a steadfast glance.

“I perceive,” said Coningsby, pursuing a strain of thought which the other had indicated, “that you have great confidence in the influence of individual character. I also have some confused persuasions of that kind. But it is not the Spirit of the Age.”

“The age does not believe in great men, because it does not possess any,” replied the stranger. “The Spirit of the Age is the very thing that a great man changes.”

“But does he not rather avail himself of it?” inquired Coningsby.

“Parvenus do,” rejoined his companion; “but not prophets, great legislators, great conquerors. They destroy and they create.”

"But are these times for great legislators and great conquerors?" urged Coningsby.

"When were they wanted more?" asked the stranger. "From the throne to the hovel all call for a guide. You give monarchs constitutions to teach them sovereignty, and nations Sunday-schools to inspire them with faith."

"But what is an individual," exclaimed Coningsby, "against a vast public opinion?"

"Divine," said the stranger. "God made man in His own image; but the public is made by newspapers, members of parliament, excise officers, poor-law guardians. Would Philip have succeeded if Epaminondas had not been slain? And if Philip had not succeeded? Would Prussia have existed had Frederick not been born? And if Frederick had not been born? What would have been the fate of the Stuarts if Prince Henry had not died, and Charles I., as was intended, had been Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"But when men are young they want experience," said Coningsby; "and when they have gained experience, they want energy."

"Great men never want experience," said the stranger.

"But everybody says that experience——"

"Is the best thing in the world—a treasure for you, for me, for millions. But for a creative mind, less than nothing. Almost everything that is great has been done by youth."

"It is at least a creed flattering to our years," said Coningsby, with a smile.

"Nay," said the stranger; "for life in general there is but one decree—Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose," he added, smiling, "that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would

have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen and, according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the ‘Spiritual Exercises.’ Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven—the greatest of Frenchmen.

“Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He, too, died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well then, there were Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men left off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney-General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career!” exclaimed the stranger, rising from his chair and walking up and down the room; “the secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position!

But it is needless to multiply instances! The history of Heroes is the history of Youth."

"Ah!" said Coningsby, "I should like to be a great man!"

The stranger threw at him a scrutinising glance. His countenance was serious. He said in a voice of almost solemn melody,—

"Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes."

"You seem to me a hero," said Coningsby, in a tone of real feeling, which, half ashamed of his emotion, he tried to turn into playfulness.

"I am, and must ever be," said the stranger, "but a dreamer of dreams." Then going towards the window, and changing into a familiar tone, as if to divert the conversation, he added, "What a delicious afternoon! I look forward to my ride with delight. You rest here?"

"No; I go on to Nottingham, where I shall sleep."

"And I in the opposite direction." And he rang the bell, and ordered his horses.

"I long to see your mare again," said Coningsby. "She seemed to me so beautiful."

"She is not only of pure race," said the stranger, "but of the highest and rarest breed in Arabia. Her name is 'the Daughter of the Star.' She is a foal of that famous mare, which belonged to the Prince of the Wahabees; and to possess which, I believe, was one of the principal causes of war between that tribe and the Egyptians. The Pacha of Egypt gave her to me, and I would not change her for her statue in pure gold, even carved by Lysippus. Come round to the stable and see her."

They went out together. It was a soft sunny afternoon; the air fresh from the rain, but mild and exhilarating.

The groom brought forth the mare. "The Daughter of the Star" stood before Coningsby with her sinewy shape of matchless symmetry; her burnished skin, black mane, legs like those of an antelope, her little ears, dark, speaking eye, and tail worthy of a



Pacha. And who was her master, and whither was she about to take him?

Coningsby was so naturally well-bred, that we may be sure it was not curiosity; no, it was a finer feeling that made him hesitate and think a little, and then say,—

“I am sorry to part.”

“I also,” said the stranger. “But life is constant separation.”

“I hope we may meet again,” said Coningsby.

“If our acquaintance be worth preserving,” said the stranger, “you may be sure it will not be lost.”

“But mine is not worth preserving,” said Coningsby, earnestly. “It is yours that is the treasure. You teach me things of which I have long mused.”

The stranger took the bridle of “the Daughter of the Star,” and turning round with a faint smile, extended his hand to his companion.

“Your mind at least is nurtured with great thoughts,” said Coningsby; “your actions should be heroic.”

“Action is not for me,” said the stranger; “I am of that faith that the apostles professed before they followed their Master.”

He vaulted into his saddle, “the Daughter of the Star” bounded away as if she scented the air of the desert from which she and her rider had alike sprung, and Coningsby remained in profound meditation.

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## 295.—Good Works.

THOMAS ERSKINE.

[THE succeeding extract is from the work bearing the following title: “The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel; in Three Essays.” By Thomas Erskine, Esq., advocate, author of “Remarks on the Internal Evidence for the Truth of Revealed Religion.” Our edition is the second, Edinburgh, 1828. There are passages of singular force in this little volume; and the whole argument is conducted with that union of logical precision and fervid piety, which convinces the understanding, and warms the heart.]

What is the gospel? It is nothing, and can be nothing else than a manifestation of God in relation to sinners. If our hearts were attracted to anything else than God, even though it were a pardon, we should still be out of our place in the spiritual system. For God is the centre of that system, and nothing but God. The pardon of the gospel, then, is just a manifestation of the character of God in relation to sinners. And that character is wholly compassion. In relation to His sinless and happy creatures, His character is wholly complacency; but, in relation to those who are sinful, and weak, and miserable, it is wholly compassion. This is at least the prominent feature in the manifestation, but it contains all. It is God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. This pardon, then, is an unchangeable thing, like God himself. Man neither makes it nor merits it. God reveals it, or rather reveals Himself in it. God, manifest in the flesh, becomes the representative of sinners. He takes upon Himself their nature, and the consequences of their rebellion; that He might show Himself just, even when justifying the ungodly; and that He might show Himself gracious, even when punishing sin. His sufferings and death give the solemn and appalling measure of the divine condemnation of sin, and of the divine compassion for the sinner.

When the Spirit of God reveals this to the heart, all self-pleasing thoughts of personal merit are extinguished. What have we done to Him, or for Him who hath done this for us? We have paid Him by preferring the least of His gifts before Himself—by turning a deaf ear to His condescending invitations of fatherly kindness, and by offering Him the base and reluctant service of our hands, and ceremonial of our tongues, as an adequate return for His heart's love. If we know this love, we shall feel annihilated by it—we have nothing to give in return, which is not despicable when considered as a payment. But He asks no payment. He asks but the love of the Spirit which He hath made,—as that in which He delights,—and as that in which the good and the happiness of the creature consists. He hath dearly earned our gratitude and our confidence,—and these feelings, when wrought into the heart, put us in our proper place towards God—affection-

ate dependence. Affectionate dependence on the Creator is the spiritual health of the creature—as averseness and independence are the spiritual disease of the creature.

Men are very apt to consider sin as consisting merely in this or that particular action. The old philosophers taught that virtue is the mean between two extremes,—thus, the virtue of generosity is the mean between prodigality and avarice,—courage is the mean between rashness and timidity, and so of the rest. On this system, the difference between virtue and vice lies merely in the degree, not in the kind. But the Word of God teaches another sort of morals. According to it, sin consists in the absence of the love of God from the heart, as the dominant principle. So, sin is not so much an action as a manner of existence. It is not necessary to go to the expense of an action in order to sin—the habitual state of most minds—of all minds indeed naturally—even in their most quiet form,—is sin,—that is to say, the love of God is not dominant in them. The centripetal force constitutes an element in every line which the planet moves in its orbit. Were the influence of this force to be suspended, we should not think of reckoning the number of aberrations which the planet might make in its ungoverned career, we should say that its whole manner of being, severed from the solar influence, was a continued and radical aberration. In like manner, the soul ought to feel the love of God as a growing element along the whole course of its existence,—every movement of thought, and feeling, and desire, ought to contain it, as an essential part of its nature. And when this principle is wanting, we need not count the moral aberrations which the Spirit makes; its whole existence is an aberration, it is an outlaw from the spiritual system of the universe, it has lost its gravitation.

In such a state of things it is evident that a pardon which did not bring back the wanderer, and restore his lost gravitation, would be of no use to him,—until his gravitation is recovered, he is a blot on the creation. Love to God is the gravitation of the soul, and it is restored by the operation of the Spirit, who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them to the soul. Faith is the

receiving of the Spirit's instruction. A faith which does not restore spiritual gravitation is useless ; and that only is true gravitation which keeps the soul in its orbit.

The movement of the soul along the path of duty, under the influence of holy love to God, constitutes what are called good works. Good works are works which proceed from good principles. The external form of an action cannot alone determine whether it be a good work or not. Its usefulness to others may be determined by its external form, but its moral worth depends on the moral spring from which it flows. Good works, then, are properly healthy works, or works of a healthy mind. Healthy bodily actions can only proceed from healthy bodily principles : and healthy spiritual actions can proceed only from healthy spiritual principles. A man who has lost his health does not recover it again by the performance of healthy bodily actions, for of these his bad health renders him incapable, and in that incapacity, indeed, his bad health consists ; but by the use of some remedial system, and, as health returns, its proper and natural actions return along with it. His health is not produced by these actions, but it is followed by them, and strengthened by them. The enjoyment of the body consists in these healthful actions, they are the spontaneous language of health. They constitute the music, as it were, which results from the organs being well tuned. It is the same thing with the actions of the soul. Spiritual health is not acquired by good actions, it is followed by them, and strengthened by them. They are also music, sweet music. And oh, were these spirits of ours, with their thousand strings, but rightly tuned, what a swell of high and lovely song would issue from them,—a song of holy joy and praise, commencing even here, and still rising upwards, until it mixed with the full harmony of that choir which surrounds the throne of God.

Good works, then, are not undervalued by those who hold the doctrine of *unconditional pardon* in its highest sense. On the contrary, they have a more elevated place in their system than in the system of those who regard them as the price paid for pardon. For, according to the *unconditional system*, good works are the



perfection and expression of holy principles, the very end and object of all religion, the very substance of happiness, the very element of heaven. Whereas, on the *conditional* system, they are only the way to happiness, or rather the price paid for it. There is surely more honour paid to them in making them the *end* than the *means*, the building than the scaffolding,—and in attributing to them an intrinsic than a conventional value.

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## 296.—Fame:

[FROM THE DOCTOR.]

SOUTHEY.

GUESS, Reader, where I once saw a full-sized figure of Fame, erect, tip toe in the act of springing to take flight, and soar aloft, her neck extended, her head raised, the trumpet at her lips, and her cheeks inflated, as if about to send forth a blast which the whole city of London was to hear? Perhaps thou mayest have seen this very figure thyself, and surely if thou hast, thou wilt not have forgotten it. It was in the Borough Road, placed above a shop-board which announced that Mr Somebody fitted up water-closets upon a new and improved principle.

But it would be well for mankind if Fame were never employed in trumpeting anything worse. There is a certain stage of depravity in which men derive an unnatural satisfaction from the notoriety of their wickedness, and seek for celebrity *ob magnitudinem infamie, cujus apud prodigos novissima voluptas est.\** *Ils veulent faire parler d'eux*, says Bayle, *et leur vanité ne serait pas satisfaite s'il n'y avait quelque chose de superlatif et d'éminent dans leur mauvaise réputation. Le plus haut degré de l'infamie est le but de leurs souhaits; et il y a des choses qu'ils ne feraient pas se elles n'étaient extraordinairement odieuses.†*

\* Tacitus. "On account of the extent of their infamy, from which prodigals derive the greatest pleasure."

† "They wished to be talked of, and their vanity is not satisfied unless they had a reputation for something very striking, and most uncommon. To

Plutarch has preserved the name of Choërephanes, who was notorious among the ancients for having painted such subjects as Julio Romano has the everlasting infamy of having designed for the flagitious Aretine. He has also transmitted to posterity the name of Parmeno, famous for grunting like a pig; and of Theodorus, not less famous for the more difficult accomplishment of mimicking the sound of a creaking cart-wheel. Who would wish to have his name preserved for his beggarliness, like Pauson, the painter, and Codrus, the poet? or for his rascality and wickedness, like Phrynondas? or like Callianax, the physician, for callous brutality? Our doctor used to instance these examples when he talked of "the bubble reputation," which is sometimes to be had so cheaply, and yet for which so dear a price has often been paid in vain. It amused him to think by what odd or pitiful accidents that bubble might be raised. "Whether the regular practitioner may sneer at Mr Ching," says the historian of Cornwall, "I know not; but the Patent Worm Lozenges have gained our Launceton apothecary a large fortune, and secured to him perpetual fame."

Would not John Dory's name have died with him, and so been long ago dead as a door-nail, if a grotesque likeness to him had not been discovered in the fish, which being called after him, has immortalised him and his ugliness? But if John Dory could have anticipated this sort of immortality when he saw his own face in the glass, he might very well have "blushed to find it fame." There would have been no other memorial of Richard Jaquett at this day, than the letters of his name in an old dead and obsolete hand, now well-nigh rendered illegible by time, if he had not, in the reign of Edward VI., been lord of the manor of Tyburn, with its appurtenances, wherein the gallows was included, wherefore, from the said Jacquett, it is presumed by antiquaries that the hangman hath been ever since corruptly called Jack Ketch. A certain William Dowsing, who, during the great Rebellion, was one

attain the highest degree of infamy is the end of their desires; and there are certain things, which if they did not bring up upon them the greatest odium, they would refuse to perform."

of the parliamentary visitors for demolishing superstitious pictures and ornaments of churches, is supposed by a learned critic to have given rise to an expression in common use among schoolboys and blackguards. For this worshipful commissioner broke so many "mighty great angels" in glass, knocked so many apostles and cherubims to pieces, demolished so many pictures and stone crosses, and boasted with so much puritanical rancour of what he had done, that it is conjectured the threat of giving any one *a dowsing* preserves his rascally name. So, too, while Bracton and Fleta rest on the shelves of some public library, Nokes and Stiles are living names in the courts of law: and for John Doe and Richard Roe, were there ever two litigious fellows so universally known as these eternal antagonists?

Johnson tells a story of a man who was standing in an inn kitchen with his back to the fire, and thus accosted a traveller, who stood next to him, "Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No, sir," replied the traveller, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said the man, "I am the great Twalmley, who invented the new flood-gate iron." Who but for Johnson would have heard of the great Twalmley now? Reader, I will answer the question which thou hast already asked, and tell thee that his invention consisted in applying a sliding-door, like a flood-gate, to an ironing-box, flat irons having till then been used, or box-irons with a door and a bolt.

Who was Tom Long, the carrier? when did he flourish? what road did he travel? did he drive carts, or waggons, or was it in the age of pack-horses? Who was Jack Robinson? not the once well-known Robinson of the Treasury, (for his celebrity is now like a tale that is told,) but the one whose name is in everybody's mouth, because it is so easily and so soon said. Who was Magg? and what was his diversion? was it brutal, or merely boorish? the boisterous exuberance of rude and unruly mirth, or the gratification of a tyrannical temper and a cruel disposition? Who was Crop the conjuror, famous in trivial speech as Merlin in romantic lore, or Doctor Faustus in the school of German extravagance? What is remembered now of Bully Dawson? all I have read of

him is, that he lived three weeks on the credit of a brass shilling, because nobody would take it of him. "There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth," says Ray, "that being presented with a collection of English proverbs, and told by the author that it contained them all, 'Nay,' replied she, 'Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton !' which proverb being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his collection." "Who this Bolton was," Ray says, "I know not, neither is it worth inquiring." Nevertheless, I ask who was Bolton ; and when Echo answers, "*who ?*" say in my heart, *Vanitas Vanitatum, omnia Vanitas*. And having said this, conscience smites me with the recollection of what Pascal has said, *Ceux qui écrivent contre la gloire, veulent avoir la gloire d'avoir bien écrit ; et ceux qui le lisent, veulent avoir la gloire de l'avoir lu ; et moi qui écris ceci, j'ai peut-être cette envie, et peut-être que ceux qui le liront l'aurent aussi.* \*

Who was old Ross of Potern, who lived till all the world was weary of him ? All the world has forgotten him now. Who was Jack Raker, once so well known that he was named proverbially as a scapegrace by Skelton, and in the Ralph Roister Doister of Nicholas Udall, that Udall who, on poor Tom Tusser's account, ought always to be called the bloody schoolmaster ? Who was William Dickins, whose wooden dishes were sold so badly, that when any one lost by the sale of his wares, the said Dickins and his dishes were brought up in scornful comparison ? Outroaring Dick was a strolling singer of such repute that he got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree Fair : but who was that desperate Dick that was such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoured more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his frays and deep acting, of his flashing and hewing, than would serve half-a-dozen brewers' draymen ? It is at this day doubtful whether it was Jack Drum, or Tim Drum, whose mode of entertainment no one wishes to receive ;—for it was to haul a man in by the head and

\* "Those who write against glory wish to have the glory of having written well ; and those who read their composition wish to have the glory of having read it ; and I who write this, I too perhaps have this desire, and perhaps those who will read it will have the desire also."



thrust him out by the neck and shoulders. Who was that other Dick who wore so queer a hatband, that it has ever since served as a standing comparison for all queer things? By what name besides Richard was he known? Where did he live, and when? His birth, parentage, education, life, character and behaviour, who can tell? "Nothing," said the doctor, "is remembered of him, except that he was familiarly called Dick, and that his queer hatband went nine times round and would not tie."

"O vain world's glory and unsteadfast state  
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!" \*

Who was Betty Martin, and wherefore should she so often be mentioned in connexion with my precious eye or yours? Who was Ludlam, whose dog was so lazy that he leant his head against a wall to bark? And who was Old Cole, whose dog was so proud that he took the wall of a dung-cart, and got squeezed to death by the wheel? Was he the same person of whom the song says:—

"Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he"?

And was his dog proud because his master was called king? Here are questions to be proposed in the examination papers of some Australian Cambridge, two thousand years hence, when the people of that part of the world shall be as reasonably inquisitive concerning our affairs, as we are now concerning those of the Greeks. But the Burneys, the Parrs, and the Porsons, the Elmsleys, Monks, and Blomfields of that age, will puzzle over them in vain, for we cannot answer them now.

"Who was the the Vicar of Bray? I have had long chase after him," said Mr Brome to Rawlins, in 1735. "Simon Aleyn, or Allen, was his name; he was Vicar of Bray, about 1540, and died in 1588; so he held the living near fifty years. You now partake of the sport that has cost me some pains to take. And if the pursuit after such game seems mean, one Mr Vernon followed a

\* Spenser.

butterfly nine miles before he could catch him." Reader, do not refuse your belief of this fact, when I can state to you, on my own recollection, that the late Dr Shaw, the celebrated naturalist, a librarian of the British Museum, and known by the name of the learned Shavius, from the facility and abundance of his Latin compositions, pointed out to my notice there, many years ago, two volumes written by a Dutchman upon the wings of a butterfly. "The dissertation is rather voluminous, sir, perhaps you will think," said the Doctor, with somewhat of that apologetic air, which modest science is wont occasionally to assume in her communications with ignorance, "but it is immensely important." Good natured excellent enthusiast! fully didst thou appreciate the book, the Dutchman, and, above all, the butterfly.

"I have known a great man," says Taylor, the water-poet, "very expert on the Jew's-harp: a rich heir excellent at noddy; a justice of the peace skilful at quoits; a merchant's wife a quick gamester at Irish, especially when she came to bearing of men, that she would seldom miss entering." Injurious John Taylor! thus to defraud thy friends of their fame, and leave in irremediable oblivion the proper name of that expert Jew's-harper, that person excellent at noddy, that great quoits-man, and that mistress who played so masterly a game at Irish! But I thank thee for this, good John the water-poet; thou hast told us that Monsieur La Ferr, a Frenchman, was the first inventor of the admirable game of double-hand, hot-cockles, &c., and that Gregory Dawson, an Englishman, devised the unmatchable mystery of blind-man's-buff. But who can tell me what the game of carps was, the *Ludus Carparum*, which Hearne says was used in Oxford much, and being joined with cards, and reckoned as a kind of alea, is prohibited in some statutes? When Thomas Hearne, who learned whatever time forgot, was uncertain what game or play it really was, and could only conjecture that perhaps it might be a kind of backgammon, what antiquary can hope to ascertain it?

"Elizabeth Canning, Mary Squires, the gipsy, and Miss Blandy," says one who remembered their days of celebrity, "were such universal topics in 1752, that you would have sup-

posed it the business of mankind to talk only of them ; yet now, in 1790, ask a young man of twenty-five or thirty, a question relative to these extraordinary personages, and he will be puzzled to answer."

Who now knows the steps of that dance, or has heard the name of its author, of which in our fathers' days it was said in verse, that—

" Isaac's rigadoon shall live as long  
As Raffaele's paintings, or as Virgil's song."

Nay, who reads the poem wherein those lines are found, though the author predicted for them, in self-applauding pleasantry, that—

" Whilst birds in air or fish in streams we find,  
Or damsels fresh with aged partners joined,  
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear  
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear,  
So long the brightest eye shall oft peruse  
These useful lines of my instructive muse."

Even of the most useful of those lines the "uses are gone by." Ladies before they leave the ballroom are now no longer fortified against the sudden change of temperature by a cup of generous white wine, mulled with ginger ; nor is it necessary now to caution them at such times against a draught of cold small beer, because, as the poet in his own experience assured them,

" Destruction lurks within the poisonous dose,  
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose,"\*

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## 297.—The Married Life of Albert Durer.

LEOPOLD SCHEFFER.

[A LITTLE volume was published in 1848, entitled "The Artist's Married Life." It professes to be the Autobiography of Albert Durer; but is manifestly a fictitious narrative, the author being Leopold Schefer. The transla-

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\* Soame Jenyns.

tion from the German is by Mrs Stodart. The book is a singularly interesting fragment, and its views of art, and of the artist's vocation, are noble and elevating. Durer marries a beautiful girl who does not understand him :—it is the unhappy union, not at all uncommon, of genius with worldliness.]

The importance of the honeymoon, which had been so much vaunted to him by his father, had not held good ; because he felt that he himself in this fascination had scarcely seen his wife as she actually was ; in like manner, she also had not seen him as he was, much less had she understood him ; but least of all would she be able soon to get accustomed to the peculiarities which he,



as every man does, brought with him into the married state ; of that he was sensible. Everything must therefore once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered, and settled, as the opportunity might offer. It was best, however, that everything should come right of itself, and as it might chance ; in all things indifferent the husband must be willing to yield, however *new* it might be to him, however *different* from what he himself thought ; he had also to learn that he must sacrifice the half of his existence, must give it up to the wife, in order thereby to gain the



half of another beloved existence, and must scarcely venture to warn, must only *tell*, even when anything evil was to be shunned, or anything good to be done. A husband must not be a teacher, or a domestic chaplain. One word may be sufficiently intelligible, and when there is good intention on the wife's part, she has long years in which to discipline herself in silence thereon—often also to suffer. Albert was therefore meekly silent, and studied the holy condition of marriage with a devout mind, because the Lord had placed him in Paradise.

Under favour of his silence, everything in the house was soon directed and regulated according to Agnes's will; and what in itself appeared indifferent, through the *number* and *association* of things, was soon no longer so. Yet he let everything alone which was not really bad. For he knew well that he exercised a mental ascendancy which constrained his wife in her will, and against which she thought she could maintain an artificial equilibrium by opposition alone. She knew not the power of submission, not even that of submission to the best of husbands. And when she saw daily the two-headed eagle over the park gate, on the arms of the imperial city, then she thought that in marriage there should also be two heads, without considering that no living creature can so exist, and that even when painted or hewn in stone it is a monster, or represents one. It should be said, however, in excuse for her, that she was the child of an old father, and had not learned obedience, even when he asked her to be happy, not to mention anything else. She had only laughed when her father once asked her quite gravely to laugh, so that he might see his daughter lively for once—were it only in appearance.

Thus demure was her mind, and only directed towards a few objects in life, but to them so much the more firmly and constantly. And these things were not censurable, but, on the contrary, desirable and necessary for every one. Her sense of honour was great, strong, and pure; but she wished to carry it about with her through life, not only firmly maintained, but undisputed.

But—

Albert's father had, it is true, bought him a house, but he had not paid for it. And therefore the walls oppressed and confined poor Agnes, so that it was impossible to move her to look out at the window with him—out of a borrowed house.

As often, also, as she went to church like a good Catholic, she avoided the streets in which any one dwelt who was in Albert's debt, that she might not appear needy or dunning.

Albert, with his usual candour, had also imparted to her letters he had received from Venice dunning him. They were for debts contracted in travelling and for instruction;—and he who would allow his neighbour, with whose circumstances he is intimately acquainted, to starve, will lend to the stranger: for when any one travels into far countries, he provides beforehand the means thereto, and is thought to be only in momentary embarrassment, which may even befall the richest. Albert, however, endured much distress in foreign lands, and willingly suffered want from his unconquerable love for the arts, which carried him cheerfully through a condition that might perhaps have killed another, without such an opposing power. When such a letter came, Agnes was silent for days. He, however, had the fruits of his journey in his heart and in his mind—no one could rob him of these; and that he was in debt for them, and yet possessed them, appeared to him quite wonderful; and he was satisfied when he felt his power, and saw the means how, and how soon, and with what thanks, he would be able to pay! But if he reckoned up all his prospects to Agnes, she only cast down her eyes, or looked at him with doubting looks, which made his whole heart tumultuous within him. He was as certain of the thing as he was of his life, and yet his own wife discouraged him by her doubts! His mind revolted; all his future works rose up within his bosom like fiery spirits; he felt himself raised by them above the evils of this life; he glowed, his lips quivered, tears flowed down his cheeks—and Agnes stole away from him speechless but not convinced—and, as he also plainly saw, not to be convinced; she was quite horror-struck, for she had never before so seen her gentle husband so full of noble power! so full of inward holy wrath!

And yet he was soon again pacified, softened, yea, dejected ; for he was not always well able to procure for his Agnes the immediate necessities of life, in the manner she, as mistress of a house, wished ! As for her, she saw the fulfilment of her most reasonable hopes only so much the longer delayed—and he, by the same means, her satisfaction with herself and with him ; and thus his own peace hovered over him like a scared-away lark, no longer visible among the clouds—till single notes of her song again penetrated down to him, as if the sun were singing and speaking to him.

Labour was life and delight to the master : for any one can make mention of his own industry as he would of a duty, and of the want of it as a sin of omission. But the artist is no machine, no mill-wheel that turns round and round day and night ; his work is mental, and his works are mind—produced by mind. Thoughts and images slumber within him like bees in a hive ; they fly out and feed and grow upon the sweets of the eternal spring without ; themselves satisfied and strengthened, they bring home nourishment with them, and feed the young bees who as yet only flap their wings and buzz around ; they cover the brood, till they impregnate their queen—Fancy ;—and every new work is a swarm, which, joyfully separating from the mother-stock, departs to the place it has traced out for a settlement. The swarm changes its voice by that of the queen who keeps them together ; and when its bees and the bees of the mother-stock meet on the flowers, they no longer recognise each other. Or as in spring, when it becomes hot, and the heavens are inflamed, and the thunder-storm in the spring night, with its red flashes and great rain-drops, causes a thousand buds to spring, brings forth blossoms, opens up crocuses, violets and hyacinths—and they, when the heavenly blessing hangs over them, stand there in the morning, as if by their own power they had grown out of the earth, because they are so beautiful, and every one gives them credit for possessing the wonderful power of self-production—in like manner, an inward mental sun opens up as suddenly the flowers in the head of the artist ! But they must all wait patiently till their time comes, and

he must wait patiently and wear them for a long time as germ and bud : and the restlessness, the laying on of the hand, the rubbing of the brow, and the painful self-torture, are of no avail ! all in vain ! If he tries this, nevertheless, then he is only a child who tears up a still closed snow-drop along with its stalk, and forces it open with his mouth ; or peels a butterfly out of the chrysalis, and only beholds the wonder of incipient life—and then destroys.

Master Albert now often dreamed and delayed whole days ; sat down, rose up, spoke to himself, drew with his stick on the sand, or began to make an eye or a nose with black chalk ; and then Agnes called him a child, or thought that, dissatisfied with her, he held converse with his own soul. Or he walked up and down in the garden, stood for a quarter-of-an-hour at a time before the trunk of a tree, and studied its wonderfully bursting bark ; looked up to the heavens, and imprinted on his memory the forms of the clouds ; or he sat before the door, and called thither handsome children, placed one quite in the shade of the roof, another only half, and made a third stand in the full sunshine, that he might adjust for himself the colours of the dresses in light and shade ; or he accosted old men and women, who came to him just as if they had been sent by God. Then Agnes called to him, and said peevishly : “ My God ! why not rather work ! thou knowest well we need it.”

“ I do work,” said Albert. “ My picture is ready.”

“ God grant it !” sighed she, as if he were lazy or incapable.

“ Just consider, my Agnes,” said he then, smiling : “ does the carver carve the forms ? does the pencil paint ? these are my spirits and slaves, who do my will when I call them.”

“ But still thou canst sit down.”

“ I certainly can do so.”

“ If thy pencil would only move of itself ! were there such a pencil—then we should have our wants supplied.”

“ I would burn, I would banish such a pencil, as if it were an evil spirit ! I—I must do all myself, otherwise I should no longer be myself. That were just the same as if a strange woman were to love and foster me instead of thee.”



Internal images now appeared to his mind, as if induced by constant devotion, and disclosed to his sight how the crocus, appearing out of the earth, tears its little delicate white child's shirt ; and then the master glowed like a vessel full of molten gold liquified and pure for the casting ; so that he trembled, knew nothing more of the world, and what was revealed to him he transferred to the tablet with inspired haste ;—then came Agnes and called to him two or three times, always louder and louder, about some trifle. He then sprang up, neither knowing where he had been, nor where he now was ; the portals of the spiritual kingdom closed suddenly, and the only half-conjured-up images sunk back into night, and into spiritual death, and perhaps never returned to him,—ah ! never thus again. Then he recognised Agnes, who, angry at his demeanour, stood before him, and scolded him deaf and blind. Then his blood was like to a spring flood ; he seized the charm-dispelling disturber violently by the arm—and held her thus till he awoke. Then he said, ashamed, “ Is it thou, my wife ? I was not here just now ! not with thee ! Forgive me ! To vex even a child is more inhuman than to see and paint all the angels, and to hear them and one's self praised is desirable. Thou also livest in a beautiful world—and that the sun and moon shines upon it that makes it none the worse ! Where thou art, where I am, with soul and feeling, yea, with fancy and her works, that is to me the true, the holy world ! ” and now he smiled, and asked her mildly, “ What dost thou want with me, then, my child ? ” But his eyes flashed.

She, however, believed that she had looked upon a demon ! a conjuror of spirits ! She examined the red mark on her arm, where he had seized her ; tears gushed from her eyes ; she bowed down and lamented : “ Ah ! I know it, I have it always in my mind—thou wilt certainly one day murder me ! Every time I go to bed, I pray that I may not perish in my sins, when thou again art as thou art now ! when I am nothing to thee ! ”

She spoke in so soft, so desponding a tone, and yet so resigned to her fate with him, that he was moved to tears by her confused words and frightened appearance.

“O thou, my heavenly Father!” sighed he then, and stood with clasped hands; till at length he clasped his terrified wife, who could not comprehend him, who felt so patient, and so completely in his power, that she would not even scream, or call for help, if he should—O! thou heavenly Father!—till at length he clasped her in his arms, and felt her glowing on his cheek.

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298.—*Love.*

ELLIOTT.

[EBENEZER ELLIOTT was a manufacturer of Sheffield, and subsequently enjoyed the rewards of a laborious life in a quiet retreat some few miles from that town. He died in 1849, aged 68. He was once thought of by many as a mere rhyming partizan of violent political principles; he is now known to more as a man of real genius. The following “Half-Hour” is from the Second Book of “Love.”]

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O faithful Love, by Poverty embraced!  
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;  
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;  
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;  
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,  
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;  
Even as thy taper gives intensest light,  
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.  
Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er  
For those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear  
To flow unseen—repent, and sin no more!  
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;  
Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile,  
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?  
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing sink to sleep,  
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep;  
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,  
Another comes to wet it as before;)

Yet, while in gloom your freezing day declines,  
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines !  
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,  
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green ;  
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,  
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length ;  
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,  
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.  
Let Luxury, sickening in Profusion's chair,  
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir ;  
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble, too !  
But Love and Labour, blush not, fear not, you !  
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)  
With rugged hands shall for themselves provide.  
Parent of Valour, cast away thy fear !  
Mother of Men be proud without a tear !  
While round your hearth the woe-nursed Virtues move,  
And all that manliness can ask of love ;  
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,  
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.  
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,  
And richest Shakspere was a poor man's child.  
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,  
Endure thine evils, as thou hast endured.  
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice !  
Hear Hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice !  
See Freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,  
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes !  
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue  
All hearths but thine, let him behold them, too,  
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo !

Northumbrian vales ! ye saw, in silent pride,  
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,  
When poor, yet learn'd, he wander'd young and free,  
And felt within the strong divinity.  
Scenes of his youth, when first he woo'd the Nine,

His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne !  
As when he breathed, your blue-bell'd paths along,  
The soul of Plato into British song.

Born in a lowly hut, an infant slept,  
Dreamful in sleep, and, sleeping, smiled or wept :  
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy :  
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye :  
And, lo, he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,  
Where the wind soars, a pathway to the wave !  
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,  
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride :  
O'er grazing herds, lo, ships suspended sail,  
And Brindley's praise hath wings on every gale !

The worm came up to drink the welcome shower ;  
The redbreast quaff'd the rain-drop in the bower :  
The flaskering duck through freshen'd lilies swam ;  
The bright roach took the fly below the dam ;  
Ramp'd the glad colt, and cropp'd the pensile spray ;  
No more in dust uprose the sultry way ;  
The lark was in the cloud ; the woodbine hung  
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung ;  
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,  
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirror'd blush ;  
When, calmly seated on his pannier'd ass,  
Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,  
A milkboy, sheltering from the transient storm,  
Chalk'd, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form,  
Young Chantrey smiled ; no critic praised or blamed ;  
And golden promise smiled, and thus exclaim'd,—  
“Go, child of genius ! rich be thine increase ;  
Go ;—be the Phidias of the second Greece !”

Greece ! thou art fallen, by luxury o'erthrown,  
Not vanquish'd by the man of Macedon !  
For ever fallen ! and Sculpture fell with thee.  
But from the ranks of British poverty  
A glory hath burst forth, and matchless powers



Shall make th' eternal grace of Sculpture ours.  
Th' eternal grace ! Alas ! the date assign'd  
To works, call'd deathless, of creative mind,  
Is but a speck upon the sea of days ;  
And frail man's immortality of praise,  
A moment to th' eternity of Time,  
That is, and was, and shall be, the sublime,  
The unbeginning, the unending sea,  
Dimensionless as God's infinity !  
England, like Greece, shall fall despoil'd, defaced,  
And weep, the Tadmor of the watery waste.  
The wave shall mock her lone and manless shore ;  
The deep shall know her freighted wealth no more ;  
And unborn wanderers, in the future wood  
Where London stands, shall ask where London stood ;  
As melt the clouds at summer's feet sublime,  
The burning forests of noon's fiery clime ;  
So art and power, with freedom, melt away,  
In long prosperity's unclouded ray.  
Let soul-sick minstrels sing of myrtle bowers,  
And diadem the brow of Love with flowers,  
Matured where earth brings forth the rack and scourge,  
And ruthless tortures languid labours urge.  
Slaves ! where ye toil for tyrants, Love is not :  
Love's noblest temple is the free man's cot !  
What though each blast its humble thatch uptear ?  
Bold shall the tyrant be that enters there.  
Look up and see, where, throned on Alpine snow,  
Valour disdains the bondsman's vales below :  
So, Love, companion of the wolf may roam,  
And in the desert find a boundless home ;  
But will not bow the knee to pomp and pride,  
Where slaves of slaves with hate and fear reside.  
What are the glories that Oppression throws  
Around his vainly guarded throne of woes ;  
The marbles of divinity, and all

That decks pale Freedom's pomp of funeral?  
Let Grandeur's home o'er subject fields and floods  
Rise, like a mountain clad in wintry woods,  
And columns tall, of marble wrought, uphold  
The spiry roof, and ceilings coved in gold:  
But better than the palace and the slave  
Is Nature's cavern that o'erlooks the wave,  
Rock-paved beneath, and granite-arch'd above,  
If Independence sojourn there with Love:

Star of the heart! oh, still on Britain smile,  
Of old thy chosen, once thy favour'd isle,  
And by the nations, envious and unblest,  
Call'd thine and Freedom's Eden in the west!  
Then hymns to Love arose from every glen,  
Each British cottage was thy temple then.  
But now what Demon blasts thy happiest land,  
And bids thine exiled offspring crowd the strand?  
Or pens in festering towns the victim swain,  
And sweeps thy cot, thy garden, from the plain?  
Lo, where the pauper idles in despair,  
Thy Eden droops, for blight and dearth are there!  
And like an autumn floweret, lingering late,  
Scarce lives a relic of thy happier state,  
A wreck of peace and love, with sadness seen,  
That faintly tells what England once hath been!  
Amid coeval orchards, gray with age,  
Screen'd by memorial elms from winter's rage,  
Scarce stands a shed, where virtue loves to be,  
A hut of self-dependent poverty,  
Where want pines proudly, though distress and fear  
Stain thy mute votary with too sad a tear;  
And yet I feel thine altar still is here—  
Here, where thy Goldsmith's too prophetic strain,  
'Mid the few ruins that attest thy reign,  
Deplored the sinking hind, the desecrated plain.

Alas, sweet Auburn!—since thy Bard bewail'd

“Thy bowers, by Trade’s unfeeling sons assail’d,”  
How many a village sweet like thee hath seen  
The once bless’d cottage joyless on the green!  
Now, e’en “the last of all thy harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain,”  
Now, “e’en that feeble, solitary thing”  
Hath ceased “to bend above the plashy spring;”  
And her fallen children breathe their curses deep,  
Far from that home of which they think and weep.  
Where myriad chimneys wrap their dens in shade,  
They rob the night to ply their sickly trade,  
And weekly come, with subjugated soul,  
Degraded, lost, to ask the workhouse dole.  
Slow seems the gloomy Angel, slow, to bring  
His opiate cold to hopeless suffering;  
And when in death’s long sleep their eyes shall close,  
Not with their fathers shall their dust repose,  
By hoary playmates of their boyhood laid,  
Where never corse-thief plied his horrid trade:  
Not in the village churchyard lone and green,  
Around their graves shall weeping friends be seen;  
But surly haste shall delve their shallow bed,  
And hireling hands shall lay them with the dead,  
Where chapmen bargain on the letter’d stone,  
Or stumble, careless, o’er the frequent bone.

How long, O Love! shall loveless Avarice sow  
Despair and sloth, and ask why curses grow!  
Or dost thou give thy choicest gifts in vain,  
And mock with seeming good the heir of pain?  
God! where Thy image dwells, must sorrow dwell?  
Must Famine make thy earth her hopeless hell?  
Did thy uplifted axe, Napoleon! find,  
In manless deserts, barren as the wind,  
Food? or, when black depopulation shed  
Hunger o’er Moscow, where Gaul’s armies fed?  
Why do the clouds cast fatness on the hills?

Why pours the mountain his unfailing rills ?  
Why teems with flowers the vale, with life the sky ?  
Why weds with loveliness utility ?  
Why woos the foodful plain, in blessing blest,  
The sons of labour to her virgin breast ?  
Why is the transcript of thy heaven so fair,  
If man, poor victim ! lives but to despair ?

O Thou, whose brightning wing is plumed with light,  
At once that pinion's beauty and its might ;  
Thou true Prometheus, by whose lore we're taught  
To fix on adamant the fleeting thought,  
Star-ruling science, calculation strong,  
The march of letters, and the array of song !  
Twin-born with Liberty, and child of Love,  
Woe-conqu'ring Knowledge ! when wilt thou remove  
Th' opprobrium of the earth—the chain'd in soul ?  
When wilt thou make man's deadliest sickness whole ?  
Lo ! while our " Bearers of glad tidings " roam  
To farthest lands, we pine in gloom at home !  
And still, in thought, I hear one whirlwind past !  
Still hurtles in my soul the dying blast,  
The echo of a hell of sound, that jarr'd  
The ear of Heaven, as when His angels warr'd !  
Terrific drama ! and the actors men ;  
But such may shuddering earth ne'er see again ;  
Unlike her children, less than fiends or more !  
And one, of scarcely human grandeur, bore  
World-shaking thunder on his sightless wing ;  
But when thy spear assail'd his brandish'd sting,  
He waked to half a Cæsar. Him the frown  
Of ruin dash'd beneath thy axle down.  
Then horror shook him from his death-like sleep ;  
Then vengeance cast him o'er the troubled deep ;  
And on the wings of retribution hurl'd,  
His demon shadow still appals the world !  
When, Knowledge, when will mortals learn thy lore ?



They plant thy tree, and water it with gore.  
When wilt thou, when, thy power almighty prove,  
And bind the sons of men in chains of love?  
Rise, hope of nations, and assuage their ills!  
This wills thy Teacher, this thy Parent wills.  
For this, Love taught thy childhood in her bower,  
And bade thee syllable her words of power,  
Till brighten'd on thy brow sublimest thought,  
And she, thy teacher, wonder'd as she taught,  
Oh, rise, and reign, bless'd power that lov'st to bless;  
Queen of all worlds, best name of mightiness!  
Thy book of life to Labour's children give:  
Let Destitution learn to reap and live;  
And Independence, smiling on thy brow,  
Sing hymns to Love and Plenty, o'er the plough!  
Thy kingdom come! on earth let discord cease;  
Come thy long Sabbath of bless'd love and peace!  
No more let Famine, from her idle hell,  
Unwonted guest, with Love and Labour dwell,  
Till Death stares ghastly wild in living eyes,  
And at Pride's bloated feet his feeder dies,  
While Luxury hand in hand with Ruin, moves,  
To do the Devil's work and call it Love's.  
What whirlwind, in his dread magnificence,  
What Samiel blasts, like hopeless indolence?  
And man, when active most, and govern'd best,  
Hath ills enough, insatiate, to molest  
His fragile peace—some strong in evil will,  
But weak in act; and others arm'd to kill,  
Or swift to wound:—Revenge, with venomous eyes:  
Distrust, beneath whose frown Affection dies;  
Scorn, reptile Scorn, that hates the eagle's wing;  
Mean Envy's grubs, that stink, and long to sting;  
Mischance Disease, Detraction's coward dart,  
And the long silence of the broken heart;  
Nor only these. Tradition is the sigh

Of one who hath no hope ; and History  
 Bears like a river deep, tumultuous, wide,  
 Gloom, guilt, and woe, on his eternal tide.  
 Nor need we read of regal wrath and hate,  
 Troy lost by Love and army-scatt'ring Fate.  
 The humblest hamlet's annals wake a sigh ;  
 And could yon cot, hoar with antiquity,  
 Relate what deeds within it have been done,  
 What hopeless suffering there hath cursed the sun,  
 The tale might draw down Pride's parched cheeks severe,  
 From Power's hard eye, e'en Pluto's iron tear.

### 299.—*Scottish Music.*

BEATTIE.

[JAMES BEATTIE was born at Lawrencekirk, Kincardineshire, in 1735. He was the son of a small farmer, and received his early education in the village school. He entered the Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1749 ; and having passed through the humbler steps of a village schoolmaster, and usher to the grammar school of Aberdeen, was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College in 1760. His chief work as a metaphysician is his "Essay on Truth." His "Minstrel" will give him an enduring place amongst the best of the minor poets. In 1773, he received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and obtained a pension from the crown. He died in 1803.]

There is a certain style of melody peculiar to each musical country, which the people of that country are apt to prefer to every other style. That they should prefer their own is not surprising ; and that the melody of one people should differ from that of another is not more surprising, perhaps, than that the language of one people should differ from that of another. But there is something not unworthy of notice in the particular expression and style that characterise the music of one nation or province, and distinguished it from every other sort of music. Of this diversity Scotland supplies a striking example. The native melody of the High-

lands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern part of the kingdom as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch. In the conclusion of a discourse on music as it relates to the mind, it will not perhaps be impertinent to offer a conjecture on the cause of these peculiarities; which, though it should not—and indeed I am satisfied that it will not—fully account for any one of them, may, however, incline the reader to think that they are not unaccountable, and may also throw some faint light on this part of philosophy.

Every thought that partakes of the nature of passion has a correspondent expression in the look and gesture; and so strict is the union between the passion and its outward sign, that, where the former is not in some degree felt, the latter can never be perfectly natural, but, if assumed, becomes awkward mimicry, instead of that genuine imitation of nature which draws forth the sympathy of the beholder. If, therefore, there be, in the circumstances of particular nations or persons, anything that gives a peculiarity to their passions and thoughts, it seems reasonable to expect that they will also have something peculiar in the expression of their countenance, and even in the form of their features. Caius, Marius, Jugurtha, Tamerlane, and some other great warriors, are celebrated for a peculiar ferocity of aspect, which they had no doubt contracted from a perpetual and unrestrained exertion of fortitude, contempt, and other violent emotions. These produced in the face their correspondent expressions, which, being often repeated, became at last as habitual to the features as the sentiments they arose from were to the heart. Savages, whose thoughts are little inured to control, have more of this significance of look than those men who, being born and bred in civilised nations, are accustomed from their childhood to suppress every emotion that tends to interrupt the peace of society. And while the bloom of youth lasts, and the smoothness of feature peculiar to that period, the human face is less marked with any strong character than in old age. A peevish or surly stripling may elude the eye of the physiognomist; but a wicked old man, whose visage does not betray the evil temperature of his heart, must have

more cunning than it would be prudent for him to acknowledge. Even by the trade or profession the human countenance may be characterised. They who employ themselves in the nicer mechanic arts, that require the earnest attention of the artist, do generally contract a fixedness of expression suited to that one uniform sentiment which engrosses them while at work. Whereas other artists, whose work requires less attention, and who may ply their trade and amuse themselves with conversation at the same time, have, for the most part, smoother and more unmeaning faces : their thoughts are more miscellaneous, and therefore their features are less fixed in one uniform configuration. A keen penetrating look indicates thoughtfulness and spirit ; a dull torpid countenance is not often accompanied with great sagacity.

This, though there may be many an exception, is in general true of the visible signs of our passions ; and it is no less true of the audible. A man habitually peevish, or passionate, or querulous, or imperious, may be known by the sound of his voice, as well as by his physiognomy. May we not go a step further, and say, that if a man, under the influence of any passion, were to compose a discourse, or a poem, or a tune, his work would in some measure exhibit an image of his mind ? I could not easily be persuaded that Swift and Juvenal were men of sweet tempers ; or that Thomson, Arbuthnot, and Prior were ill-natured. The airs of Fenton are so uniformly mournful, that I cannot suppose him to have been a merry or even a cheerful man. If a musician, in deep affliction, were to attempt to compose a lively air, I believe he would not succeed : though I confess I do not well understand the nature of the connexion that may take place between a mournful mind and a melancholy tune. It is easy to conceive how a poet or an orator should transfuse his passions into his work ; for every passion suggests ideas congenial to its own nature ; and the composition of the poet or the orator must necessarily consist of those ideas that occur at the time he is composing. But musical sounds are not the signs of ideas ; rarely are they even the imitations of natural sounds ; so that I am at a loss to conceive how it should happen that a musician, overwhelmed



with sorrow, for example, should put together a series of notes whose expression is contrary to that of another series which he had put together when elevated with joy. But of the fact I am not doubtful; though I have not sagacity or knowledge of music enough to be able to explain it. And my opinion in this matter is warranted by that of a more competent judge, who says, speaking of Church voluntaries, that if the organist “do not feel in himself the divine energy of devotion, he will labour in vain to raise it in others. Nor can he hope to throw out those happy instantaneous thoughts which sometimes far exceed the best concerted compositions, and which the enraptured performer would gladly secure to his future use and pleasure, did they not as fleetly escape as they rise.” A man who has made music the study of his life, and is well acquainted with all the best examples of style and expression that are to be found in the works of former masters, may by memory and much practice, attain a sort of mechanical dexterity in contriving music suitable to any given passion; but such music would, I presume, be vulgar and spiritless compared to what an artist of genius throws out when under the power of any ardent emotion. It is recorded of Lulli, that once when his imagination was all on fire with some verses descriptive of terrible ideas, which he had been reading in a French tragedy, he ran to his harpsichord, and struck off such a combination of sounds that the company felt their hair stand on end with horror.

Let us therefore suppose it proved, or, if you please, take it for granted, that different sentiments in the mind of the musician will give different and peculiar expressions to his music; and upon this principle it will not perhaps be impossible to account for some of the phenomena of a national ear.

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but, in general, a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged and a climate so dreary as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of

waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country ; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns ; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon—objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. If these people, notwithstanding their reformation in religion, and more frequent intercourse with strangers, do still retain many of their old superstitions, we need not doubt but in former times they must have been more enslaved to the horrors of imagination, when beset with the bugbears of Popery and the darkness of Paganism. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That second sight, wherewith some of them are still supposed to be haunted, is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of second sight. Nor is it wonderful that persons of lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified ; of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror ; or of marriages and the arrival of strangers, and such like matters of more agreeable curiosity. Let it be observed, also, that the ancient Highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting themselves than by hunting, fishing, or war—professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardiest native.

What then would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of such a region ? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions ? No : their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And

so we find in fact that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition : the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible. And that their poetry is almost universally mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the authenticity of Ossian ; and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure ; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys ; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers, with other circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to, render them fit for pasturage and favourable to romantic leisure and tender passions. Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Melrose ; a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country, or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life.

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### 300.—Scottish Songs.

TANNAHILL.

[ROBERT TANNAHILL, one of the most popular of the song-writers of Scotland since Burns, was a native of Paisley, born in 1774. He was bred a weaver ; and his favourite pursuit was to recover old and neglected airs, to which he adapted new words. "I would I were a weaver," says Falstaff ; "I could sing all manner of songs." He continued to work, with some exceptions, in his native town, where, at the beginning of this century, he made an acquaintance with Robert Archibald Smith, a musical composer, who set some of his songs to original music, and adapted others to old airs. In 1807, Tannahill collected his songs into a volume, which was decidedly successful. The

higher success, which he more prized, was to find his songs universally known and sung amongst all classes. But the poet was the victim of a morbid melancholy which embittered his existence. His means were above his wants; he had no special unhappiness. But he died, as Ophelia died,—“where a willow grows aslant a brook,”—perhaps “chanting snatches of old tunes.” This event occurred in 1810, near Paisley.]

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### JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
Where lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin',  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,  
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie;  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

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### THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blows the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer,  
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;  
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,  
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:



The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,  
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;  
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,  
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithsome and cheery,  
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw ;  
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,  
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.  
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,  
 They shake the cauld drifts from their wings as they flee,  
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,  
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky braw,  
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,  
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.  
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',  
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,  
 For oh, gin I saw my bonnie Scotch callan,  
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me !

### THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn,  
 The dews begin to fa',  
 The patricks down the rushy holm  
 Set up their e'ening ca'.  
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
 Rings through the briery shaw,  
 While flitting gay, the swallows play  
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
 The mavis mends her lay,  
 The redbreast pours his sweetest  
 strains  
 To charm the ling'ring day.

While weary yeldrens seem to wail  
 Their little nestlings torn,  
 The merry wren frae den to den  
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
 The foxglove shuts its bell,  
 The honeysuckle and the birk  
 Spread fragrance through the  
 dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court  
 Of mirth and revelry,  
 The simple joys that nature yields  
 Are dearer far to me.

## AH! SHEELAH, THOU'RT MY DARLING.

Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
 The golden image of my heart;  
 How cheerless seems this morning,—  
 It brings the hour when we must  
 part:

Though doom'd to cross the ocean,  
 And face the proud insulting foe,  
 Thou hast my soul's devotion,  
 My heart is thine where'er I go;  
 Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
 My heart is thine where'er I go;

When toss'd upon the billow,  
 And angry tempests round me  
 blow,  
 Let not the gloomy willow  
 O'ershade thy lovely lily brow:  
 But mind the seaman's story,  
 Sweet William and his charming  
 Sue;  
 I'll soon return with glory,  
 And, like sweet William, wed thee  
 too:

Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
 My heart is thine where'er I go.  
 Think on our days of pleasure,  
 While wand'ring by the Shannon  
 side,

When summer days gave leisure  
 To stray amidst their flow'ry pride;  
 And while thy faithful lover  
 Is far upon the stormy main,  
 Think, when the wars are over,  
 Those golden days shall come  
 again.

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,  
 Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove,  
 Ye woody glens and fountains,  
 The dear retreats of mutual love.—  
 Alas! we now must sever—  
 O Sheelah! to thy vows be true!  
 My heart is thine for ever—  
 One fond embrace, and then adieu;  
 Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
 One fond embrace, and then adieu.

## 301—The Landlord and the Agent.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

[MARIA EDGEWORTH, the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was an author for half a century. She was associated with her father in writing "Practical Education," published in 1798. Her novels have survived many changes of fashion and opinions;—her merits, as a delineator of Irish character and habits, always having in view the great cause of social improvement, will give her a high place amongst the writers of the days of George III. The evening of her life was as happy as her long career had been useful. She died in 1849, aged 83.]

My poor master was, in great trouble after my lady left us. The execution came down; and everything at Castle Rackrent

was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to his shame be it spoken, amongst them. I wondered, for the life of me, how he could harden himself to do it; but then he had been studying the law, and had made himself attorney Quirk; so he brought down at once a heap of accounts upon my master's head. To cash lent, and to ditto, and to ditto, and to ditto, and oats, and bills paid at the milliner's and linen-draper's, and many dresses for the fancy balls in Dublin for my lady, and all the bills to the workmen and tradesmen for the scenery of the theatre, and the chandler's and grocer's bills, the tailor's, besides butcher's and baker's, and, worse than all, the old one of that base wine merchant that wanted to arrest my poor master for the amount on the election day, for which amount Sir Condry afterwards passed his note of hand bearing lawful interest from the date thereof; and the interest and compound interest was now mounted to a terrible deal on many other notes and bonds for money borrowed, and there was besides hush money to the sub-sheriffs, and sheets upon sheets of old and new attorney's bills, with heavy balances, *as per former account furnished*, brought forward with interest thereon; then there was a powerful deal due to the crown for sixteen years' arrear of quit-rent of the town-lands of Carrick-shaughlin, with driver's fees, and a compliment to the receiver every year for letting the quit-rent run on, to oblige Sir Condry, and Sir Kit afore him. Then there were bills for spirits and ribands at the election time, and the gentlemen of the committee's accounts unsettled, and their subscription never gathered; and there were cows to be paid for, with the smith and farrier's bills to be set against the rent of the demesne, with calf and hay money; then there was all the servants' wages, since I don't know when, coming due to them, and sums advanced for them by my son Jason for clothes, and boots, and whips, and odd moneys for sundries expended by them in journeys to town and elsewhere, and pocket-money for the master continually, and messengers and postage before his being a parliament man; I can't myself tell you what besides; but this I know, that when the evening came on which Sir Condry had appointed to settle all

with my son Jason, and when he comes into the parlour, and sees the sight of bills and loads of papers all gathered on the great dining-table for him, he puts his hands before both his eyes, and cried out, "Merciful Jasus! what is it I see before me?" Then I sets an arm-chair at the table for him, and with a deal of difficulty he sets him down, and my son Jason hands him over the pen and ink to sign to this man's bill and t'other man's bill, all which he did without making the least objections. Indeed, to give him his due, I never *seen* a man more fair and honest and easy in all his dealings, from first to last as Sir Condry, or more willing to pay every man his own as far as he was able, which is as much as any one can do. "Well," says he, joking-like with Jason, "I wish we could settle it all with a stroke of my gray goose quill. What signifies making me wade through all this ocean of papers here; can't you now, who understand drawing out an account, debtor and creditor, just sit down here at the corner of the table, and get it done out for me, that I may have a clear view of the balance, which is all I need be talking about, you know?" "Very true, Sir Condry, nobody understands business better than yourself," says Jason. "So I've a right to do, being born and bred to the bar," says Sir Condry. "Thady, do step out and see are they bringing in the things for the punch, for we've just done all we have to do this evening." I goes out accordingly, and when I came back Jason was pointing to the balance, which was a terrible sight to my poor master. "Pooh! pooh! pooh!" says he, "here's so many noughts they dazzle my eyes, so they do, and put me in mind of all I suffered, larning of my numeration table, when I was a boy at the day-school along with you, Jason—units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundreds. Is the punch ready, Thady?" says he, seeing me. "Immediately;—the boy has the jug in his hand; it's coming up-stairs, please your honour, as fast as possible," says I, for I saw his honour was tired out of his life; but Jason, very short and cruel, cuts me off with—"Don't be talking of punch, yet a while; it's no time for punch yet a bit—units, tens, hundreds," goes he on, counting over the master's shoulder, "units, tens, hundreds, thou-



sands"—“A-a-ah! hold your hand,” cries my master: “where in this wide world am I to find hundreds, or units itself, let alone thousands?” “The balance has been running on too long,” says Jason, sticking to him as I could not have done at the time, if you’d have given both the Indies and Cork to boot; “the balance has been running on too long, and I’m distressed myself on your account, Sir Condry, for money, and the thing must be settled now on the spot, and the balance cleared off,” says Jason. “I’ll thank you if you’ll only show me how,” says Sir Condry. “There’s but one way,” says Jason, “and that’s ready enough: when there’s no cash, what can a gentleman do, but go to the land?” “How can you go to the land, and it under custodian to yourself already,” says Sir Condry, “and another custodian hanging over it? and no one at all can touch it, you know, but the custodees.” “Sure can’t you sell, though at a loss? sure you can sell, and I’ve a purchaser ready for you,” says Jason. “Have ye so?” said Sir Condry; “that’s a great point gained; but there’s a thing now beyond all, that perhaps you don’t know yet, barring Thady has let you into the secret.” “Sarrah bit of a secret, or anything at all of the kind, has he larned from me these fifteen weeks come St John’s Eve,” says I: “for we have scarce been upon speaking terms of late; but what is it your honour means of a secret?” “Why, the secret of the little keepsake I gave my Lady Rackrent the morning she left us, that she might not go back empty-handed to her friends.” “My Lady Rackrent, I’m sure, has baubles and keepsakes enough, as those bills on the table will show,” says Jason; “but whatever it is,” says he, taking up his pen, “we must add it to the balance, for to be sure it can’t be paid for.” “No, nor can’t till after my decease,” said Sir Condry; “that’s one good thing.” Then colouring up a good deal, he tells Jason of the memorandum of the five hundred a year jointure he had settled upon my lady; at which Jason was indeed mad, and said a great deal in very high words, that it was using a gentleman, who had the management of his affairs, and was moreover his principal creditor, extremely ill, to do such a thing without consulting him, and against his knowledge and

consent. To all which Sir Condry had nothing to reply, but that upon his conscience, it was in a hurry and without a moment's thought on his part, and he was very sorry for it, but if it was to do over again he would do the same; and he appealed to me, and I was ready to give my evidence, if that would do, to the truth of all he said.

So Jason with much ado was brought to agree to a compromise. "The purchaser that I have ready," says he, "will be much displeased, to be sure, at the incumbrance on the land, but I must see and manage him; here's a deed ready drawn up; we have nothing to do but to put in the consideration money and our names to it." "And how much am I going to sell?—the lands of O'Shaughlin's town, and the lands of Gruneaghoolaghan, and the lands of Crookagnawaturgh," says he, just reading to himself,—“and—oh,—murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in—the castle, stable, and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent.” “Oh, murder!” says I, clapping my hands, “this is too bad, Jason.” “Why so?” said Jason, “when it's all, and a great deal more at the back of it, lawfully mine.” “Look at him,” says I, pointing to Sir Condry, who was just leaning back in his arm-chair, with his arms falling beside him like one stupified; “is it you, Jason, that can stand in his presence, and recollect all he has been to us, and all we have been to him, and yet use him so at the last?” “Who will you find to use him better, I ask you?” said Jason; “if he can get a better purchaser, I am content; I only offer to purchase, to make things easy and oblige him: though I don't see what compliment I am under, if you come to that; I have never had, asked, or charged more than sixpence in the pound, receiver's fees; and where would he have got an agent for a penny less?” “Oh, Jason! Jason! how will you stand to this in the face of the country and all who know you?” says I; “and what will people think and say, when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent, and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors, without a cabin to put his head into, or so much as a potato to eat?” Jason, whilst I was saying this, and a great deal more, made me signs, and winks, and frowns; but I took no heed;

for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master, and couldn't but speak.

"Here's the punch," says Jason, for the door opened; "here's the punch!" Hearing that, my master starts up in his chair, and recollects himself, and Jason uncorks the whisky. "Set down the jug here," says he, making room for it beside the papers opposite to Sir Condry, but still not stirring the deed that was to make over all. Well, I was in great hopes he had some touch of mercy about him when I saw him making the punch, and my master took a glass; but Jason put it back as he was going to fill again, saying, "No, Sir Condry, it shan't be said of me, I got your signature to this deed when you were half-seas over: you know your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw; wherefore let us settle all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl." "Settle all as you will," said Sir Condry, clapping his hands to his ears; "but let me hear no more; I'm bothered to death this night." "You've only to sign," said Jason, putting the pen to him. "Take all, and be content," said my master. So he signed; and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able, and crying like a child; and besides, Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness, being so old and doting. It was so bad with me, I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself, God bless him! in the midst of his trouble, poured out a glass for me, and brought it up to my lips. "Not a drop; I thank your honour's honour as much as if I took it though," and I just set down the glass as it was, and went out, and when I got to the street-door, the neighbours' childer, who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play, and gathered about me to know what ailed me; and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to these poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them; and when they were made sensible that Sir Condry was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillulu that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one fine boy, he that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest; but they

were all the same sorry, for Sir Condry was greatly beloved amongst the childer, for letting them go a-nutting in the demesne, without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them. The people in the town, who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childer cry, would know the reason of it ; and when the report was made known, the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason, and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried, "No Jason ! no Jason ! Sir Condry ! Sir Condry ! Sir Condry Rackrent for ever !" and the mob grew so great and so loud, I was frightened, and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape, or hide himself for fear of the consequences. Jason would not believe me till they came all round the house, and to the windows with great shouts : then he grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condry what had he best do ? "I'll tell you what you'd best do," said Sir Condry, who was laughing to see his fright ; "finish your glass first, then let us go to the window and show ourselves, and I'll tell 'em, or you shall, if you please, that I'm going to the Lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days." "Do so," said Jason, who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the Lodge at this unseasonable time. Accordingly, Sir Condry threw up the sash, and explained matters and thanked all his friends, and bid 'em look in at the punch-bowl, and observe that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends ; so the mob was content, and he sent 'em out some whisky to drink his health, and that was the last time his honour's health was ever drunk at Castle Rackrent.

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### 302.—Of the Happiness of the Life to Come.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

OF all the thoughts of men, there is certainly none that more often occurs to a serious mind, that has its own interest at heart, than that to which all others are subordinate and subservient, with



regard to the intention, the ultimate and most desirable end, of all our toils and cares, and even of life itself. And this important thought will the more closely beset the mind, the more sharp-sighted it is in prying into the real torments, the delusive hopes and the false joys of this our wretched state ; which is indeed so miserable that it can never be sufficiently lamented ; and as for laughter amidst so many sorrows, dangers, and fears, it must be considered as downright madness. Such was the opinion of the wisest of kings. *I said of laughter*, says he, *It is mad : and of mirth, What doeth it ?* (Eccl. ii. 2.) We have, therefore, no cause to be much surprised at the bitter complaints which a grievous weight of afflictions has extorted, even from great and good men : nay, it is rather a wonder if the same causes do not often oblige us to repeat them.

If we look about us, how often are we shocked to observe either the calamities of our country, or the sad disasters of our relations and friends, whom we have daily occasion to mourn, either as groaning under the pressure of poverty, pining away under languishing diseases, tortured by acute ones, or carried off by death, while we ourselves are, in like manner, very soon to draw tears from the eyes of others ! nay, how often are we a burden to ourselves, and groan heavily under afflictions of our own, that press hard upon our estates, our bodies, or our minds ! Even those who seem to meet with the fewest and the least inconveniences in this life, and dazzle the eyes of spectators with the brightness of a seemingly constant and uniform felicity, besides that they often suffer from secret vexations and cares which destroy their inward peace, and prey upon their distressed hearts, how uncertain, weak, and brittle is that false happiness which appears about them, and, when it shines brightest, how easily is it broken to pieces ! So that it has been justly said, "They want another felicity to secure that which they are already possessed of." If, after all, there are some whose minds are hardened against all the forms and appearances of external things, and who look down with equal contempt upon all the events of this world, whether of a dreadful or an engaging aspect, even this disposition of mind

does not make them happy: nor do they think themselves so; they have still something to make them uneasy, the obscure darkness that overspreads their minds, their ignorance of heavenly things, and the strength of their carnal affections, not yet entirely subdued. And though these we are now speaking of are by far the noblest and most beautiful part of the human race, yet, if they had not within them that blessed hope of removing hence in a little time to the regions of light, the more severely they feel the straits and afflictions to which their souls are exposed by being shut up in this narrow earthly cottage, so much they certainly would be more miserable than the rest of mankind.

As oft, therefore, as we reflect upon these things, we shall find that the whole comes to this one conclusion: "There is certainly some end;"—there is, to be sure, some end suited to the nature of man, and worthy of it; some particular, complete, and permanent good; and since we in vain look for it within the narrow verge of this life, and among the many miseries that swarm on it from beginning to end, we must of necessity conclude that there is certainly some more fruitful country, and a more lasting life, to which our felicity is reserved, and into which we shall be received when we remove hence. This is not our rest, nor have we any place of residence here; it is the region of fleas and gnats; and, while we search for happiness among these mean and perishing things, we are not only sure to be disappointed, but also not to escape those great miseries which, in great numbers, continually beset us. So that we may apply to ourselves the saying of the famous artist confined in the island of Crete, and truly say, "The earth and the sea are shut up against us, and neither of them can favour our escape; the way to heaven is alone open, and this way we will strive to go." Thus far we have advanced by degrees, and very lately we have discoursed upon the immortality of the soul, to which we have added the resurrection of our earthly body, by way of appendix. It remains that we now inquire into the happiness of the life to come.

Yet I own, I am almost deterred from entering upon this inquiry by the vast obscurity and sublimity of the subject, which in

its nature is such, that we can neither understand it, nor, if we could, can it be expressed in words. The divine apostle, who had had some glimpse of this felicity, describes it no otherwise than by his silence, calling the words he heard, *unspeakable, and such as it was not lawful for a man to utter*, (2 Cor. xii. 4.) And if *he* neither could nor would express what he saw, far be it from us boldly to force ourselves into or intrude upon what we have not seen; especially as the same apostle, in another place, acquaints us, for our future caution, that this was unwarrantably done by some rash and forward persons in his own time. But since in the sacred archives of this new world, however invisible and unknown to us, we have some maps and descriptions of it suited to our capacity, we are not only allowed to look at them, but, as they were drawn for that very purpose, it would certainly be the greatest ingratitude, as well as the highest negligence in us, not to make some improvement of them. Here, however, we must remember, what a great odds there is between a description of a kingdom in a small and imperfect map, and the extent and beauty of that very kingdom when viewed by the traveller's eye; and how much greater the difference must be between the felicity of that heavenly kingdom to which we are aspiring, and all, even the most striking figurative expressions, taken from the things of this earth, that are used to convey some faint and imperfect notion of it to our minds. What are these things, the false glare, and shadows whereof, in this earth, are pursued with such keen and furious impetuosity—riches, honours, pleasures? All these in their justest, purest, and sublimest sense are comprehended in this blessed life: it is *a treasure* that can neither fail, nor be carried away by force or fraud: it is *an inheritance* uncorrupted and undefiled; *a crown* that fadeth not away; a never-failing stream of joy and delight: it is a marriage-feast, and of all others the most joyous and most sumptuous; one that always satisfies, and never cloyes the appetite: it is an eternal spring, and an everlasting light, a day without an evening: it is a paradise, where the lilies are always white and in full bloom, the saffron blooming, the trees sweating out their balsams, and the tree of life in the midst thereof:

it is a city where the houses are built of living pearls, the gates of precious stones, and the streets paved with the purest gold. Yet all these are nothing but veils of the happiness to be revealed on that most blessed day : nay, the light itself, which we have mentioned among the rest, though it be the most beautiful ornament in this visible world, is at best but a shadow of that heavenly glory ; and how small soever that portion of this inaccessible brightness may be, which, in the Sacred Scriptures, shines upon us through these veils, it certainly very well deserves that we should often turn our eyes towards it, and view it with the closest attention.

1. Now, the first thing that necessarily occurs in the constitution of happiness, is a full and complete deliverance from every evil and every grievance ; which we may as certainly expect to meet with in that heavenly life, as it is impossible to be attained while we sojourn here below. All tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and every cause and occasion of tears for ever removed from our sight. There, there are no tumults, no wars, no poverty, no death, nor disease ; there, there is neither mourning, nor fear, nor sin, which is the source and fountain of all other evils ; there is neither violence within doors nor without, nor any complaint in the streets of that blessed city. There, no friend goes out, nor enemy comes in.

2. Full vigour of body and mind ; health, beauty, purity, and perfect tranquillity.

3. The most delightful society of angels, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all the saints ; among whom there are no reproaches, contentions, controversies, nor party spirit, because there are there none of the sources whence they can spring, nor anything to encourage their growth ; for there is there, particularly, no ignorance, no blind self-love, no vain-glory, nor envy, which is quite excluded from those Divine regions ; but, on the contrary, perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, enjoys that of his neighbours, and is happy in the one as well as the other ; hence there is among them a kind of infinite reflection and multiplication of happiness, like that of a spacious hall



adorned with gold and precious stones, dignified with a full assembly of kings and potentates, and having its walls quite covered with the brightest looking-glasses.

4. But what infinitely exceeds and quite eclipses all the rest is that boundless ocean of happiness which results from the beatific vision of the ever-blessed God ; without which, neither the tranquillity they enjoy, nor the society of saints, nor the possession of any particular finite good, nor indeed of all such taken together, can satisfy the soul or make it completely happy. The manner of this enjoyment we can only expect to understand when we enter upon the full possession of it ; till then, to dispute and raise many questions about it is nothing but vain foolish talking, and fighting with phantoms of our own brain. But the schoolmen, who confine the whole of this felicity to the bare speculation, or, as they call it, *actus intellectualis*, an *intellectual act*, are, in this, as in many other cases, guilty of great presumption, and their conclusion is built upon a very weak foundation. For, although contemplation be the highest and noblest act of the mind, yet complete happiness necessarily requires some present good suited to the whole man, the whole soul, and all its faculties. Nor is it any objection to this doctrine that the whole of this felicity is commonly comprehended in Scripture under the term of *vision* ; for the mental vision, or contemplation of the primary and infinite Good most properly signifies, or at least includes in it, the full enjoyment of that good ; and the observation of the Rabbins concerning Scripture phrases, "That words expressing the senses, include also the affections naturally arising from those sensations," is very well known. Thus *knowing* is often put for approving and loving ; and *seeing* for enjoying and attaining. *Taste and see that God is good*, says the Psalmist. And, in fact, it is no small pleasure to lovers to dwell together, and mutually enjoy the sight of one another. "Nothing is more agreeable to lovers than to live together."

We must, therefore, by all means conclude, that this beatific vision includes in it not only distinct and intuitive knowledge of God, but, so to speak, such a knowledge as gives us the enjoy-

ment of that most perfect Being, and, in some sense unites us to Him ; for such a vision it must of necessity be that converts that love of the infinite God, which blazes in the souls of the saints, into full possession ; that crowns all their wishes, and fills them with an abundant and overflowing fulness of joy ; that vents itself in everlasting blessings and songs of praise.

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### HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BEATTIE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;  
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !  
 Or when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 Oh pity, great Father of lights, then I cried,  
 Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee ;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;  
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb !

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### 303.—In English Cathedral and St Mark's.

RUSKIN.

[IN 1843, John Ruskin, a graduate of Oxford, twenty-four years of age, commenced that remarkable career of art-criticism, which has gone steadily forward

in the assertion of peculiar opinions which at first were considered a dangerous heresy, opposed to all established rules for the guidance of the public taste. But the mere assertion of the right of thinking for himself upon the subjects of Painting and Architecture, hemmed round as they were by the conventionalities of the ordinary art-critics, would not have secured Mr Ruskin his great reputation and widely-spread influence, had he not possessed a power of eloquent and picturesque writing, almost unequalled by his contemporaries. There is a volume, published in 1865—of “Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin, Master of Arts, Oxon.,” author of “Modern Painters;” “Seven Lamps of Architecture;” “Stones of Venice,” &c., &c., in making which selection his publishers say that the Author of these works has taken no part,—which is well calculated to extend the knowledge of his originality of thought and beauty of expression. From every one of the chapters of this volume might be selected a “Half-Hour” that might worthily stand by the side of any one of the great prose writers of any period of our literary annals. The variety of the subjects with which Mr Ruskin deals in his range over the world of Art may be gathered from the titles of the divisions of this volume, viz. :—“Scenes of Travel;” “Characteristics of Nature;” “Painting and Painters;” “Architecture and Sculpture;” “Ethical;” “Miscellaneous.” The extract which we give is in the division of “Scenes of Travel,” and is taken from the “Stones of Venice,” vol. ii.

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I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the

vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canon's children are walking with their nursery-maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches, and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only seen like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and the sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Luna San Moisè, which may be considered as there



answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Over-head an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "*Vendita Frittole e Liquori*," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a

tallow-candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "*Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28'32*," the Maddona is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St Mark's Place, called the *Bocca di Piazza*, (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernising of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "*Bocca di Piazza*," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches, there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we

may see it far away,—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light ; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes ; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, “ their bluest veins to kiss ”—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand ; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross ; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth ; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an in-

terval ! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them ; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St Mark's porches are full of doves that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it ? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters ; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats,—not of them that sell “doves” for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals ; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the “Miserere,” and the sullen crowd thickening around them,—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards ; and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.

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## 304.—Of the Public Good.

A. SIDNEY.

[WE give an extract from the celebrated "Discourses concerning Government," by Algernon Sidney. Algernon Sidney was a son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, born in 1621 or 1622. His inflexible republican opinions brought him to the block, at the same time with his friend, William Lord Russell. His trial and execution, in 1683, was an outrage upon public feeling at the time. There is little doubt, however, that Sidney really contemplated a revolution, and the establishment of a republic. It was fortunate that more moderate opinions finally prevailed; and that, after a century of struggle, we have obtained all the advantages of representative government, without the evils of unmixed democracy; but there can be no doubt that the bold opinions of such as Algernon Sidney relieved us from the tyranny of the Stuarts. Happily we live in times when there are few opinions in Sidney's "Discourses" which an Englishman would shrink from upholding; and the day has long passed when any one would attempt to impugn the honesty and truth of sentiments such as those which we now subjoin.]

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Men are valiant and industrious when they fight for themselves and their country: they prove excellent in all the arts of war and peace, when they are bred up in virtuous exercises, and taught by their fathers and masters to rejoice in the honours gained by them: they love their country when the good of every particular man is comprehended in the public prosperity, and the success of their achievements is improved to the general advantage: they undertake hazards and labour for the government, when it is justly administered; when innocence is safe, and virtue honoured; when no man is distinguished from the vulgar, but such as have distinguished themselves by the bravery of their actions; when no honour is thought too great for those who do it eminently, unless it be such as cannot be communicated to others of equal merit; they do not spare their persons, purses, or friends, when the public powers are employed for the public benefit, and imprint the like affections in their children from their infancy. The discipline of obedience, in which the Romans were bred, taught them to command: and few were admitted to the magistracies of inferior rank, till they had given such proof of their virtue as might deserve the supreme. Cincinnatus, Camillus, Papirius,

Fabius Maximus, were not made dictators that they might learn the duties of the office, but because they were judged to be of such wisdom, valour, integrity, and experience, that they might be safely trusted with the highest powers ; and, whilst the law reigned, not one was advanced to that honour who did not fully answer what was expected from him. By this means the city was so replenished with men fit for the greatest employments, that even in its infancy, when three hundred and six of the Fabii were killed in one day, the city did lament the loss, but was not so weakened to give any advantage to their enemies ; and when every one of those who had been eminent before the second Punic war, Fabius Maximus only excepted, had perished in it, others arose in their places, who surpassed them in number, and were equal to them in virtue. The city was a perpetual spring of such men as long as liberty lasted ; but that was no sooner overthrown than virtue was torn up by the roots : the people became base and sordid ; the small remains of the nobility slothful and effeminate ; and, their Italian associates becoming like to them, the empire, whilst it stood, was only sustained by the strength of foreigners.

The Grecian virtue had the same fate, and expired with liberty ; instead of such soldiers as in their time had no equals, and such generals of armies, and fleets, legislators and governors, as all succeeding ages have justly admired, they sent out swarms of fiddlers, jesters, chariot-drivers, players, bawds, flatterers, ministers of the most impure lusts ; or idle, babbling, hypocritical philosophers, not much better than they. The emperors' courts were always crowded with this vermin ; and, notwithstanding the pretended necessity that princes must needs understand matters of government better than magistrates annually chosen, they did for the most part prove so brutish as to give themselves and the world to be governed by such as these, and that without any great prejudice, since none could be found more ignorant, lewd, and base, than themselves.

It is absurd to impute this to the change of times ; for time changes nothing : and nothing was changed in those times but

the government, and that changed all things. This is not accidental, but according to the rules given to nature by God, imposing upon all things a necessity of perpetually following their causes. Fruits are always of the same nature with the seeds and roots from which they come, and trees are known by the fruits they bear ; as a man begets a man, and a beast a beast, that society of men which constitutes a government upon the foundation of justice, virtue, and the common good, will always have men to promote those ends ; and that which intends the advancement of one man's desires and vanity will abound in those that will foment them. All men follow that which seems advantageous to themselves. Such as are bred under a good discipline, and see that all benefits procured to their country by virtuous actions redound to the honour and advantage of themselves, their children, friends, and relations, contract, from their infancy, a love to the public, and look upon the common concerns as their own. When they have learned to be virtuous, and see that virtue is in esteem, they seek no other preferments than such as may be obtained that way ; and no country ever wanted great numbers of excellent men where this method was established. On the other side, when it is evident that the best are despised, hated, or marked out for destruction ; all things calculated to the honour or advantage of one man, who is often the worst, or governed by the worst ; honours, riches, commands, and dignities disposed by his will, and his favour gained only by a most obsequious respect, or a pretended affection to his person, together with a servile obedience to his commands—all application to virtuous actions will cease ; and, no man caring to render himself or his children worthy of great employments, such as desire to have them will, by little intrigues, corruption, scurrility, and flattery, endeavour to make way to them ; by which means true merit in a short time comes to be abolished, as fell out in Rome as soon as the Cæsars began to reign.

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305.—*A Word to the Wise.*

BISHOP BERKELEY.

[THE following is an extract from "An Exhortation to the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland," addressed to them under the title of "A Word to the Wise," by George Berkeley, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. To a dispassionate observer of the miseries of Ireland it would appear, either that the good bishop was a century before his time, or that the experience and lessons of a century had produced no social change. We leave this exhortation to speak for itself. Berkeley, the metaphysician, the theologian, the patriot—one of the few really great men whose fame increases with age—was born in the county of Kilkenny in 1684; died at Oxford in 1753.]

Be not startled, reverend sirs, to find yourselves addressed to by one of a different communion. We are indeed, (to our shame be it spoken,) more inclined to hate for those articles wherein we differ, than to love one another for those wherein we agree. But if we cannot extinguish, let us at least suspend our animosities, and, forgetting our religious feuds, consider ourselves in the amiable light of countrymen and neighbours. Let us for once turn our eyes on those things in which we have one common interest. Why should disputes about faith interrupt the duties of civil life? or the different roads we take to heaven prevent our taking the same steps on earth? Do we not inhabit the same spot of ground, breathe the same air, and live under the same government? Why then should we not conspire in one and the same design to promote the common good of our country?

We are all agreed about the usefulness of meat, drink, and clothes, and, without doubt, we all sincerely wish our poor neighbours were better supplied with them. Providence and nature have done their part; no country is better qualified to furnish the necessaries of life, and yet no people are worse provided. In vain is the earth fertile, and the climate benign, if human labour be wanting. Nature supplies the materials, which art and industry improve to the use of man, and it is the want of this industry that occasions all our other wants.

The public hath endeavoured to excite and encourage this most useful virtue. Much hath been done: but whether it be from the



heaviness of the climate, or from the Spanish or Scythian blood that runs in their veins, or whatever else may be the cause, there still remains in the natives of this island a remarkable antipathy to labour. You, gentlemen, can alone conquer their innate hereditary sloth. Do you then, as you love your country, exert yourselves.

You are known to have great influence on the minds of your people, be so good as to use this influence for their benefit. Since other methods fail, try what you can do. "Be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort." Make them thoroughly sensible of the sin and folly of sloth. Show your charity in clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry, which you may do by the mere breath of your mouth. Give me leave to tell you, that no set of men upon earth have it in their power to do good on easier terms, with more advantage to others, and less pains or loss to themselves. Your flock are of all others most disposed to follow directions, and of all others want them most; and indeed what do they not want?

The house of an Irish peasant is the cave of poverty; within, you see a pot and a little straw; without, a heap of children tumbling on the dunghill. Their fields and gardens are a lively counterpart of Solomon's description in the Proverbs: "I went," saith that wise king, "by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." In every road the ragged ensigns of poverty are displayed; you often meet caravans of poor, whole families in a drove, without clothes to cover, or bread to feed them, both which might be easily procured by moderate labour. They are encouraged in this vagabond life by the miserable hospitality they meet with in every cottage, whose inhabitants expect the same kind reception in their turn, when they become beggars themselves; beggary being the last refuge of these improvident creatures.

If I seem to go out of my province, or to prescribe to those who must be supposed to know their own business, or to paint

the lower inhabitants of this land in no very pleasing colours, you will candidly forgive a well-meant zeal, which obligeth me to say things rather useful than agreeable, and to lay open the sore in order to heal it.

But whatever is said must be so taken as not to reflect on persons of rank and education, who are no way inferior to their neighbours ; nor yet to include all even of the lowest sort, though it may well extend to the generality, of those especially in the western and southern parts of the kingdom, where the British manners have less prevailed. We take our notions from what we see, mine are a faithful transcript from originals about me.

The Scythians were noted for wandering, and the Spaniards for sloth and pride ; our Irish are behind neither of these nations from which they descend, in their respective characteristics. "Better is he that laboureth and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself and wanteth bread," saith the son of Sirach, but so saith not the Irishman. In my own family a kitchen-wench refused to carry out cinders, because she was descended from an old Irish stock. Never was there a more monstrous conjunction than that of pride with beggary ; and yet this prodigy is seen every day in almost every part of this kingdom. At the same time these proud people are more destitute than savages, and more abject than negroes. The negroes in our plantations have a saying, "If negro was not negro, Irishman would be negro." And it may be affirmed with truth, that the very savages of America are better clad and better lodged than the Irish cottagers throughout the fine fertile counties of Limerick and Tipperary.

Having long observed and bewailed this wretched state of my countrymen, and the insufficiency of several methods set on foot to reclaim them, I have recourse to your reverences, as the *dernier ressort*. Make them to understand that you have their interest at heart, that you persuade them to work for their own sakes, and that God hath ordered matters so as that they who will not work for themselves must work for others. The terrors of debt, slavery, and famine should, one would think, drive the most slothful to

labour. Make them sensible of these things, and that the ends of Providence and order of the world require industry in human creatures. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening," saith the Psalmist, where he is describing the beauty, order, and perfection of the works of God. But what saith the slothful person? "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding the hands to sleep." But what saith the wise man? "So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

All nature will furnish you with arguments and examples against sloth: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," cries Solomon. The ant, the bee, the beetle, and every insect but the drone, reads a lesson of industry to man. But the shortest and most effectual lesson is that of St Paul: "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." This command was enjoined the Thessalonians, and equally respects all Christians, and indeed all mankind; it being evident by the light of nature that the whole creation works together for good, and that no part was designed to be useless; as therefore the idle man is of no use, it follows that he hath no right to a subsistence. "Let them work," saith the apostle, "and eat their own bread;" not bread got by begging, not bread earned by the sweat of other men; but their own bread, that which is got by their own labour. "Then shalt thou eat the labour of thine hands," saith the Psalmist; to which he adds "Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee;" intimating that to work and enjoy the fruits thereof is a great blessing.

A slothful man's imagination is apt to dress up labour in a horrible mask; but horrible as it is, idleness is more to be dreaded, and a life of poverty (its necessary consequence) is far more painful. It was the advice of Pythagoras to choose the best kind of life; for that use would render it agreeable, reconciling men even to the roughest exercise. By practice pains become at first easy, and in the progress pleasant: and this is so true, that whoever examines things will find there can be no such thing as a happy life without labour, and that whoever doth not labour with his hands must in his own defence labour with his brains.

Certainly, planting and tilling the earth is an exercise not less pleasing than useful: it takes the peasant from his smoky cabin into the fresh air and the open field, rendering his lot far more desirable than that of the sluggard, who lies in the straw, or sits whole days by the fire.

Convince your people that not only pleasure invites, but necessity also drives them to labour. If you have any compassion for these poor creatures, put them in mind how many of them perished in a late memorable distress, through want of that provident care against a hard season, observable not only in all other men, but even in irrational animals. Set before their eyes, in lively colours, their own indigent and sordid lives, compared with those of other people, whose industry hath procured them hearty food, warm clothes, and decent dwellings. Make them sensible what a reproach it is that a nation which makes so great pretensions to antiquity, and is said to have flourished many years ago in arts and learning, should in these our days turn out a lazy, destitute, and degenerate race.

Raise your voices, reverend sirs, exert your influence, show your authority over the multitude, by engaging them to the practice of an honest industry, a duty necessary to all, and required in all, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, whether Christians, Jews, or Pagans. Be so good among other points to find room for this, than which none is of more concern to the souls and bodies of your hearers, nor consequently deserves to be more amply or frequently insisted on.

Many and obvious are the motives that recommend this duty. Upon a subject so copious you can never be at a loss for something to say. And while by these means you rescue your countrymen from want and misery, you will have the satisfaction to behold your country itself improved. What pleasure must it give you to see these wastes and wild scenes, these naked ditches and miserable hovels, exchanged for fine plantations, rich meadows, well-tilled fields, and neat dwellings; to see people well fed and well clad, instead of famished, ragged scarecrows, and those very persons tilling the fields that use ! to beg in the streets.



Neither ought the difficulty of the enterprise to frighten you from attempting it. It must be confessed a habit of industry is not at once introduced; neighbour, nevertheless, will emulate neighbour, and the contagion of good example will spread as surely as of bad, though perhaps not so speedily. It may be hoped there are many that would be allured by a plentiful and decent manner of life to take pains, especially when they observe it to be attained by the industry of their neighbours, in no sort better qualified than themselves.

If the same gentle spirit of sloth did not soothe our squires as well as peasants, one would imagine there should be no idle hands amongst us. Alas! how many incentives to industry offer themselves in this island, crying aloud to the inhabitants for work—roads to be repaired, rivers made navigable, fisheries on the coast, mines to be wrought, plantations to be raised, manufactories improved, and, above all, lands to be tilled and sown with all kinds of grain!

When so many circumstances provoke and animate your people to labour, when their private wants and the necessities of the public, when the laws, the magistrates, and the very country calls upon them, you cannot think it becomes you alone to be silent, or hindermost in every project for promoting the public good. Why should you, whose influence is greatest, be least active? why should you, whose words are most likely to prevail, say least for the common cause?

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### 306.—Songs.

VARIOUS.

[WE have devoted several "Half-Hours" to our song-writers. Many other songs, especially of the greatest of song-writers, Burns, will be found scattered through these volumes, in articles which are grouped from various authors. We leave this branch of composition with extracts from a Scotch and an English poet, who have added many fresh flowers to our lyric wreath.

The "Poems and Songs" of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM have been collected into a pretty pocket volume by his son, Mr Peter Cunningham. In a modest and graceful introduction—a fitting tribute to the memory of such a father—Mr P. Cunningham gives the following interesting account of the circumstances

that called forth the genius of the young stonemason to attempt some of the best imitations of the Border Minstrelsy that have been produced. Scott justly called some of these "beautiful." The "Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" is amongst the most perfect of our national lyrics.

"Mr R. H. CROMEK, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries in the summer of 1809, accompanied by Mr J. Stothard, the celebrated painter. The object of their joint visit was the collection of materials and drawings for an enlarged and illustrated edition of the works of Burns. Mr Cromek had published, a few years before, a supplemental volume to Currie's Edition of the Works, and, pleased with the success of the 'Reliques,' (so the volume was entitled,) was preparing for publication, at the same time, a Select Collection of Scottish Songs, with the notes and memoranda of Burns, and such additional materials as his own industry could bring together.

"Mr Cromek brought a letter of introduction to my father from Mrs Fletcher, of Edinburgh, herself a poetess, and the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Campbell. A similarity of pursuits strengthened their acquaintance; their talk was all about Burns, the old Border Ballads, and the Jacobite Songs of the '15 and '45. Cromek found his young friend, then a stonemason earning eighteen shillings a week, well versed in the poetry of his country, with a taste naturally good, and an extent of reading, for one in his condition, really surprising. Stothard, who had a fine feeling for poetry, was equally astonished.

"In one of their conversations on modern Scottish song, Cromek made the discovery that the Dumfries mason, on eighteen shillings a week, was himself a poet. Mrs Fletcher may have told him as much, but I never heard that she did; this, however, is immaterial. Cromek, in consequence of this discovery, asked to see some of his 'effusions.' They were shown to him; and at their next meeting he observed, as I have heard my father tell with great good humour, imitating Cromek's manner all the while,—'Why, sir, your verses are well, very well; but no one should try to write songs after Robert Burns unless he could either write like him or some of the old minstrels.' The disappointed poet nodded assent, changed the subject of conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale. 'Gad, sir,' said Cromek, 'if we could but make a volume. Gad, sir! see what Percy has done, and Ritson, and Mr Scott more recently with his Border Minstrelsy.' The idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway."]

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THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white hand o' thine,

And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
 That thou wad aye be mine !  
 And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
 And by that kind heart o' thine,  
 By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,  
 That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,  
 An' the heart that wad part sic love ;  
 But there's nae hand can loose the band,  
 Save the finger o' God above.  
 Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,  
 An' my claithing e'er sae mean,  
 I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,  
 Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean !

Her white arm would be a pillow to me,  
 Fu' safter than the down,  
 An Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,  
 An' sweetly I'd sleep an' soun'.  
 Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,  
 Come here and kneel wi' me ;  
 The morning is fu' o' the presence o' God,  
 An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,  
 The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,  
 Our gudeman leans owre the kail-yard dyke,  
 An' a blythe auld body is he.  
 The Book maun be ta'en when the carle comes hame,  
 Wi' the holie psalmodie,  
 And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
 And I will speak o' thee !

### IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !  
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree !  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;

But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
 An' green it will grow in my ain countree.  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

There's naught now frae ruin my country can save,  
 But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs that died for loyaltie  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countree.  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,  
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,  
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e :  
 'T'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.  
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast ;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my  
 boys,

While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !

I heard a fair one cry ;

But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high ;

And white waves heaving high, my  
 boys,

The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud :  
 And hark the music, mariners !

The wind is piping loud ;  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

[UNDER the assumed name of Barry Cornwall, Mr Procter wrote many short Poems, at once forcible and elegant. Whilst the Scotch, from the days of Allan Ramsay, had been carrying away most of the honours of song-writers, Mr Procter made a vigorous effort to maintain our good old English reputation in this walk. Thomas Moore is, of course, an exception to the general superiority of those who have cultivated the Doric language of melody. His



lyrics are universally known ; and we, therefore, close our selection with two songs from a charming volume,—“ English Songs, and other small Poems, by Barry Cornwall.”]

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### THE SEA.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !  
 Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runneth the earth's wide regions  
     round ;  
 It plays with the clouds ; it mocks  
     the skies ;  
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !  
 I am where I would ever be ;  
 With the blue above, and the blue  
     below,  
 And silence wheresoe'er I go ;  
 If a storm should come, and awake  
     the deep,  
 What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh ! *how* I love) to ride  
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the  
     moon,  
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the south-west blasts do  
     blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore

But I loved the great sea more and  
     more,  
 And backwards flew to her billowy  
     breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's  
     nest ;  
 And a mother she *was* and *is* to me ;  
 For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the  
     morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
 And the whale it whistled, the por-  
     poise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs  
     of gold ;  
 And never was heard such an outcry  
     wild  
 As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to  
     range  
 But never have sought, nor sighed  
     for change ;  
 And Death, whenever he come to me,  
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

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### THE LEVELLER.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold  
     Fenced round by his “right divine ;”  
 The baron he sits in his castle old,  
     Drinking his ripe red wine :  
 But below, below, in his ragged coat,  
 The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,

And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,  
 And the debtor lies down with an aching head.  
*So the world goes !  
 So the stream flows !  
 Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,  
 Who maketh all free  
 On land and sea,  
 And forceth the rich like the poor to flee !*

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,  
 And dreams of the pearled pride :  
 The milk-maid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,  
 Sad songs on the cold hill-side :  
 And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,  
 On the scholar who writes and starves by fits ;  
 And the girl who her nightly needle plies  
 Looks out for the summer of life,—and dies !  
*So the world goes !  
 So the stream flows !  
 Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,  
 Who maketh all free  
 On land and sea,  
 And forceth the rich like the poor to flee !*

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### 307.—Of Myself.

COWLEY.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself ; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind : neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what

the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now, (which I confess I wonder at myself,) may appear at the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish ; but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

## IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high ;  
Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone,  
Th' unknown are better than ill known,  
Rumour can ope the grave :  
Acquaintance I would have ; but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

## X.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.  
My house a cottage, more  
Than palace, and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury.  
My garden painted o'er

With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

## XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,  
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.  
And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, that happy state,  
I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,—  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace :) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamped first, or rather engraved the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question : I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there : for I remember, when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour, (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion ;) but there was wont to lie Spenser's Works ; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there, (though my understanding had little to do with all this :) and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet. With these affections of my mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university ; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have be-



fallen me in such a tempest ; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life ; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant, (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts ;) yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it ; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch, or entice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well ; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage ; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses ; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect :

Well, then, I now do plainly see,  
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderate convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it :

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,  
 Nor at the exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar ;  
 Content thyself with the small barren praise,  
 Which neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on ; I cast myself into it a *corpus perdi*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, Take thy ease : I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor, as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course ; *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum*. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married ; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

—*Nec vos dulcissima mundi  
 Nomina vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,  
 Hortique, Sylveque, animâ remanente relinquam,*

—Nor by me e'er shall you,  
 You of all names the sweetest and the best,  
 You Muses, Books, and Liberty, and Rest,  
 You Gardens, Fields, and Woods, forsaken be,  
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

### 308—The Plague of Florence.

BOCCACCIO.

IN the year of our Lord 1340, there happened at Florence, the finest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague ; which, whether owing to the influence of the planets, or that it was sent from God as a just punishment for our sins, had broken out some years before in the Levant, and after passing from place to place, and

making terrible havoc all the way, had now reached the west ; where, spite of all the means that art and human foresight could suggest, as keeping the city clear from filth, and excluding all suspected persons : notwithstanding frequent consultations what else was to be done ; nor omitting prayers to God in frequent processions ; in the spring of the foregoing year it began to show itself in a sad and wonderful manner ; and, different from what it had been in the last, where bleeding from the nose is the fatal prognostic, here there appeared certain tumours in the groin, or under the arm-pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg : and afterwards purple spots in most parts of the body ; in some cases large and but few in number, in others less and more numerous, both sorts the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady, neither medical knowledge, nor the power of drugs was of any effect, whether because the disease was in its own nature mortal, or that the physicians (the number of whom, taking quacks and women pretenders into the account, was grown very great) could form no just idea of the cause, nor consequently ground a true method of cure ; whichever was the reason, few or none escaped : but they generally died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, without a fever or other bad circumstance attending. And the disease, by being communicated from the sick to the well, seemed daily to get ahead, and to rage the more, as fire will do by laying on fresh combustibles. Nor was it given by conversing with only, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes, or anything that they had before touched. It is wonderful what I am going to mention ; which, had I not seen it with my own eyes, and were there not many witnesses to attest it beside myself, I should never venture to relate, however credibly I might have been informed about it : such, I say, was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, and has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time : and one instance of this kind I took particular notice of ; namely, that the rags of a poor man just dead, being

thrown into the street, and two hogs coming by at the same time, and rooting amongst them, and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour turned round and died on the spot. These accidents, and others of the like sort, occasioned various fears and devices amongst those people that survived, all tending to the same uncharitable and cruel end; which was, to avoid the sick, and everything that had been near them, expecting by that means to save themselves. And some, holding it best to live temperately, and to avoid excesses of all kinds, made parties, and shut themselves up from the rest of the world; eating and drinking moderately of the best, and diverting themselves with music, and such other entertainment as they might have within doors; never listening to anything from without, to make them uneasy. Others maintained free living to be a better preservative, and would baulk no passion or appetite they wished to gratify, drinking and reveling incessantly from tavern to tavern, or in private houses; which were frequently found deserted by the owners, and therefore common to every one, yet avoiding, with all this irregularity, to come near the infected. And such, at that time, was the public distress, that the laws, human and divine, were no more regarded; for, the officers to put them in force being either dead, sick, or in want of persons to assist them, every one did just as he pleased. A third sort of people chose a method between these two; not confining themselves to rules of diet like the former, and yet avoiding the intemperance of the latter; but eating and drinking what their appetites required, they walked everywhere with odours and nosegays to smell to; as holding it best to corroborate the brain: for they supposed the whole atmosphere to be tainted with the stink of dead bodies, arising partly from the distemper itself, and partly from the fermenting of the medicine within them. Others, of a more cruel disposition, as perhaps the most safe to themselves, declared, that the only remedy was to avoid it: persuaded, therefore, of this, and taking care of themselves only, men and women in great numbers left the city, their houses, relations, and effects, and fled into the country: as if the wrath of God had been restrained to visit those only within the walls of the city: or else



concluding that none ought to stay in a place thus doomed to destruction. Divided as they were, neither did all die, nor all escape ; but falling sick indifferently, as well those of one as of another opinion, they who first set the example by forsaking others now languish themselves without mercy. I pass over the little regard that citizens and relations showed to each other ; for their terror was such, that a brother often fled from his brother, a wife from her husband, and, what is more uncommon, a parent from its own child. On which account numbers that fell sick could have no help but what the charity of friends, who were very few, or the avarice of servants, supplied ; and even these were scarce, and at extravagant wages, and so little used to the business, that they were fit only to reach what was called for, and observe when they died ; and this desire of getting money often cost them their life. And many lost their lives who might have escaped had they been looked after at all. So that, between the scarcity of servants and the violence of the distemper, such numbers were continually dying as made it terrible to hear as well as to behold. Whence, from mere necessity, many customs were introduced, different from what had been before known in the city. It had been usual, as it now is, for the women who were friends and neighbours to the deceased to meet together at his house, and to lament with his relations ; at the same time the men would get together at the door, with a number of clergy, according to the person's circumstances : and the corpse was carried by people of his own rank, with the solemnity of tapers and singing, to that church where the person had desired to be buried : which custom was now laid aside, and, so far from having a crowd of women to lament over them, that great numbers passed out of the world without a single person : and few had the tears of their friends at their departure ; but those friends would laugh, and make themselves merry ; for even the women had learned to postpone every other concern to that of their own lives. Nor was a corpse attended by more than ten or a dozen, nor those citizens of credit, but fellows hired for the purpose ; who would put themselves under the bier, and carry it with all possible haste to the nearest church ; and the corpse was

interred, without any great ceremony, where they could find room. With regard to the lower sort, and many of a middling rank, the scene was still more affecting ; for they, staying at home, either through poverty or hopes of succour in distress, fell sick daily by thousands, and, having nobody to attend them, generally died : some breathed their last in the streets, and others shut up in their own houses, when the stench that came from them made the first discovery of their deaths to the neighbourhood. And, indeed, every place was filled with the dead. A method now was taken, as well out of regard to the living as pity for the dead, for the neighbours, assisted by what porters they could meet with, to clear all the houses, and lay the bodies at the doors ; and every morning great numbers might be seen brought out in this manner ; from whence they were carried away on biers, or tables, two or three at a time ; and sometimes it has happened, that a wife and her husband, two or three brothers, and a father and son, have been laid on together ; it has been observed also, whilst two or three priests have walked before a corpse with their crucifix, that two or three sets of porters have fallen in with them ; and, where they knew but of one, they have buried six, eight, or more : nor was there any to follow, and shed a few tears over them ; for things were come to that pass, that men's lives were no more regarded than the lives of so many beasts. Hence it plainly appeared, that what the wisest in the ordinary course of things, and by a common train of calamities, could never be taught, namely, to bear them patiently,—this, by the excess of those calamities, was now grown a familiar lesson to the most simple and unthinking. The consecrated ground no longer containing the numbers which were continually brought thither, especially as they were desirous of laying every one in the parts allotted to their families, they were forced to dig trenches, and to put them in by hundreds, piling them up in rows, as goods are stowed in a ship, and throwing in a little earth till they were filled to the top. Not to rake any further into the particulars of our misery, I shall observe, that it fared no better with the adjacent country ; for, to omit the different castles about us, which presented the same view in miniature

with the city, you might see the poor distressed labourers, with their families, without either the plague of physicians, or help of servants, languishing on the highways, in the fields, and in their own houses, and dying rather like cattle than human creatures; and growing dissolute in their manners like the citizens, and careless of everything, as supposing every day to be their last, their thoughts were not so much employed how to improve as to make use of their substance for their present support; whence it happened that the flocks, herds, &c., and the dogs themselves, ever faithful to their masters, being driven from their own homes, would wander, no regard being had to them, among the forsaken harvest, and many times, after they had filled themselves in the day, would return of their own accord like rational creatures at night. What can I say more, if I return to the city? unless such was the cruelty of Heaven, and perhaps of men, that between March and July following it is supposed, and made pretty certain, that upwards of a hundred thousand souls perished in the city only; whereas, before that calamity, it was not supposed to have contained so many inhabitants.

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### 309.—False and True Knowledge.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

[JOHN DAVIES was born in 1570, in the parish of Tetbury, Gloucestershire. His father was a country attorney. He went to the bar, and became one of the Judges of Assize in Ireland, and was knighted in 1617. His poem "On the Immortality of the Soul" was published in 1602. The following is the "Introduction" to that poem. He died in 1626.]

---

Why did my parents send me to the schools,  
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,  
Since the desire to know first made men fools,  
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?  
For when God's hand had written in the hearts  
Of the first parents all the rules of good,

So that their skill infused did pass all arts  
That ever were, before or since the flood ;  
And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,  
And, as an eagle can behold the sun,  
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near  
As th' intellectual angels could have done ;  
Even then to them the spirit of lies suggests,  
That they were blind, because they saw not ill,  
And breathes into their incorrupted breasts  
A curious wish which did corrupt their will.  
For that same ill they straight desired to know ;  
Which ill, being nought but a defect of good,  
In all God's works the devil could not show,  
While man, their lord, in his perfection stood ;  
So that themselves were first to do the ill,  
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain ;  
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,  
Until, by tasting it, himself was slain.  
Even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,  
Where they sought *knowledge*, they did *error* find ;  
Ill they desired to know, and ill they did ;  
And to give *Passion* eyes, made *Reason* blind.  
For then their minds did first in *Passion* see  
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,  
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,  
Which then their own experience made them know.  
But then grew *Reason* dark, that she no more  
Could the fair forms of *Good* and *Truth* discern,  
Bats they became, who eagles were before ;  
And this they got by their desire to learn.  
But we, their wretched offspring, what do we ?  
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid,



While, with fond, fruitless curiosity,  
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this knowledge but the sky-stolen fire,  
For which the thief\* still chain'd in ice doth sit,  
And which the poor rude satyr † did admire,  
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it?

What is it but the cloud of empty rain,  
Which when Jove's guest ‡ embraced, he monsters got?  
Or the false pails, § which, oft being fill'd with pain,  
Received the water, but retain'd it not?

Shortly, what is it but the fiery coach,  
Which the youth || sought, and sought his death withal;  
Or the boy's ¶ wings, which, when he did approach  
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,  
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;  
When we have all the learn'd volumes turn'd,  
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament;

What can we know, or what can we discern,  
When error chokes the windows of the mind?  
The divers forms of things how can we learn,  
That have been ever from our birthday blind?

When Reason's lamp, which, like the sun in sky,  
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,  
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie  
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead;

How can we hope that through the eye and ear  
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,  
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,  
Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

\* Prometheus.

† See Æsop's Fables.

‡ Ixion.

§ Of the Danaïdes.

|| Phaëton.

¶ Icarus.

So might the heir, whose father hath in play  
Wasted a thousand pound of ancient rent,  
By painful earning of one groat a day,  
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that dived most deep and soar'd most high,  
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such :  
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly ;  
We learn so little, and forget so much :

For this the wisest of all mortal men  
Said, *He knew nought, but that he nought did know ;*  
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,  
When he said, *Truth was buried deep below.*

For how may we to other things attain,  
When none of us his own soul understands ;  
For which the devil mocks our curious brain,  
When, *Know thyself*, his oracle commands ?

For why should we the busy soul believe,  
When boldly she concludes of that and this,  
When of herself she can no judgment give,  
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is ?

All things without, which round about we see,  
We seek to know, and how therewith to do :  
But that whereby we *reason, live, and be*,  
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,  
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile ;  
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,  
The subtile motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,  
And pass both tropics, and behold both poles,  
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,  
And unacquainted still with our own souls.

We study speech, but others we persuade ;  
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it ;  
We interpret laws which other men have made,  
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

It is because the mind is like the eye,  
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees ;  
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly,  
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees.

No, doubtless, for the mind can backward cast  
Upon herself her understanding light ;  
But she is so corrupt, and so defaced,  
And her own image doth herself affright :

As is the fable of the lady fair,  
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,  
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,  
And saw herself transform'd, she wist not how.

At first she startles, then she stands amazed ;  
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,  
And loathes the watery glass wherein she gazed,  
And shuns it still, though she for thirst do die.

Even so man's soul, which did God's image bear,  
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,  
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,  
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure ;

For even at first reflection she espies  
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,  
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,  
As she retires and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,  
That hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprites ;  
So she, impatient her own faults to see,  
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this, few *know themselves* : for merchants broke,  
View their estate with discontent and pain ;  
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke  
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find  
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,  
These things transport and carry out the mind,  
That with herself herself can never meet.

Yet if *Affliction* once her wars begin,  
And threat the feeble Sense with sword and fire,  
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,  
And to herself she gladly doth retire ;

As spiders touch'd seek their web's inmost part ;  
As bees in storms unto their hives return ;  
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;  
As men seek towns when foes the country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, Affliction's looks,  
Making us look unto ourselves so near,  
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,  
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,  
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;  
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,  
Reform'd my will, and rectified my thought.

So do the *winds* and *thunder* cleanse the air ;  
So working lees settle and purge the wine ;  
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair ;  
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learn'd Muse,  
Nor rules of *art*, nor *precepts* of the wise,  
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,  
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.



She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,  
That now beyond myself I will not go :  
Myself am centre of my circling thought,  
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,  
As force without, fevers within, can kill ;  
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,  
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,  
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;  
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,  
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;  
I know my sense is mock'd with everything ;  
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,  
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

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### 310.—Generalisations of Science.

A. VON HUMBOLDT.

[ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, the celebrated German traveller and philosopher, was born on the 14th September 1769, and died in 1859. His early education was at Göttingen; and the practical character of his studies and acquirements was determined in the mining school of Treyburg. Every region of science has been explored by him, not only as the abstracted student, but as the diligent and enterprising observer of nature in many climes. The great work of his latest years is "Cosmos, a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe," from which the following is an extract.]

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The study of a science that promises to lead us through the vast range of creation may be compared to a journey in a far-distant land. Before we set forth we consider, and often with distrust, our own strength and that of the guide we have chosen. But the apprehensions which have originated in the abundance and the difficulties attached to the subjects we would embrace,

recede from view as we remember that with the increase of observations in the present day, there has also arisen a more intimate knowledge of the connexion existing among all phenomena. It has not unfrequently happened, that the researches made at remote distances have often and unexpectedly thrown light upon subjects which had long resisted the attempts made to explain them, within the narrow limits of our own sphere of observation. Organic forms that had long remained isolated, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, have been connected by the discovery of intermediate links or stages of transition. The geography of beings endowed with life attains completeness, as we see the species, genera, and entire families belonging to our hemisphere, reflected, as it were, in analogous animal and vegetable forms in the opposite hemisphere. There are, so to speak, the *equivalents* which mutually personate and replace one another in the great series of organisms. These connecting links and stages of transition may be traced, alternately, in a deficiency or an excess of development of certain parts, in the mode of junction of distinct organs, in the differences in the balance of forces, or in a resemblance to intermediate forms which are not permanent, but merely characteristic of certain phases of normal development. Passing from the consideration of beings endowed with life to that of inorganic bodies, we find many striking illustrations of the high state of advancement to which modern geology has attained. We thus see, according to the grand views of Elie de Beaumont, how chains of mountains dividing different climates and floras and different races of men, reveal to us their *relative age*, both by the character of the sedimentary strata they have uplifted, and by the directions which they follow over the long fissures with which the earth's crust is furrowed. Relations of super-positions of trachyte and of syenitic-porphry, of diosite and of serpentine, which remain doubtful when considered in the auriferous soil of Hungary, in the rich platinum districts of the Oural, and on the south-western declivity of the Siberian Altaï, are elucidated by the observations that have been made on the plateaux of Mexico and Antioquia, and in the unhealthy ravines of Choes. The most

important facts on which the physical history of the world has been based in modern times, have not been accumulated by chance. It has at length been fully acknowledged, and the conviction is characteristic of the age, that the narrative of distant travels, too long occupied in the mere recital of hazardous adventures, can only be made a source of instruction, where the traveller is acquainted with the condition of the science he would enlarge, and is guided by reason in his researches.

It is by the tendency to generalisation, which is only dangerous in its abuse, that a great portion of the physical knowledge already acquired may be made the common property of all classes of society ; but in order to render the instruction imparted by these means commensurate with the importance of the subject, it is desirable to deviate as widely as possible from the imperfect compilations designated, till the close of the eighteenth century, by the inappropriate term of *popular knowledge*. I take pleasure in persuading myself that scientific subjects may be treated of in language at once dignified, grave, and animated, and that those who are restricted within the circumscribed limits of ordinary life, and have long remained strangers to an intimate communion with nature, may thus have opened to them one of the richest sources of enjoyment of which the mind is invigorated by the acquisition of new ideas. Communion with nature awakens within us perceptive faculties that had long lain dormant ; and we thus comprehend at a single glance the influence exercised by physical discoveries on the enlargement of the sphere of intellect, and perceive how a judicious application of mechanics, chemistry, and other sciences may be made conducive to national prosperity.

A more accurate knowledge of the connexion of physical phenomena will also tend to remove the prevalent error that all branches of natural science are not equally important in relation to general cultivation and industrial progress. An arbitrary distinction is frequently made between the various degrees of importance appertaining to mathematical sciences, to the study of organised beings, the knowledge of electro-magnetism, and investigations of the general properties of matter in its different condi-

tions of molecular aggregation ; and it is not uncommon presumptuously to affix a supposed stigma upon researches of this nature, by terming them "purely theoretical," forgetting, although the fact has been long attested, that in the observation of a phenomenon, which at first sight appears to be wholly isolated, may be concealed the germ of a great discovery. When Aloysio Galvani first stimulated the nervous fibre by the accidental contact of two heterogeneous metals, his contemporaries could never have anticipated that the action of the voltaic pile would discover to us, in the alkalies, metals of a silvery lustre, so light as to swim on water, and evidently inflammable ; or that it would become a powerful instrument of chemical analysis, and at the same time a thermoscope, and a magnet. When Huyghens first observed, in 1678, the phenomenon of the polarisation of light, exhibited in the difference between the two rays into which a pencil of light divides itself in passing through a doubly-refracting crystal, it could not have been foreseen, that a century and a half later the great philosopher, Arago, would by his discovery of *chromatic polarisation* be led to discern, by means of a small fragment of Iceland spar, whether solar light emanates from a solid body, or a gaseous covering ; or whether comets transmit light directly, or merely by reflection.

An equal appreciation of all branches of the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, is a special requirement of the present age, in which the material wealth and the growing prosperity of nations are principally based upon a more enlightened employment of the products and forces of nature. The most superficial glance at the present condition of Europe, shows that a diminution or even a total annihilation of national prosperity, must be the award of those states who shrink with slothful indifference from the great struggle of rival nations in the career of industrial arts. It is with nations as with nature, which, according to a happy expression of Göthe, "knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction." The propagation of an earnest and sound knowledge of science can therefore alone avert the dangers of which I have spoken. Man cannot act upon



nature, or appropriate her forces to his own use, without comprehending their full extent, and having an intimate acquaintance with the laws of the physical world. Bacon has said that, in human societies, knowledge is power. Both must rise and sink together. But the knowledge that results from the free action of thought is at once the delight and the indestructible prerogative of man ; and in forming part of the wealth of mankind, it not unfrequently serves as a substitute for the natural riches, which are but sparingly scattered over the earth. Those states which take no active part in the general industrial movement, in the choice and preparation of natural substances, or in the application of mechanics and chemistry, and among whom this activity is not appreciated by all classes of society, will infallibly see their prosperity diminish, in proportion as neighbouring countries become strengthened, and invigorated under the genial influence of arts and sciences.

As in nobler spheres of thought and sentiment in philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts, the object at which we aim ought to be an inward one—an ennoblement of the intellect—so ought we likewise, in our pursuit of science, to strive after a knowledge of the laws and the principles of unity that pervade the vital forces of the universe ; and it is by such a course that physical studies may be made subservient to the progress of industry, which is a conquest of mind over matter. By a happy connexion of causes and effects, we often see the useful linked to the beautiful and the exalted. The improvements of agriculture in the hands of free men, and on properties of a moderate extent—the flourishing state of the mechanical arts freed from the trammels of municipal restrictions—the increased impetus imparted to commerce by the multiplied means of contact of nations with each other—are all brilliant results of the intellectual progress of mankind, and of the amelioration of political institutions, in which this progress is reflected. The picture presented by modern history ought to convince those who are tardy in awakening to the truth of the lesson it teaches.

Nor let it be feared that the marked predilection for the study

of nature, and for industrial progress, which is so characteristic of the present age, should necessarily have a tendency to retard the noble exertions of the intellect in the domains of philosophy, classical history, and antiquity ; or to deprive the arts by which life is embellished of the vivifying breath of imagination. Where all the germs of civilisation are developed beneath the ægis of free institutions and wise legislation, there is no cause for apprehending that any one branch of knowledge should be cultivated to the prejudice of others. All afford the state precious fruits, whether they yield nourishment to man, and constitute his physical wealth, or whether, more permanent in their nature, they transmit in the works of mind the glory of nations to remotest posterity. The Spartans, notwithstanding their Doric austerity, prayed the gods to grant them "the beautiful with the good."

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### 311.—The Vanity of Human Wishes.

S. JOHNSON.

[IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.]

LET observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind, from China to Peru,  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life :  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,  
As treacherous phantoms in the midst delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good :  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice :  
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request:

Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death.



But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,  
Fall in the general massacre of gold ;  
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,  
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;  
Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the maddened land,  
When statues glean the refuse of the sword,  
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;  
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,  
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower ;

Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,  
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,  
Increase his riches and his peace destroy :  
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,  
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,  
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,  
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;  
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,  
See motely life in modern trappings dressed,  
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest :  
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchained caprice,  
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece ;  
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died ;  
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;  
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;  
Where change of favourites made no change of laws,  
And senates heard before they judged a cause ;  
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ;  
Attentive truth and nature to descry,  
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.  
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,  
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :  
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,  
Renewed at every glance on human kind ;



How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.  
Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,  
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;  
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
On every stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end ;  
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;  
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicator flies,  
From every room descends the painted face,  
That hung the bright palladium of the place,  
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,  
To better features yields the frame of gold ;  
For now no more we trace in every line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine ;  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal ?  
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,  
Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,  
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :  
To him the Church, the realm, their powers consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,  
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
His smile alone security bestows :  
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower ;  
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;

Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,  
And rights subverted left him none to seize.  
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate,  
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;  
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord.  
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,  
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine ?  
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?  
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,  
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight ?  
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,  
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,  
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life ?  
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,  
By kings protected, and to kings allied ?  
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,  
And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,  
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame :  
Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :  
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.  
Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,  
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !

Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,  
Till captive science yields her last retreat ;  
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;  
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;  
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart ;  
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
Nor melancholy's phantom haunt thy shade ;  
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee :  
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause a while from learning, to be wise :  
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,  
The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;  
See when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,  
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,  
The plundered palace or sequestered rent,  
Marked out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,  
And fatal learning leads him to the block :  
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,  
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.

Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled ;  
For such the steady Romans shook the world ;  
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;  
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,  
Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,  
Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,  
From age to age in everlasting debt ;  
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride ?  
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide ;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain ;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign ;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;  
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain ;  
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended, wait ;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost ;  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;—  
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultawa's day :  
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;  
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.



But did not chance at length her error mend?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.  
In gay hostility, and barbarous pride,  
With half mankind embattled at his side,  
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,  
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;  
Fresh praise is tried, till madness fires his mind,  
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;  
New powers are claimed, new powers are still bestowed,  
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;  
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,  
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;  
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;  
Th' encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,  
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,  
With unexpected legions bursts away,  
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;  
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;  
From hill to hill, the beacons' rousing blaze  
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;  
The fierce Croatian and the wild hussar,  
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war;

The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom  
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,  
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,  
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,  
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;  
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
That life protracted is protracted woe.  
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
And shuts up all the passages of joy :  
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;  
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
He views and wonders that they please no more ;  
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,  
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :  
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,  
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near ;  
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,  
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;  
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
The still returning tale and lingering jest  
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,  
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,  
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :  
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,  
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,  
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,  
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
But unextinguished avarice still remains,  
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant the virtues of a temperate prime  
Blest with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;  
An age that melts with unperceived decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away ;  
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;  
The general favourite as the general friend :  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,  
To press the weary minute's flagging wings ;  
New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns ;  
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.  
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;  
New forms arise and different views engage,  
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
Till pitying nature signs the last release,  
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,  
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise ?  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ;  
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;  
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,  
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,  
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,  
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?  
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,  
The rival batters, and the lover mines.  
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,  
Less heard, and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;  
Fired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,  
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.  
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
The harmless freedom, and the private friend ;  
The guardians yield, by force superior plied ;  
To interest prudence, and to flattery pride.  
Her beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,  
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?  
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?  
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?  
Inquirer cease, petitions yet remain,  
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.  
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.  
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,  
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,



Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resigned,  
For love which scarce collective man can fill,  
For patience sovereign o'er transmuted ill;  
For faith that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,  
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

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### 312.—Anglo-Saxons and Normans.

HARDY.

[AMONGST the most learned of our present race of antiquaries, is Mr Thomas Duffus Hardy, who, in 1819, when he was in his fifteenth year, became a junior clerk in the Record Office in the Tower, and there, working his way with unceasing diligence and rare sagacity, succeeded in 1861 to the important office of Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, vacant by the death of Sir Francis Palgrave. Mr Hardy is not less remarkable for his original views of great historical questions, and for his power of expounding his opinions, than for his erudition founded upon his long and varied experience. In the vexed question regarding the character and influence of the Anglo-Saxon or Norman element of our literature, Mr Hardy inclines to regard the Norman Conquest as having introduced a higher tone of thought than belonged to the insularity of our Teutonic forefathers. In the following extract from the preface to the second volume of "Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland," 1865, Mr Hardy presents us with a most interesting view of the differences between the conceptions and acquirements of the two races, who, in a couple of centuries, became amalgamated in feelings and principles, each adopting from the other what was excellent in their several distinctive qualities, whether for building up a Literature or a State.]

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The Anglo-Saxon was isolated from the Continent; it was the inevitable tendency of that isolation to shut him up in a narrow round of ideas and still narrower sympathies, to make him perfectly satisfied with his present condition, or rather with that state of degeneracy into which he was insensibly sinking deeper and

deeper from age to age. His literature is the exact counterpart of that moral and intellectual condition. To force him out of those habits was the inevitable consequence of the Conquest. To bring him into violent collision with a race of conquerors whose habits of life, whose social condition, whose cosmopolitan tendencies were directly opposed to his own, was the bitter but salutary fruit of his submission to the Norman. The Anglo-Saxon never rose above local attachments; his own soil, his own parish, his own saint were sufficient for him, and he sought no further. His writings were like himself. With the exception of Beda, and perhaps of Alfred, there is no Anglo-Saxon author who exhibits any interest for what was or had been going on in Christendom beyond the narrow range of his own experience. He had no sense of a common brotherhood; no value for things removed from himself and his own immediate observation; even that intense attraction which Rome, as the visible representative of the past, once exercised over his imagination had ceased to stimulate him. The history of the Anglo-Saxon from the time of King Alfred to the Norman Conquest is little else than the history of disorganisation, degeneracy, and decay. On any other theory it would be impossible to explain how a people who had spent more than two centuries in mastering the unwarlike Britons should in less than two years have been so completely overawed by a handful of Normans as never to attempt to rise and rid themselves of their conquerors. The noble and the gentle, swept into one undistinguished serfdom with their slaves, were content, like submissive bondsmen, to till the land they had occupied before as masters. Therefore, that the Anglo-Saxon, already sunk before the Conquest into the lowest stage of feebleness, should never recover his independence after the Conquest will scarcely appear remarkable. He bowed his head without resistance to a stronger and more energetic race. But that a people, so given to song as the Anglo-Saxon, so attached to their native soil, to their hereditary traditions, to their old masters and customs, should have left no songs behind them to indicate their feelings under the change,—that they should have apparently produced not a

single poet to comfort the hearts of his contemporaries on the loss of their national liberty, is indeed astonishing ; and can only be accounted for on the supposition that they had sunk more deeply than the Welsh they had once conquered, and more deeply than our national complacency is in general willing to admit. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, it is true, struggles on to the reign of Stephen, when the last remnant of Anglo-Saxon disappears ; but it dies out from sheer exhaustion, without exhibiting a spark of that poetic fervour which sometimes breaks out in its earlier portions.

So the gift of song, which had once been the special attribute of the Saxon, passed over to his Norman conquerer ; a change which might be attributed to the different effects of freedom and slavery. It was not to be expected that a brave and sensitive people, fond of adventure and ambitious of distinction, should pass over such an event in their history as the conquest of England without its due celebration. If a spark of poetic fire or imagination existed in their nature, it could not fail to be elicited by such a deed, even if it had never been developed before. The spirit which entered shortly after with such irrepressible ardour upon the Crusades could not long remain indifferent to the glory and renown which had accumulated round the name of the Normans by their English conquest. From a vassal duke his leader had become an independent sovereign ; from a narrow strip of territory he had carved out for himself by his sword alone the broad acres and best domains of fertile England. What Rome had left, what the Briton had acquired, what the Anglo-Saxon had spared, had now fallen to his lot by the single exertion of his personal prowess, and seemingly by the exercise of those virtues which the Anglo-Saxon did not possess, and had not even the sense to admire and imitate. Even those qualities, purely poetical and literary, which the Norman showed until then in no great abundance, were abundantly developed by the Conquest. And we have the singular spectacle of a profoundly thoughtful, poetic, imaginative people, like the Anglo-Saxon, crushed and trampled down by their conquerors, yet exhibiting, so far as

literature is concerned, no keen sense of their degradation, no hope of freedom, no regrets for the past ; whilst not only whatever poetry there is, but whatever literature there is, emanates exclusively from the conqueror, or from those who are more than half Norman in blood and wholly Norman in education and sympathy.

How very different that literature is in its main features from the Anglo-Saxon, how much higher in its aims and more ambitious in its pretensions, may be seen by comparing any one of the Norman metrical chronicles with the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle ; or the life and writings of a Norman archbishop and prelate, such as Lanfranc and Anselm, with the most eminent of their predecessors before the Conquest. The metrical history of England by Gaimar, of which the Anglo-Saxon portion alone comprised more than 5000 lines, swept, within its wide compass, the whole extent of history, ancient and modern, so far at least as it was known in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The adventures of Jason and his successful search for the Golden Fleece seemed to this Norman Homer to be the most apt commencement of a lay intended to glorify the deeds of compatriots more adventurous than Jason, whose flocks and fleeces, like his, were the reward of a similar spirit. That all books should be laid under contribution ; that fact and fiction should be strangely blended ; that Latin, French, and Anglo-Saxon, the old world and the new, pagan and Christian, *trouvere* and historian, friends and foes, should be tessellated together in this poetical mosaic, is no more than might have been expected. But such writings show the vast difference in the mental requirements and intellectual condition of the two people ; a difference attributable not merely to natural peculiarities, but to those social habits and refinements which distinguished the Norman from the Anglo-Saxon. For it must be remembered that, unlike the lays of the Anglo-Saxons, these Norman metrical chronicles were produced for the use of noble dames and ladies, and not unfrequently at their request. They were intended to be recited, and doubtless were recited, in castle and monastery, at festive gatherings, or at the solitary



hearth. They fostered the restless spirit of the Norman knight, which drove him out to seek new adventures abroad, and at home required to be fed with a recital of deeds which either were the counterpart of his own, or in which he or his father had been distinguished actors.

The love of learning in the Norman, conspicuous alike in the king, the noble, and the ecclesiastic, imposed upon the poet, and the chronicler, if he would please, the necessity of recommending himself to the favour of his patrons not less by the extent of his erudition than by the graces of his poetry. No Norman poet entered upon his task without due and laborious preparation. He sung or wrote, not because it was pleasant to sing, but because he was commanded to do so, or desired to signalise his gratitude. And this, not in the way in which later poets have sought out patrons, in the hope of a pecuniary reward, but in the feeling that the noble whom he served, and with whose household he was intimately connected, deserved the song as the flower of nobility ; and the master's glory was the poet's meed. Besides, the close personal relationship which so frequently existed between the author and his patron, and sometimes the position of the former as guardian or instructor of the family, when the lord was away, served as an additional stimulus to exertion. It was for the pleasure and praise of his lord that he undertook, partly in his character as poet, partly in his capacity of instructor, to trace back history through all its channels to its earliest sources. And to bring all men together into one common brotherhood of fame, who deserved fame, was indispensable before he considered himself duly qualified to do justice to the immediate subject of his song. For he was not less cosmopolitan in his poetical than in his national taste.

Now none of these feelings can be traced in Anglo-Saxon literature ; at least if we may judge from its remains. The Anglo-Saxon poet and historian sought no patron ; he had apparently no personal attachments to gratify by the exercise of his genius or the exhibition of his learning ; and he certainly lived in no such intimate personal relationship with his native nobles as fell to the

lot of the Norman poet. The unfavourable evidence of Malmesbury, that the Anglo-Saxon thane had become gross in his tastes and indifferent to learning is verified by the whole tenor of Anglo-Saxon literature, at least with few exceptions. It may be thought that these conclusions are too general, considering the paucity of materials now remaining for an exact survey and determination of the question ; it may be said also that the Norman conquest swept away much of the Anglo-Saxon literature ; and many authors were suffered to perish by the neglect and ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, who, under other circumstances, would have left by their writings a more favourable impression of the genius, the literature, and social condition of the Anglo-Saxon than we are now able to form. There may perhaps be some force in these objections ; but, for myself, I am inclined to think that there is no good reason for supposing that much Anglo-Saxon literature of importance has been buried under the ruins of the Conquest ; or that what has been irretrievably lost was of a nature very different from that which has been preserved, or attained any such degree of excellence as would materially affect the judgment we are enabled to form from those portions which remain. A comparison between the state of literature, and specially of historical literature and biography, for one hundred and fifty years before and one hundred and fifty years after the Norman Conquest, must result in establishing the immeasurable superiority of the Norman over the Anglo-Saxon in all the great qualities of profound thought, extensive learning, wide sympathy, and even personal interest and observation. As there is no ecclesiastic in the earlier period whose writings can be compared with those of Anselm, so are there no biographies or local histories, before the Conquest, which can bear the least comparison with the very vivid and realistic details of Eadmer of Malmesbury, or of the biographers of Thomas Becket. With all the admiration professed by the Anglo-Saxon for Alfred or Edward the Confessor, for Alphege or other national saints, he has failed to record the acts, the personal appearance, the sayings, of the great founders and kings of his country with the same minute and lively detail as his Norman successor

has preserved for us the portraiture of Henry I., or even of William Rufus. And, what is still more strange, we are indebted for our knowledge of whatever was most remarkable in the Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastics, before the Norman invasion, to that spirit of learning and inquiry which inspired the Norman, and not to the Anglo-Saxons. But for the industry of Norman ecclesiastics and the large and liberal spirit of Norman archbishops, the name of more than one great Anglo-Saxon would have remained as a name and nothing more.

Nor was it in these respects alone that the period on which we are now engaged differed so much from that which preceded it. The Norman excelled his Anglo-Saxon contemporary not in learning merely, and in that spirit of cosmopolitanism which was the distinguishing characteristic of his race. He was more practical and more systematic; he was better qualified for government and for consolidating kingdoms and empires than the Anglo-Saxon, whose history previous to the Conquest is full of the degeneracy of a great people, of their intestine divisions, their incapacity, or their indolence. Seldom and slowly roused even to the necessary efforts of self-preservation, they rose only to fall again more rapidly under the yoke of the invader, and to succumb more shamefully at last to a handful of foreigners, far inferior numerically to themselves. There was no growth of national unity or sentiment, no consciousness of a great people, no wars abroad, no peace at home; and their literature, like themselves, though full of noble and rude thoughts, degenerated from poetry to history, from history to compilations, until the ever-diminishing and dwindling stream was lost in the swamps of the grammarian and the homilist, unenlivened by any pretension to philosophy, and bare of all claim to originality. If union gives strength, disunion produces feebleness, let the original and individual atoms be as strong and as excellent as they may be; and it is to this continual tendency to disintegration that we must attribute in a great degree the retrograde course of the Anglo-Saxon and of Anglo-Saxon literature—a literature of more than five centuries, but which has with one or two exceptions, little to show worthy the attention of the historian

or philosopher, and is for the main the undisputed quarry of the philologist.

It is far different when the Norman steps on English ground, and becomes, happily for both races, the lord and conqueror. Stern and severe from his innate love of order and regularity, he is the more stern and severe at first to a people who had no feeling and little value for these qualities. Compelled to a sobriety they did not relish, constrained to the practice of war, tied to stated intervals of military training, to the use of arms, to rigid habits of regularity and economy incompatible with the love of indolence and independence, no wonder the Anglo-Saxon regarded his new ruler with fixed aversion. He saw in his trim, rigid, orderly conqueror a tyrannical and exacting taskmaster, bent upon making the most of his new possessions, and treating his unhappy tenants as bondsmen, born only for his pleasure and his profit. Then there was his hatred of the stranger ; a hatred fostered as well by his love of ancient lineage and long descent as by the introduction of customs personally irksome to himself, and contrasting strongly with the easy familiarity of his ancient masters, who had rooted on the same soil for centuries like himself, and never changed except for the worse. We must understand the power of long associations ; we must estimate the force of a kindly and mutual dependence, where landlord and tenant have continued on the same farms in close and uninterrupted succession from father and son for many generations ; we must know the sacred links which imperceptibly draw the two together without ever confounding them, if we would fully appreciate the substitution of a Norman for a Saxon master. Separated from his "even Christian" and lower born foster-brother only by the accident of birth, the Anglo-Saxon thane knew no more of learning or of the world beyond his home than his inferior. The same social enjoyments, the same out-door sports and easy tasks, fell, much in the same measure, to the lot of both ; and to both alike learning and its refinements were a dead letter.

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## 313.—Absence.

SHAKSPERE.

[THE "Sonnets" of Shakspeare, there can be little doubt, were surreptitiously published. Their arrangement is manifestly defective. In Knight's edition an attempt is made at a new arrangement; and, following this, we insert nine of the Sonnets, with this explanation: "We can group nine Sonnets together, which form a connected epistle to an absent friend, and which convey those sentiments of real affection which can only be adequately transmitted in language and imagery, possessing, as these portions do, the charm of nature and simplicity." The Sonnets thus transposed ordinarily stand as the 50th, 51st, 52d, 27th, 28th, 61st, 43d, 44th, and 45th.]

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How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
Oh, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace  
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,  
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special-blessed,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work 's expired :  
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarred the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
 But day by night and night by day oppressed ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven,  
 So flatter I the swart-complexioned night ;  
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
Oh no! thy love, though much, is not so great;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere  
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected:  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;  
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?  
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?  
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then, although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone,  
 Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy ;  
 Until life's composition be recured  
 By those swift messengers returned from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assured  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :  
     This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
     I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

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### 314.—The Defence of Poesy.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

[A CLEVER critic says, "One would think that to write a '*Defence* of Poesy' were something like writing an '*Apology* for the Bible.'" The Editor of "Half-hours" has called attention to the circumstances that demanded this Defence. ("William Shakspeare, a Biography.") A little previous to 1580, two or three fanatical writers put forth a succession of the most violent attacks, not only upon the Stage, but against Music and Poetry in all its forms. When Sidney says, "I think truly that, of all writers under the sun, the poet is the least liar," he was answering one Stephen Gosson, and other Pamphleteers, who held that a fiction and a lie were the same. But Sidney's "*Defence*" is a logical and eloquent production that may be read with advantage at all times. The high-minded writer came, with his chivalrous spirit, to the rescue of "divine" Poesy, who was trembling before the great dragon of Fanaticism ; and manfully did he chase the beast to its hiding-place. Sidney was a poet himself : his "*Arcadia*," fantastical as it is, is full of beautiful pictures, such as that well-known one of "a shepherd's boy piping, as though he never should be old." In the short life of this noble Englishman was crowded as much excellence and glory as might be distributed amongst a legion of ordinary men, and leave each something worth possessing. "He trod," says one of his biographers, "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory." He died in no dream—he died in the beauty and holiness of charity. Lord Brooke thus relates what occurred when Sidney fell at the battle of Zutphen, and was carried out of the field : "Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him ; but, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier



carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'" Sidney died in 1586; he was born in 1554.]

Is it, then, the Pastoral poem which is disliked? (for, perchance, where the hedge is lowest, they will soonest leap over) is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of Melibœus's mouth, can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? And again, by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest, from the goodness of them that sit highest? Sometimes, under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong-doing and patience; sometimes show that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may see, that even Alexander and Darius, when they strove who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was, that the after-livers may say,

"Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim;  
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis." \*

Or is it the lamenting Elegiac, which in a kind heart would move rather pity than blame, who bewaileth, with the great philosopher Heraclitus, the weakness of mankind, and the wretchedness of the world; who surely is to be praised, either for compassionately accompanying just cause of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of wofulness?

Is it the bitter, but wholesome Iambic, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villany, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the Satiric, who,

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico,"†

Who sportingly never leaveth, until he make a man laugh at folly,

\* Virgilius.—These things I remember, and that Thyrsis vainly contended, and was conquered, and after him Corydon, Corydon, who belongs to our times.

† Who slily touches the faults of his friend, who laughs the while.

and, at length, ashamed to laugh at himself; which he cannot avoid without avoiding the folly? who, while *circum præcordia ludit* (plays about the heart) giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth to? How, when all is done,

“Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit æquus?”\*

No, perchance it is the Comic, whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I will after answer; only this much now is to be said, that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even; so, in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so in our private and domestical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso: and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out, since, as I said before, there is no man living, but, by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in Pistrinum, although, perchance, the sack of his own faults lies so behind his back, that he seeth not himself to dance to the same measure: whereto, yet, nothing can more open his eyes, than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent Tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humours; that, with stirring the affec-

\* It is at Ulubræ, if we lack not equanimity.

tions of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded: that maketh us know, *Qui sceptrā sævus duro imperio regit, timet timentes; metus in authorem redit.*\* But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheræus, from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who, without all pity, had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet would not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy which they do dislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the Lyric that most displeaseth, who, with his tuned lyre and well-accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old song† of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style: which being so evil appalled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary, I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them: when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old

\* The cruel prince who sways the sceptre of a severe government, fears those who fear him, and terror returns upon its author.

† The Ballad of Chevy Chase.

men what they had done, and the young, what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue ; as well may it be answered, It was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry ; so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price, that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race, won at Olympus, among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprises.

There rests the Heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo? Who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth? Who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires? Who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty. This man setteth her out, to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But, if anything be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurrereth to the maintaining the Heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself, in the ruin of his country, in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies ; in obeying God's commandments, to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him : how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged,



how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own ; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government ; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as Horace saith, *melius Chrysippo et Crantore* : but truly I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good women, who often are sick, but, in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learning the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings ; since it is so universal, that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it : since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that, indeed, that name of making is fit for him, considering that where all other arts retain themselves within their subjects, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only bringeth his own staff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit. Since, neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil ; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it ; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well-nigh comparable to the philosopher ; for moving, leaveth him behind him. Since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it ; since all his kinds are, not only in their united forms, but in their several dissections, fully commendable, I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph.

## 315.—The Difference of Wits.

BEN JONSON.

INGENIORUM DISCRIMINA. *Not.* 1.—In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes: and it is a little mastery to know them; to discern what every nature, every disposition, will bear: for, before we sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of mind than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians: some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high, others low and still; some hot and fiery, others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

*Not.* 2.—There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily; I mean that is hard by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shame-facedness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are on the sudden; they show presently like grain, that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. There are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium*;\* they stand still at sixteen; they get no higher.

*Not.* 3.—You have others that labour only to ostentation, and are ever more busy about the colours and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation: for that is hid, the other is seen.

*Not.* 4.—Others, that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken; *Quæ per salebras, atque saxa cadunt*. And, if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a

\* A Wit-stand.

ruff, cloak, or hat-band ; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated ; so that ofttimes the faults which he fell into, the others seek for : this is the danger when one becomes a precedent.

*Not. 5.*—Others there are that have no composition at all ; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall, in which they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors :

*They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream,  
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.*

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them with your little finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle deep.

*Not. 6.*—Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice ; by which means it happens, that what they have discredited and impugned in one week, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master, Montaigne. These in all they write, confess still what books they have read last ; and therein their own folly, so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested : not that the place did need it neither ; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

*Not. 7.*—Some again (who after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lie safely. For what never was will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

*Not. 8.*—And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false vendition of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their fox-like thefts ; when yet they are so rank, as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author : their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books ; and so come forth more ridiculously and

palpably guilty than those who, because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

*Not. 9.*—But the wretched are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts ; such as presuming on their own naturals (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms, when they understand not the things ; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature : and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition : unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else ; and, the more wilful and stubborn they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment : who think those things the stronger, that have no art ; as if to break were better than to open ; or to rend asunder gentler than to loose.

*Not. 10.*—It cannot but come to pass that these men, who commonly seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something that is good and great ; but very seldom : and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent ; because all is sordid and vile about them ; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. Now because they speak all they can (however unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy : where the learned use ever election and a mean ; they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from nature, as if he were afraid of her ; or depart from life, and the likeness of truth ; but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And, though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamer-lanes and Tamer-chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art, so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor



writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men who without labour, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them ; in inveighing, what sharpness ; in jest, what urbanity he uses : how he doth reign in men's affections ; how invade and break in upon them ; and make their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to show the composition manly : and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase ; which is not only praised of the most, but commended, (which is worse,) especially for that it is naught.

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### 316.—*The Influence of the Parental Character.*

REV. RICHARD CECIL.

[THE Rev. Richard Cecil had in his day a deservedly high reputation as a preacher. His works were published in three 8vo volumes, and his "Remains," a series of short essays and of remarks made in conversation or in letters, were published shortly after his death by his friend the Rev. Josiah Pratt. Mr Cecil was born in London, Nov. 8, 1748, of pious parents, and the extract we give from his "Remains" contains some interesting personal allusions. Some time after he had entered the church and was ordained, he became minister of St John's Chapel, Bedford Row, London. In 1800 he was presented to the livings of Bisley and Chobham in Surrey, and he died in 1810.]

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The influence of the parental character on children is not to be calculated. Everything around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great, that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly urge us on principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper, only

to laugh at it. But, at length, he had read the same things again and again so often, that he began to think there must be some truth in them; and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on the stone; but it will, in the end, wear its way through. If there be, therefore, such a mighty influence in everything around us, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention: and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted; but that only proves that contrary currents may arise, and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melancthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. Here are data—fixed data. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps; but it is impossible.

Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel: but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see the "Minor." He could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about

religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me, it was none : it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man : it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way.

I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing.

It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience ; and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with that world before us—this gains, at length, such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children, who at night—in their chamber—in the dark—in a storm of thunder—will not feel. They cannot cheat like other men. They recollect that ETERNITY which stands in their way. It rises up before them, like the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth. It goads them : it thunders in their ears. After all they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed on to return to God without delay ;—I MUST be religious one time or other. That is clear, I cannot get rid of this thing. Well ! I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme, and then !

The opinions—the spirit—the conversation—the manners of the parent, influence the child. Whatever sort of man he is, such, in a great degree, will be the child ; unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent is a fantastic man—if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such a one, and who married such a one—if he is a sensualist, a low wretch—his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man—his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man—such will be his children. This I speak of as GENERALLY the case. It may happen that the parent's disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may

happen that the child may be driven into disgust; the miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spend-thrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, everything seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he *casts his bread upon the waters*. And, perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating, God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete SELFIST. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their "family"—and their "family"—they "must provide for their family." Their family has no place in their REAL REGARD. They push for themselves. But God says—"No! You think your children shall be so and so. But they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you." The most common of all human complaints is—"parents groaning under the vices of their children!" This is all the effect of parental influence.

In the exercise of this influence there are two leading dangers to be avoided.

Excess of SEVERITY is one danger. My mother, on the contrary, would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath—but wept too when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother. I was desperate: I would go on board a privateer. But there are soft moments to such deperadoes. God does not at once abandon them to themselves. There are times when the man says—"I should be glad to return: but I should not like to meet that face!" if he has been treated with severity.

Yet excess of LAXITY is another danger. The case of Eli affords a serious warning on this subject. Instead of his mild



expostulation on the flagrant wickedness of his sons—*Nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear*—he ought to have exercised his authority as a parent and magistrate in punishing and restraining their crimes.

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### PATERNAL AFFECTION.

SOME feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than heaven ;  
And, if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limped and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

W. SCOTT.

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### BRING FLOWERS.

MRS HEMANS.

BRING Flowers, young Flowers, for the festal board,  
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured ;  
Bring Flowers !—they are springing in wood and vale,  
Their breath floats out in the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the Rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring Flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !  
He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
The vine lies crushed in his chariot's track,  
The turf looks red where he won the day—  
Bring Flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring Flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;

Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye !  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
And a dream of his youth—bring him Flowers, wild Flowers !

Bring Flowers, fresh Flowers, for the bride to wear !  
They were born to blush in her shining hair,  
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side—  
Bring Flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring Flowers, pale Flowers, on her bier to shed  
A crown for the brow of the early dead ;  
For this through its leaves hath the white Rose burst ;  
For this in the woods was the violet nursed :  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours ;  
They are Love's last gift—bring ye Flowers, pale Flowers !

Bring Flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are Nature's offering, their place is *there* !  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part :  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory—bring Flowers, bright Flowers !

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### 317.—Of Wisdom.

HENRY TAYLOR.

[THE following is extracted from a small volume, entitled "Notes from Life." The author is popularly known by his dramas of "Philip van Artevelde," and "Edwin the Fair," the former of which, especially, has given Mr Taylor a distinguished position as a poet. Strong practical sense, earnestness, a happy diction formed upon the best old English models, are the characteristics of this writer's verse as well as prose. In his "Statesman," another volume, Mr Taylor has been considered, very unjustly, as taking a worldly view of human actions. His "Notes from Life" sufficiently manifest that he forms a higher estimate of duty and happiness than a course of selfish prudence, however prosperous, can prompt and supply.]

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence—not the same with any one of these ; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature.

It is for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one ; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect, according to the ways of Providence, almost always brings along with it great infirmities—or, at least, infirmities which appear great owing to the scale of operation ; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations ; for as power and pre-eminence lie before it, so ambition attends it, which, whilst it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end ; and it is not according to wisdom that the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favour of the intellectual means. God is love, and God is light ; whence it results that love is light ; and it is only by following the effluence of that light that intellectual power issues into wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness. For though many arts, gifts, and attainments may co-exist in much force with intellectual pride, an open greatness cannot ; and of all the correspondences between the moral and intellectual nature, there is none more direct and immediate than that of humility with capaciousness. If pride of intellect be indulged in, it will mark out to a man conscious of great talents the circle of his own intellectual experiences as the

only one in which he can keenly recognise and appreciate the intellectual universe ; and there is no order of intellectual men which stands in a more strict limitation than that of a man who cannot conceive what he does not contain. Such men will oftentimes dazzle the world, and exercise, in their day and generation, much influence on the many whose range is no wider than theirs, and whose force is less ; but the want of spiritual and imaginative wisdom will stop them there ; and the understandings, from which mankind will seek a permanent and authentic guidance, will be those which have been exalted by love and enlarged by humility.

If wisdom be defeated by ambition and self-love, when these are occupied with the mere inward consciousness of intellectual power, still more is it so when they are eager to obtain recognition and admiration from without. Men who are accustomed to write or speak for effect, may write or speak what is wise from time to time, because they may be capable of thinking and intellectually adopting what is wise : but they will not be wise men ; because the love of God, the love of man, and the love of truth, not having the mastery with them, the growth and structure of their minds must needs be perverted if not stunted. Thence it is that so many men are observed to speak wisely and yet act foolishly ; they are not deficient in their understandings, but the wisdom of the heart is wanting to their ends and objects, and to those feelings which have the direction of their acts. And if they do speak wisely, it is not because they are wise ; for the permanent shape and organisation of the mind proceeds from what we feel and do, and not from what we speak, write, or think. There is a great volume of truth in the admonition which teaches us that the spirit of obedience is to prepare the way, action to come next, and that knowledge is not precedent to these, but consequent : "Do the will of my Father which is in heaven, and thou shalt know of the doctrine."

Those who are much conversant with intellectual men will observe, I think, that the particular action of self-love, by which their minds are most frequently warped from wisdom, is that which belongs to a pride and pleasure taken in the exercise of



the argumentative faculty ; whence it arises, that that faculty is enabled to assert a predominance over its betters. With such men, the elements of a question which will make effect in argument—those which are, so far as they go, demonstrative—will be rated above their value ; and those which are matter of proportion and degree, not palpable, ponderable, or easily or shortly producible in words, or which are matters of moral estimation and optional opinion, will go for less than they are worth, because they are not available to insure the victory or grace the triumph of a disputant.

In some discussions, a wise man will be silenced by argumentation, only because he knows that the question should be determined by considerations which lie beyond the reach of argumentative exhibition. And, indeed, in all but purely scientific questions, arguments are not to be submitted to by the judgment as first in command ; rather they are to be used as auxiliaries and pioneers ; the judgment should profit by them to the extent of the services they can render, but after their work is done, it should come to its conclusions upon its own free survey. I have seldom known a man with great powers of argumentation, abundantly indulged, who could attain to a habitually just judgment. In our courts of law, where advocacy and debate are most in use, ability, sagacity, and intellectual power flourish and abound, whilst wisdom is said to have been disbarred. In our houses of parliament the case is somewhat otherwise ; the silent members, and those that take but little part in the debate, and indeed the country at large, which may be said to listen, exercise some subduing influence over the spirit of argumentation, and the responsibility for results restrains it, so that here its predominance is much less than in the courts of law ; yet even in the houses of parliament wisdom has been supposed to have less to say to the proceedings than a certain species of courage.

Ambition and self-love will commonly derange that proportion between the active and passive understanding which is essential to wisdom, and will lead a man to value thoughts and opinions less according to their worth and truth, than according as they

are his own or another's. The objection made by Brutus to Cicero in the play, that he "would never follow anything which other men began," points to one corruption operated by self-love upon a great understanding. Some preference a man may reasonably accord to what is the growth of his own mind apart from its absolute value, on the ground of its specific usefulness to himself; for what is native to the soil will thrive better and bear more fruit than what has been transplanted: but, on the other hand, if a man would enlarge the scope and diversify the kinds of his thoughts and contemplations, he should not think too much to apprehend, nor talk too much to listen. He should cherish the thoughts of his own begetting with a living care and a temperate discipline—they are the *family* of his mind and his chief reliance—but he should give a hospitable reception to guests and to travellers with stories of far countries, and the family should not be suffered to crowd the doors.

Even without the stimulant of self-love, some minds, owing to a natural redundance of activity and excess of velocity and fertility, cannot be sufficiently passive to be wise. A capability to take a thousand views of a subject is hard to be reconciled with directness and singleness of judgment; and he who can find a great deal to say for any view, will not often go the straight road to the one view that is right. If subtlety be added to exuberance, the judgment is still more endangered—

"Tell Wit how oft she wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness."\*

But when self-love is not at the root, there is better hope for wisdom. Nature presents us with various walks of intellectual life, and such a selection may be made as shall render a disproportion of the active to the passive intellect less dangerous. Speculative wisdom will suffer less by excess of thinking than practical wisdom. There are fields to be fought in which a wide range is more essential than an unerring aim. In some regions

\* Sir Walter Raleigh.

we are to cultivate the surface ; in others to sink the shaft. No one intellect can be equally available for opposite avocations, and where there is no interference of self-love, wisdom will be attained through a wise choice of work. One eminent man of our time has said of another, that "science was his forte, and omni-science his foible." But that instance was not an extreme one. Cases have occurred in which wisdom has suffered total overthrow ; the greatest intellect and the greatest folly have been known to meet ; and the universalist, who handles everything and embraces nothing, has been seen to pass into a pursuer of the mere vanities and frivolities of intellectual display.

If, however, a man of genius be fortunately free from ambition, there is yet another enemy which will commonly lie in wait for his wisdom ; to wit, a great capacity of enjoyment. This generally accompanies geniuses, and is, perhaps, the greatest of all trials to the moral and spiritual heart. It was a trial too severe even for Solomon,

" Whose heart, though large,  
Beguiled by fair Idolatresses, fell  
To idols foul."\*

The temptation by which such a man is assailed consists in imagining that he has within himself, and by virtue of his temperament, sources of joy altogether independent of conduct and circumstances. It is true that he has these sources on this unconditional tenure for a time ; and it is owing to this very truth that his futurity is in danger, not in respect of wisdom only, but also in respect of happiness. And if we look to recorded examples, we shall find that a great capacity of enjoyment does ordinarily bring about the destruction of enjoyment as its own ulterior consequences, having uprooted wisdom by the way.

A man of genius, so gifted—or, let us rather say, so tempted—lives, until the consummation approaches, as if he possessed some elixir or phylactery, reckless of consequences, because his happiness, being so inward to his nature, seems to be inherent and indefeasible. Wisdom is not wanted. The intellect, perhaps

\* *Paradise Lost.*

amidst the abundance of its joys, rejoices in wise contemplations ; but wisdom is not adopted and domesticated in the mind, owing to the fearlessness of the heart. For wisdom will have no hold of the heart in which joy is not tempered by fear. The fear of the Lord, we know, is the beginning of it ; and some hallowing and chastening influences of fear will always go along with it. Fear, indeed, is the mother of foresight ; spiritual fear, of a foresight which reaches beyond the grave ; temporal fear, of a foresight that falls short : but without fear there is neither the one foresight nor the other ; and as pain has been truly said to be the deepest thing in our nature, so is it fear that will bring the depths of our nature within our knowledge :—

“ What sees rejoicing genius in the earth ?

A thousand meadows with a thousand herds

Freshly luxuriant in a May-day dawn ;

A thousand ships that caracole and prance

With freights of gold upon a sunny sea ;

A thousand gardens gladdened by all flowers

That on the air breathe out an odorous beauty.”

Genius may see all this and rejoice : but it will not exalt itself into wisdom, unless it see also the meadow in the livid lines of winter, the ship under bare poles, and the flower when the beauty of the fashion of it perishes.

It is true, however, that the cases are rare and exceptional in which this dangerous capacity of enjoyment is an unbroken habit, so as to bring a steady and continuous pressure upon the moral mind. A great capacity of *suffering* belongs to genius also ; and it has been observed that an alternation of joyfulness and dejection is quite as characteristic of the man of genius as intensity in either kind. Doubtless these alternations will greatly enlarge his knowledge both of man and the universe. The many moods of his own mind will give him a penetrating and experienced insight into many minds ; and he will contemplate the universe and all that goes on in it from many points of view. Moreover, it is by reaction from the extreme of one state, that the mind receives the most powerful impulse towards another—in resilience, that it



has its plenary force. But, though these alternations of excess do thus enlarge and enrich the understanding, and minister to wisdom so far forth, they must yet, by the shocks which they occasion to the moral will, do injury on the whole to that composite edifice, built up of the moral and rational mind, in which wisdom has her dwelling. The injury is not so great as in the other case: better are winter and summer for the mind than the torrid zone—feasts and fasts than a perpetual plenty—but either way the temperament of genius is hardly ever favourable to wisdom; that is, the highest order of genius, or that which includes wisdom, is of all things the most rare.

On the other hand, wisdom without genius (a far more precious gift than genius without wisdom) is, by God's blessing upon the humble and loving heart, though not as often met with as "the ordinary of Nature's sale-work," yet not altogether rare; for the desire to be right will go a great way towards wisdom. Intellectual guidance is the less needed where there is little to lead astray—where humility lets the heart loose to the impulses of love. That we can be wise by impulse seems a paradox to some; but it is part of that true doctrine which traces wisdom to the moral as well as the intellectual mind, and more surely to the former than to the latter—one of those truths which is recognised when we look into our nature through the clearness of a poetic spirit:

"Moments there are in life—alas how few!—  
When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,  
We take a generous impulse for our guide:  
And, following promptly what the heart thinks best,  
Commit to Providence the rest;  
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise  
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.  
And happy they who thus in faith obey  
Their better nature: err sometimes they may,  
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,  
Such as by hope deceived are left behind;  
But like a shadow these will pass away  
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind."\*

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\* Southey's *Oliver Newman*.

The doctrine of wisdom by impulse is no doubt liable to be much misused and misapplied. The right to rest upon such a creed accrues only to those who have so trained their nature as to be entitled to trust it. It is the impulse of the *habitual* heart which the judgment may fairly follow upon occasion—of the heart which, being habitually humble and loving, has been framed by love to wisdom. Some such fashioning love will always effect: for love cannot exist without solicitude, solicitude brings thoughtfulness, and it is in a thoughtful love that the wisdom of the heart consists. The impulse of such a heart will take its shape and guidance from the very mould in which it is cast, without any application of the reason express; and the most inadvertent motion of a wise heart will for the most part be wisely directed; providentially, let us rather say; for Providence has no more eminent seat than in the wisdom of the heart.

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### 318.—Imitation of Horace.

SWIFT AND POPE.

[THIS professes to be an imitation of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace's Satires. The first part, to the 124th line, is by Swift; the remainder was added by Pope.]

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I've often wished that I had clear,	And if I pray by reason's rules,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year.	And not like forty other fools;
A handsome house to lodge a friend,	As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious
A river at my garden's end,	Maker!
A terrace walk, and half a rood	To grant me this and t'other acre;
Of land set out to plant a wood.	Or, if it be Thy will and pleasure,
Well, now I have all this and more,	Direct my plough to find a treasure!
I ask not to increase my store;	But only what my station fits
"But here a grievance seems to lie,	And to be kept in my right wits,
All this is mine but till I die;	Preserve, Almighty Providence!
I can't but think 'twould sound	Just what you gave me, competence!
more clever.	And let me in these shades compose
To me and to my heirs for ever.	Something in verse as true as prose;
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,	Removed from all th'ambitious scene,
By any trick, or any fault;	Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,  
Let me but live on this side Trent ;  
Nor cross the channel twice a-year,  
To spend six months with statesmen  
here.

I must by all means come to town,  
'Tis for the service of the Crown.

"Lewis, the Dean, will be of use ;  
Send for him up, take no excuse."  
The toil, the danger of the seas,  
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;  
Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
No matter where the money's found,  
It is but so much more in debt,  
And that they ne'er considered yet.

"Good Mr Dean, go change your  
gown,  
Let my lord know you're come to  
town."

I hurry me in haste away,  
Not thinking it is levee day ;  
And find his honour in a pound,  
Hemmed by a triple circle round,  
Chequered with ribbons blue and  
green :

How should I thrust myself between ?  
Some wag observed me thus perplexed,

And, smiling, whispers to the next,  
"I thought the Dean had been too  
proud,

To jostle here among the crowd !"  
Another in a surly fit,

Tells me I have more zeal than wit :

"So eager to express your love,  
You ne'er consider whom you  
shove,

But rudely press before a duke."  
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke,  
And take it kindly meant to show  
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;  
When twenty fools I never saw  
Come with petitions fairly penned,  
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—  
That begs my interest for a place—  
A hundred other men's affairs,  
Like bees, are humming in my ears.  
"To-morrow my appeal comes on ;  
Without your help the cause is  
gone"—

The duke expects my lord and you,  
About some great affair at two—  
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in  
mind,  
To get my warrant quickly signed :  
Consider, 'tis my first request."—  
Be satisfied, I'll do my best.

Then presently he falls to tease,  
"You may for certain, if you  
please :

I doubt not, if his lordship knew—  
And, Mr Dean, one word from  
you"—

'Tis (let me see) three years and  
more,

(October next it will be four,)  
Since Harley bid me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend ;  
Would take me in his coach to chat,  
And question me of this and that ;  
As "What's o' clock?" and "How's  
the wind?"

"Whose chariot's that we left be-  
hind?"

Or gravely try to read the lines  
Writ underneath the country signs ;  
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day  
From Pope, from Parnell, or from  
Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains  
My lord and me as far as Staines,  
As once a week we travel down  
To Windsor, and again to town,  
Where all that passes *inter nos*  
Might be proclaimed at Charing-  
cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell  
Because they see me used so well.

"How think you of our friend the Dean?

I wonder what some people mean?  
My lord and he are grown so great,  
Always together tête-à-tête;  
What! they admire him for his jokes!—

See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report  
Of some express arrived at court;  
I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,  
And catechised in every street.

"You, Mr Dean, frequent the great?

Inform us, will the Emperor treat?  
Or do the prints and papers lie?"

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!

'Tis now no secret."—I protest

'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,

When are the troops to have  
their pay?"

And though I solemnly declare  
I know no more than my lord mayor,  
They stand amazed, and think me  
grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,  
My choicest hours of life are lost;  
Yet always wishing to retreat,  
Oh, could I see my country seat!  
There leaning near a gentle brook,  
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;  
And there in sweet oblivion drown  
Those cares that haunt the court and  
town.

O charming noons! and nights divine!  
Or when I sup, or when I dine,  
My friends above, my folks below,  
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,  
The beans and bacon set before 'em,  
The grace-cup served with all de-  
corum:

Each willing to be pleased and please,  
And even the very dogs at ease!

Here no man prates of idle things,  
How this or that Italian sings  
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,  
Or what's in either of the houses;  
But something much more our con-  
cern,

And quite a scandal not to learn:

Which is the happier or the wiser,

A man of merit or a miser?

Whether we ought to choose our  
friends

For their own worth, or our own ends?

What good, or better, we may call,

And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you  
know)

A tale extremely "à propos:"

Name a town life, and in a trice

He had a story of two mice.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)

A country mouse right hospitable,

Received a town mouse at his board,

Just as a farmer might a lord.

A frugal mouse upon the whole,

Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,

Knew what was handsome, and would  
do't,

On just occasion "coûte qui coûte."

He brought him bacon, (nothing lean;)

Pudding that might have pleased a  
dean;

Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,

But wished it Stilton for his sake;

Yet, to his guest though no way spar-  
ing,

He eat himself the rind and paring,

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,

But showed his breeding and his wit;

He did his best to seem to eat,

And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat,

But lord, my friend, this savage  
scene!

For God's sake, come, and live with  
men;

Consider, mice, like men, must die,



Both small and great, both you  
and I;  
Then spend your life in joy and  
sport,  
(This doctrine, friend, I learned at  
court.)  
The veriest hermit in the nation  
May yield, God knows, to strong  
temptation.  
Away they came, through thick and  
thin,  
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn :  
(Twas on the night of a debate,  
When all their lordships had sat  
late.)

Behold the place, where, if a poet  
Shined in description, he might show  
it ;  
Tell how the moonbeam trembling  
falls,  
And tips with silver all the walls ;  
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors :  
But let it (in a word) be said,  
The moon was up, and men abed,  
The napkin's white, the carpet red :  
The guests withdrawn, had left the  
treat,  
And down the mice sat, "tête-à-  
tête."

Our courtier walks from dish to  
dish,  
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;  
Tells all their names, lays down the  
law,  
"Que ça est bon ! Ah, goûtez ça !  
That jelly's rich, this malmsey heal-  
ing,  
Pray dip you whiskers and your tail  
in."  
Was ever such a happy swain ?  
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty  
rude  
To eat so much—but all's so good.  
I have a thousand thanks to give—  
My lord alone knows how to live."  
No sooner said, but from the hall  
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :  
"A rat, a rat ! clap to the door"—  
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.  
O for the heart of Homer's mice,  
Or gods to save them in a trice !  
(It was by providence they think,  
For your damned stucco has no chink.)  
"An't please your honour," quoth  
the peasant,  
"This same desert is not so plea-  
sant :  
Give me again my hollow tree,  
A crust of bread and liberty !"

### 319.—Domestic Yars.

LORD STOWELL.

[It may appear singular that we should turn to "Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Consistory Court of London," to select a passage from one of "The Best Authors." Yet, in all the attributes of strong sense, of deep insight into character, and in force and elegance of style, there are few compositions more remarkable than some of the judgments of Sir William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell. The following extracts are from his judgment in the case of divorce, instituted by Mrs Evans against her husband,

upon an allegation of cruelty. We take only those passages which are of general application.

William Scott was the brother of John Scott, the more celebrated Lord Eldon. He was born near Newcastle in 1745; was educated at the Grammar School of Newcastle, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; became a Master of the Faculty of Advocates in 1780; was made Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in 1798; and was raised to the Peerage in 1821. He died in 1836.

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This cause has been carefully instructed with evidence by the practisers who have had the conduct of it; and has been very elaborately argued by the counsel on both sides. It now devolves upon me to pronounce the legal result of the evidence which has been thus collected, and of the arguments raised upon that evidence—a duty heavy in itself, from the quantity and the weight of the matter; and extremely painful, from the nature and tendency of a great part of it, and from the inefficacy of this court to give relief adequate to the wishes of both parties. Heavy and painful as it is, it is a duty which *must* be discharged; and which can only be discharged with satisfaction under a consciousness, that it is discharged with attention and impartiality, and under the reflection, that if, after the endeavours which I have used in cleansing and instructing my own conscience upon the subject, I should have taken what may be deemed an undue impression of the case, the laws of this country have not been deficient in providing a mode by which the parties may be relieved against the infirmities of my judgment.

The humanity of the court has been loudly and repeatedly invoked. Humanity is the second virtue of courts, but undoubtedly the first is justice. If it were a question of humanity simply, and of humanity which confined its views merely to the happiness of the present parties, it would be a question easily decided upon first impressions. Everybody must feel a wish to sever those who wish to live separate from each other, who cannot live together with any degree of harmony, and consequently with any degree of happiness; but my situation does not allow me to indulge the feelings, much less the *first* feelings, of an individual. The law

has said that married persons shall not be *legally* separated upon the mere disinclination of one or both to cohabit together. The disinclination must be founded upon reasons which the law approves, and it is my duty to see whether those reasons exist in the present case.

To vindicate the policy of the law is no necessary part of the office of a judge ; but if it were, it would not be difficult to show that the law in this respect has acted with its usual wisdom and humanity, with that true wisdom, and that real humanity, that regards the general interests of mankind. For though in particular cases the repugnance of the law to dissolve the obligations of matrimonial cohabitation may operate with great severity upon individuals, yet it must be carefully remembered that the general happiness of the married life is secured by its indissolubility. When people understand that they *must* live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften by mutual accommodation that yoke which they know they cannot shake off ; they become good husbands, and good wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives ; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might be legally separated, many couples, who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness—in a state of estrangement from their common offspring—and in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality. In this case, as in many others, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good.

That the duty of cohabitation is released by the cruelty of one of the parties is admitted, but the question occurs, *What is cruelty?* In the present case it is hardly necessary for me to define it ; because the facts here complained of are such as fall within the most restricted definition of cruelty : they affect not only the comfort, but they affect the health, and even the life of the party. I shall, therefore, decline the task of laying down a

direct definition. This, however, must be understood, that it is the duty of courts, and consequently the inclination of courts, to keep the rule extremely strict. The causes must be grave and weighty, and such as show an absolute impossibility that the duties of the married life can be discharged. In a state of personal danger no duties can be discharged; for the duty of self-preservation must take place before the duties of marriage, which are secondary both in commencement and in obligation; but what falls short of this is with great caution to be admitted. The rule of "*per quod consortium amittitur*" is but an inadequate test; for it still remains to be inquired, what conduct ought to produce that effect? whether the *consortium* is reasonably lost? and whether the party quitting has not too hastily abandoned the *consortium*?

What merely wounds the mental feelings is in few cases to be admitted, where they are not accompanied with bodily injury, either actual or menaced. Mere austerity of temper, petulance of manners, rudeness of language, a want of civil attention and accommodation, even occasional sallies of passion, if they do not threaten bodily harm, do not amount to legal cruelty: they are high moral offences in the marriage state undoubtedly, not innocent surely in any state of life, but still they are not that cruelty against which the law can relieve. Under such misconduct of either of the parties, for it may exist on the one side as well as on the other, the suffering party must bear in some degree the consequences of an injudicious connexion; must subdue by decent resistance or by prudent conciliation; and if this cannot be done, both must suffer in silence. And if it be complained that by this inactivity of the courts much injustice may be suffered, and much misery produced, the answer is, that courts of justice do not pretend to furnish cures for all the miseries of human life. They redress or punish gross violations of duty, but they go no further; they cannot make men virtuous, and, as the happiness of the world depends upon its virtue, there may be much unhappiness in it which human laws cannot undertake to remove.

Still less is it cruelty, where it wounds not the natural feelings,



but the acquired feelings arising from particular rank and situation; for the court has no scale of sensibilities by which it can gauge the quantum of injury done and felt; and therefore, though the court will not absolutely exclude considerations of that sort, where they are stated merely as matter of aggravation, yet they cannot constitute cruelty where it would not otherwise have existed: of course, the denial of little indulgences and particular accommodations, which the delicacy of the world is apt to number amongst its necessities, is not cruelty. It may, to be sure, be a harsh thing to refuse the use of a carriage, or the use of a servant; it may in many cases be extremely unhandsome, extremely disgraceful to the character of the husband; but the ecclesiastical court does not look to such matters: the great ends of marriage may very well be carried on without them; and if people will quarrel about such matters, and which they certainly may do in many cases with a great deal of acrimony, and sometimes with much reason, they yet must decide such matters as well as they can in their own domestic *forum*.

These are negative descriptions of cruelty; they show only what is *not* cruelty, and are yet perhaps the safest definitions which can be given under the infinite variety of possible cases that may come before the court. But if it were at all necessary to lay down an affirmative rule, I take it that the rule cited by Dr Bever from Clarke, and the other books of practice, is a good general outline of the canon law, the law of this country, upon this subject. In the older cases of this sort, which I have had an opportunity of looking into, I have observed that the danger of life, limb, or health, is usually inserted as the ground upon which the court has proceeded to a separation. This doctrine has been repeatedly applied by the court in the cases that have been cited. The court has never been driven off this ground. It has been always jealous of the inconvenience of departing from it, and I have heard no one case cited, in which the court has granted a divorce without proof given of a *reasonable apprehension* of bodily hurt. I say an *apprehension*, because assuredly the court is not to wait till the hurt is actually done; but the apprehension must be *reason-*

*able*; it must not be an apprehension arising merely from an exquisite and diseased sensibility of mind. Petty vexations applied to such a constitution of mind may certainly in time wear out the animal machine, but still they are not cases of legal relief; people must relieve themselves as well as they can by prudent resistance—by calling in the succours of religion and the consolation of friends; but the aid of courts is not to be resorted to in such cases with any effect.

. . . . .

The truth of the case, according to the impression which the whole of it makes upon my mind, is this:—Two persons marry together; both of good moral characters, but with something of warmth and sensibility in each of their tempers; the husband is occasionally inattentive; the wife has a vivacity that sometimes offends and sometimes is offended; something like unkindness is produced, and is then easily inflamed; the lady broods over petty resentments, which are anxiously fed by the busy whispers of humble confidantes; her complaints, aggravated by their reports, are carried to her relations, and meet perhaps with a facility of reception, from their honest, but well-intentioned, minds. A state of mutual irritation increases; something like incivility is continually practising; and, where it is not practised, it is continually suspected; every word, every act, every look, has a meaning attached to it; it becomes a contest of spirit, in form, between two persons eager to take, and not absolutely backward to give, mutual offence; at last the husband breaks up the family connexion, and breaks it up with circumstances sufficiently expressive of disgust: treaties are attempted, and they miscarry, as they might be expected to do, in the hands of persons strongly disaffected towards each other; and then, for the very first time, as Dr Arnold has observed, a suit of cruelty is thought of; a libel is given in, black with criminating matter; recrimination comes from the other side; accusations rain heavy and thick on all sides, till all is involved in gloom, and the parties lose total sight of each other's real character, and of the truth of every one fact which is involved in the cause.

Out of this state of darkness and error it will not be easy for them to find their way. It were much to be wished that they could find it back again to domestic peace and happiness. Mr Evans has received a complete vindication of his character. Standing upon that ground, I trust he will act prudently and generously ; for generosity is prudence in such circumstances. He will do well to remember, that the person he contends with is one over whom victory is painful ; that she is one to whom he is bound by every tie that can fasten the heart of one human being to another ; she is the partner of his bed !—the mother of his offspring ! And, if mistakes have been committed, and grievous mistakes have been committed, most certainly, in this suit, she is still that person whose mistakes he is bound to cover, not only from his own notice, but, as far as he can, from that of every other person in the world.

Mrs Evans has likewise something to forget ; mistakes have been made to her disadvantage too in this business : she, I say, has something to forget. And I hope she has not to learn that the dignity of a wife cannot be violated by submission to a husband.

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### 320.—*Winter Walk at Noon.*

COWPER.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood ;  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,  
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,

And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
The roof, though movable through all its length  
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
And, intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed :  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And learning wiser grow without his books.  
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,  
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,  
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,  
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.  
Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style  
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
Of error leads them by a tune entranced ;



While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear  
The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice  
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,  
And lanes in which the primrose, ere her time,  
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,  
Deceive no student. Wisdom there and truth,  
Not shy as in the world, and to be won  
By slow solicitation, seize at once  
The roving thought and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can power divine perform  
More grand than it produces year by year,  
And all in sight of inattentive man?  
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,  
And in the constancy of Nature's course,  
The regular return of genial months,  
And renovation of a faded world,  
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,  
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race  
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,  
How would the world admire! But speaks it less  
An agency divine to make him know  
His moment when to sink and when to rise,  
Age after age, than to arrest his course?  
All we behold is miracle; but seen  
So duly, all is miracle in vain.  
Where now the vital energy that moved,  
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph  
Through the imperceptible meandering veins  
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch  
Of unprolific winter has impressed  
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.

But let the months go round, a few short months,  
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots  
Barren as lances, among which the wind  
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,  
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,  
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread  
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.  
Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,  
Shall publish even to the distant eye  
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich  
In streaming gold ; syringa, ivory pure !  
The scentless and the scented rose ; this red,  
And of a humbler growth, the other tall,  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;  
The lilac, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if,  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all ;  
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,  
But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never-cloying odours, early and late ;  
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
That scarce a leaf appears ; mezerion too,  
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset  
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;  
Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,  
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,  
Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all  
The jessamine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf  
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,

The bright profusion of her scattered stars.  
These have been, and these shall be in their day ;  
And all this uniform and coloured scene  
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load.  
And flush into variety again.  
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,  
Is nature's progress, when she lectures man  
In heavenly truth ; evincing, as she makes  
The grand transition, that there lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.  
The beauties of the wilderness are His,  
That make so gay the solitary place  
Where no eyes see them. And the fairer forms  
That cultivation glories in are His.  
He sets the bright procession on its way,  
And marshals all the order of the year ;  
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ  
Uninjured, with imitable art ;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

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### 321.—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*

JOHN FORSTER.

[“THE Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography ; in Four Books,” has been written by John Forster, “of the Inner Temple, Barrister, Author of the Lives of ‘Statesmen of the Commonwealth.’” Mr Forster has lighted up the authentic narrative of a literary life with the brilliant hues of taste and imagination ; and, what is a higher thing, he has told the story of the errors, the sorrows, the endurance, and the success, of one of the most delightful of our “best authors,” with an earnest vindication of simplicity of character, and a deep sympathy with the struggles of talent, which ought to make every reader of this Life more just, tolerant, and loving to his fellows. Amongst the sound criticism of this volume we find the following sensible estimate of Goldsmith’s immortal novel.]

Every one is familiar with the "Vicar of Wakefield." We read it in youth and in age. We return to it, as Walter Scott has said, again and again; "and we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." With its ease of style, its turns of thought so whimsical yet wise, and the humour and wit which sparkle freshly through its narrative, we



have all of us profitably amused the idle or the vacant hour; from year to year we have had its tender or mirthful incidents, its forms so homely in their beauty, its pathos and its comedy, given back to us from the canvas of our Wilkies, Newtons, and Stothards, our Leslies, Maclises, and Mulreadys; but not in those graces of style, or even in that home-cherished gallery of familiar faces, can the secret of its extraordinary fascination be said to consist. It lies nearer the heart. A something which has found its way *there*; which, while it amused, has made us happier; which, gently inweaving itself with our habits of thought, has increased our good humour and charity; which, insensibly it may be, has corrected wilful impatiences of temper, and made the world's daily accidents easier and kinder to us all; somewhat thus should be expressed, I think, the charm of the "Vicar of Wake-



field." It is our first pure example of the simple domestic novel. Though wide as it was various, and most minutely as well as broadly marked with passion, incident, and character, the field selected by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, for the exercise of their genius and the display of their powers, had hardly included this. Nor is it likely that Goldsmith would himself have chosen it, if his leading object had been to write a book. Rather as a refuge from the writing of books was this book undertaken. Simple to very baldness are the materials employed. But he threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion, of his chequered life; and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men.

Good predominant over evil is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labour, cheerful endeavour, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world, and of turning pain to noble uses. It is destined to show us that the heroism and self-denial needed for the duties of life are not of the superhuman sort; that they may co-exist with many follies, with some simple weaknesses, with many harmless vanities; and that in the improvement of mankind, near and remote, in its progress through worldly content to final happiness, the humblest of men have their place assigned them, and their part allotted them to play.

There had been, in light amusing fiction, no such scene as that where Doctor Primrose, surrounded by the mocking felons of the gaol into which his villanous creditor has thrown him, finds in even those wretched outcasts a common nature to appeal to, minds to instruct, sympathies to bring back to virtue, souls to restore and save. "In less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane." Into how many hearts may this have planted a desire which had as yet become no man's care! Not yet had Howard turned his thoughts to the prison, Romilly was but a boy of nine years old, and Elizabeth Fry had

not been born. In Goldsmith's day, as for centuries before it, the gaol existed as the gallows' portal: it was crime's high school, where Law presided over the science of law-breaking, and did its best to spread guilt abroad. "This prison," says Dr Primrose, "makes men guilty where it does not find them so: it encloses wretches for the commission of one crime, and returns them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands." With what consequence? "New vices call for fresh restraints; penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor; and all our paltriest possessions are hung round with gibbets." It scares men now to be told of what no man then took heed. Deliberate murders were committed by the state. It was but four years after this that the government which had reduced a young wife to beggary by pressing her husband to sea, sentenced her to death for entering a draper's shop, taking some coarse linen off the counter, and laying it down again as the shopman gazed at her; listened unmoved to a defence which might have penetrated stone, that inasmuch, since her husband was stolen from her, she had had no bed to lie upon, nothing to clothe her children, nothing to give them to eat, perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did: and finally sent her to Tyburn, with her infant sucking at her breast. Not without reason did Horace Walpole call the country "one great shambles." Hardly a Monday passed that was not Black Monday at Newgate. An execution came round as regularly as any other weekly show; and when it was that "shocking sight of fifteen men executed," whereof Boswell makes more than one mention, the interest was of course the greater. Men not otherwise hardened, found here a debasing delight. George Selwin passed as much time at Tyburn as at White's; and Mr Boswell had a special suit of execution black, to make a decent appearance near the scaffold. Not uncalled for, therefore, though solitary and as yet unheeded, was the warning of good Dr Primrose. Nay, not uncalled for is it now; though eighty years have passed. "Do not," he said, "draw the cords of society so hard, that a convulsion must come to burst them; do not cut away wretches as useless, before you

have tried their utility ; make law the protector, not the tyrant of the people. You will then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, want only the hand of a refiner ; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security."

Resemblances have been found, and may be admitted to exist, between Charles Primrose and Mr Abraham Adams. They arose from kindred genius ; and from the manly habit which Fielding and Goldsmith shared, of discerning what was good and beautiful in the homeliest aspects of humanity. In the Parson's saddle-bag of sermons would hardly have been found this prison sermon of the Vicar : and there was in Mr Adams not only a capacity for beef and pudding, but for beating and being beaten, which would ill have consisted with the simple dignity of Doctor Primrose. But unquestionable learning, unsuspecting simplicity, amusing traits of credulity and pedantry, and a most Christian purity and benevolence of heart, are common to both these master-pieces of English fiction ; and are in each with such exquisite touch discriminated, as to leave no possible doubt of the originality of either. Anything like the charge of imitation is preposterous. Fielding's friend, Young, sat for the Parson, as in Goldsmith's father, Charles, we have seen the original of the Vicar ; and as long as nature pleases to imitate herself will such simple-hearted spirits reveal kindred with each other. At the same time, and with peculiar mastery, art vindicates in such cases her power and skill ; and the general truth of the resemblance is after all perceived to be much less striking than the local accidents of difference. Does it not well-nigh seem incredible, indeed, comparing the tone of style and incident in the two stories, that a space of twenty years should have comprised Joseph Andrews and the Vicar of Wakefield ?

Little, it must be confessed, had past experience in fiction, from the days of De Foe to those of Smollet, prepared the age for a simple novel of English domestic life. Least of all for that picture, so purely and delicately shaded, of the Vicar, in his character of pastor, of parent, and of husband ; of his helpmate, with her motherly cunning and housewifery prudence, 'loving

and respecting him, but at the dictates of maternal vanity counterplotting his wisest schemes ;' of both, with their children around them, their quiet labour and domestic happiness : which Walter Scott declares to be without a parallel, in all his novel-reading, as a fireside picture of perfect beauty. It may be freely admitted that there are many grave faults, some improbabilities, some even palpable absurdities, in the construction of the story. Goldsmith knew this. "There are a hundred faults in this thing," he said in his brief advertisement to it; "and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless." (His meaning is, that to make beauties out of faults, be the proof ever so successful, does not mend the matter.) "A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity." He rested, with well-grounded faith, on the vital reality of his characters. It is wonderful with what nice variety the family likeness of each Primrose is preserved, and how little the defects of the story interfere with any of them. Cannot one see that there is a propriety, an eternal fitness, in even the historical family picture? Those rosy Flamborough girls, who do nothing but flaunt in red top-knots, hunt the slipper, burn nuts, play tricks, dance country-dances, and scream with laughter; who have not the least idea of high life or high-lived company, or such fashionable topics as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses; how should it be possible for them to have any other notion or desire than just to be painted in their red top-knots, each holding an orange? But Olivia Primrose! who, to her mother's knowledge, has a great deal to say upon every subject, and is very well skilled in controversy; who has read Thwackum and Square's disputes in "Tom Jones," the argument of man Friday and his master "Robinson Crusoe," and the dialogues in "Religious Courtship;" is it not somehow quite as much in character with the flighty vivacity of this ambitious little Livy, that she should wish to be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph richly laced with gold, a whip in her hand, and the young squire as Alexander the Great lying captive at her feet; as it certainly suits the more sober



simplicity and prudent good sense of her sister Sophy, to figure in the same composition as a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter can put in for nothing? Mrs Deborah Primrose, triumphing in her lamb's-wool and gooseberry-wine, and claiming to be represented as the mother of Love, with plenty of diamonds in her hair and stomacher, is at first a little startling: but it admits of an excellent introduction of honest old Dick and chubby little Bill by way of Cupids; and to what conceivable creature so much in need as Venus of conversion to monogamy, could the Vicar, "in his gown and band," have presented his books on the Whistonian Controversy? There remains only Moses to complete the masterpiece; and is not his "hat and white feather" typical of both his arguments and his bargains, his sale of Dobbin, the colt, and his purchase of the gross of green spectacles? The simple, credulous, generous, inoffensive family habits are common to all; but in each a separate identity is yet as broadly marked, as in the Amazon, the Venus, or the Shepherdess, of the immortal family picture.

Still, from all that touches and diverts us in these harmless vanities of the delightful group, we return to the primal source of what has given this glorious little story its unequalled popularity. It is not simply that a happy fireside is depicted there, but that it is one over which calamity and sorrow can only cast the most temporary shade. In his deepest distress, the Vicar has but to remember how much kinder Heaven is to us than we are to ourselves, and how few are the misfortunes of Nature's making, to recover his cheerful patience. There never was a book in which indulgence and charity made virtue look so lustrous. Nobody is straight-laced, if we except Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, whose pretensions are summed up in Burchell's noble monosyllable. "Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" "*Fudge.*" When worldly reverses visit the good Doctor Primrose, they are of less account than the equanimity they cannot deprive him of; than the belief in good, to which they only give wider scope; than the happiness which, even in its worldliest sense, they ultimately strengthen

by enlarged activity, and increased necessity for labour. It is only when struck through the sides of his children, that for an instant his faith gives way. Most lovely is the pathos of that scene ; so briefly and beautifully told. The little family at night are gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, laying schemes for the future, and listening to Moses's thoughtful opinion of matters and things in general, to the effect that all things, in his judgment, go on very well, and that he has just been thinking, when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, they'll get the loan of his cyder-press and brewing-tubs for nothing. The best gooseberry wine has been this night much in request. "Let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life," says the vicar, "and, Moses, give us a good song. But where is my darling Olivia?" Little Dick comes running in. "O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us, my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!" "Gone, child?" "Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her ; and she cried very much, and was for coming back ; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, '*Oh, what will my poor papa do, when he knows I am undone!*'" "Now then, my children, go and be miserable, for we shall never enjoy one hour more ;" and the old man, struck to the heart, cannot help cursing the seducer. But Moses is mindful of happier teaching, and with a loving simplicity rebukes his father. "You should be my mother's comforter, sir, and you increase her pain. You should not have cursed him, villain as he is." "I did not curse him, child, did I?" "Indeed, sir, you did ; you cursed him twice." "Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did." Charity resumes its place in his heart : with forgiveness, happiness half visits him again ; by kindly patience even Deborah's reproaches are subdued and stayed ; he takes back with most affecting tenderness his penitent child ; and the voices of all his children are heard once more in their simple concert on the honeysuckle bank. We feel that it is better than cursing ; and are even content that the rascally young squire should have time and hope for a sort of shabby repentance, and be allowed the intermediate

comfort (it seems, after all, one hardly knows why or wherefore, the most appropriate thing he can do) of "blowing the French horn." Mr Abraham Adams has infinite claims on respect and love, nor ever to be forgotten are his groans over Wilson's worldly narrative, his sermon on vanity, his manuscript *Æschylus*, his noble independence to Lady Booby, and his grand rebuke to Peter Pounce; but he is put to no such trial as this which has been illustrated here, and which sets before us with such blended grandeur, simplicity, and pathos, the Christian heroism of the loving father, and forgiving ambassador of God to man.

It was not an age of a particular earnestness, this Hume and Walpole age: but no one can be in earnest himself without in some degree infecting others. "I remember a passage in the '*Vicar of Wakefield*,'" said Johnson, a few years after its author's death, "which Goldsmith was afterwards fool enough to expunge: *I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.*" The words were little, since the feeling was retained; for the very basis of the little tale was a sincerity and zeal for many things. This indeed it was, which while all the world were admiring it for its mirth and sweetness, its bright and happy pictures, its simultaneous movement of the springs of laughter and tears, gave it a rarer value to a more select audience, and connected it with not the least memorable anecdote of modern literary history. It had been published little more than four years, when two Germans, whose names became afterwards world-famous, one a student at that time in his twentieth, the other a graduate in his twenty-fifth year, met in the city of Strasburg. The younger, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, a law scholar of the university with a passion for literature, sought knowledge from the elder, Johann Gottfried Herder, for the course on which he was moved to enter. Herder, a severe and masterly, though somewhat cynical critic, laughed at the likings of the young aspirant, and roused him to other aspirations. Producing a German translation of the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," he read it out aloud to Goethe in a manner which was peculiar to him; and as the incidents of the little story came forth in his serious simple voice, in one unmoved unaltering tone ("just as if nothing of it was present

before him, but all was only historical ; as if the shadows of this poetic creation did not affect him in a life-like manner, but only glided gently by,") a new ideal of letters and of life arose in the mind of his listener. Years passed on ; and while that younger student raised up and re-established the literature of his country, and came at last, in his prime and in his age, to be acknowledged for the wisest of modern men, he never ceased throughout to confess what he owed to those old evenings at Strasburg.

The strength which can conquer circumstance—the happy wisdom of irony which elevates itself above every object, above fortune and misfortune, good and evil, death and life, and attains to the possession of a poetical world—first visited Goethe in the tone with which Goldsmith's tale is told. The fiction became to him life's first reality ; in country clergymen of Drusenheim there started up Vicars of Wakefield ; for Olivias and Sophias of Alsace, first-love fluttered at his heart ; and at every stage of his illustrious after career its impressions still vividly recurred to him. He remembered it when at the height of his worldly honour and success, he made his written " Life " (*" Wahrheit und Dichtung "*) record what a blessing it had been to him ; he had not forgotten it when, standing, at the age of eighty-one, on the very brink of the grave, he told a friend that in the decisive moment of mental development the " Vicar of Wakefield " had formed his education, and that he had lately, with unabated delight, " read the charming book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection " how much he had been indebted to the author sixty years before.

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## 322—The Modern Dramatic Poets.—II.

MANFRED.

BYRON.

[*" MANFRED, "* obscure and mystical, is unfitted for the stage ; but there are passages in it of surpassing power and beauty. The following scene between Manfred and the Chamois-hunter is in the truest dramatic spirit.]



*C. Hun.* No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth ;  
Thy mind and body are alike unfit  
To trust each other, for some hours, at least ;  
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—  
But whither ?

*Man.* It imports not : I do know  
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

*C. Hun.* Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—  
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags  
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these  
May call thee lord ? I only know their portals ;  
My way of life leads me but rarely down  
To bask on the huge hearths of those old halls,  
Carousing with the vassals : but the paths,  
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,  
I know from childhood—which of these is thine ?

*Man.* No matter.

*C. Hun.* Well, sir, pardon me the question,  
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine ;  
'Tis of an ancient vintage ; many a day  
'T has thawed my veins among our glaciers, now  
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

*Man.* Away, away : there's blood upon the brim !  
Will it then never—never sink in the earth ?

*C. Hun.* What dost thou mean ? thy senses wander from  
thee.

*Man.* I say 'tis blood—my blood ! the pure warm stream  
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours  
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,  
And loved each other as we should not love,  
And this was shed : but still it rises up,  
Colouring the clouds that shut me out from heaven,  
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

*C. Hun.* Man of strange words, and some half-maddening  
sin  
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er

Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—  
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

*Man.* Patience and patience! Hence—that word was made  
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—  
I am not of thine order.

*C. Hun.* Thanks to Heaven!

I would not be of thine for the free fame  
Of William Tell; but, whatsoe'er thine ill,  
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

*Man.* Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

*C. Hun.* This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

*Man.* I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,  
Many long years, but they are nothing now  
To those which I must number: ages—ages—  
Space and eternity—and consciousness,  
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

*C. Hun.* Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age  
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

*Man.* Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?  
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable,  
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,  
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,  
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

*C. Hun.* Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him.

*Man.* I would I were—for then the things I see  
Would be but a distempered dream.

*C. Hun.* What is it  
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

*Man.* Myself and thee—a peasant of the Alps:  
The humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;  
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;

Thy days of health, and nights of sleep ; thy toils,  
By danger dignified, yet guiltless ; hopes  
Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave,  
With cross and garland over its green turf,  
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph ;  
This do I see—and then I look within—  
It matters not—my soul was scorched already !

*C. Hun.* And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine ?

*Man.* No, friend ! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange  
My lot with human being : I can bear—  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—  
In life what others could not brook to dream,  
But perish in their slumber.

*C. Hun.* And with this,  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil ?—say not so.  
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreaked revenge  
Upon his enemies ?

*Man.* Oh, no, no, no !  
My injuries came down on those who loved me—  
On those whom I best loved : I never quelled  
An enemy, save in my just defence—  
But my embrace was fatal.

*C. Hun.* Heaven give thee rest !  
And penitence restore thee to thyself ;  
My prayers shall be for thee.

*Man.* I need them not,  
But can endure thy pity. I depart—  
'Tis time—farewell !—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—  
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—  
I know my path—the mountain peril's past :  
And once again I charge thee, follow not !

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## FAZIO.

MILMAN.

[MR MILMAN'S "Fazio" had a singular fate. It was written while he was at Oxford, and was published soon after he had taken his first degree. One of the minor theatres seized upon it, and brought it out with success under the name of "The Italian Wife." The robbery was repeated at Covent Garden; and the managers had not even the decency to consult the author upon the matter, or to show him the slightest courtesy when it was crowned with the highest success in the performance of Miss O'Neill. These things are better regulated now. The story of Fazio is that of a poor man discovering and appropriating the treasure of one who is murdered. The possession of riches corrupts him; he leaves his wife, Bianca, for the caresses of a profligate woman; the wife, in the distraction of her wrongs, betrays to the Duke of Florence the appropriation of the hoarded gold; he is unjustly accused of the murder, and dies on the scaffold. The following scene exhibits Bianca's agony before she rushes to impeach her husband, in the sole idea that, being deprived of his fatal riches, he will be restored to her affections.]

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*Bianca.* Not all the night, not all the long, long night,  
Not come to me! not send to me! not think on me!  
Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost  
I wander up and down these long arcades.  
Oh, in our old poor narrow home, if haply  
He lingered late abroad, domestic things  
Close and familiar crowded all around me;  
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion  
Of the green lattice, the gray curtains' folds,  
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought,  
Yea, e'en his black and iron crucibles,  
Were to me as my friends. But here, oh, here,  
Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,  
All strange, all new in uncouth gorgeousness,  
Lofty and long, a wider space for misery—  
E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors  
Are unaccustomed, unfamiliar sounds.—  
Oh, I am here so wearily miserable,  
That I should welcome my apostate Fazio,  
Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.  
Her arms!—her viper coil—I had foresworn



That thought ; lest he should come, and find me mad,  
And so go back again, and I not know it.  
Oh that I were a child to play with toys,  
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball—  
On any pitiful poor subterfuge,  
A moment to distract my busy spirit  
From its dark dalliance with that cursed image !  
I have tried all : all vainly. Now, but now  
I went in to my children. The first sounds  
They murmured in their evil-dreaming sleep  
Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.  
I could not kiss them, my lips were so hot.  
The very household slaves are leagued against me,  
And do beset me with their wicked floutings,  
“ Comes my lord home to-night ? ”—and when I say,  
“ I know not,” their coarse pity makes my heartstrings  
Throb with the agony.—[*Enter* PIERO.]—Well, what of my  
lord ?

Nay, tell it with thy lips, not with thy visage.  
Thou raven, croak it out if it be evil :  
If it be good I'll fall and worship thee ;  
'Tis the office and the ministry of gods  
To speak good tidings to distracted spirits.

*Piero.* Last night my lord did feast——

*Bianca.*

Speak it at once——

Where ? where ?—I'll wring it from thy lips—Where ? where ?

*Piero.* Lady, at the Marchesa Aldabella's.

*Bianca.* Thou liest, false slave : 'twas at the Ducal Palace,  
'Twas at the arsenal with the officers,  
'Twas with the old rich senator—him—him—him—  
The man with a brief name : 'twas gaming, dicing,  
Riotously drinking.—Oh, it was not there ;  
'Twas anywhere but there—or, if it was,  
Why, like a sly and creeping adder, sting me  
With thy black tidings ?—Nay, nay : good my friend ;  
Here's money for those harsh intemperate words——

But he's not there : 'twas some one of the gallants,  
With dress and stature like my Fazio.

Thou wert mistaken :—no, no ! 'twas not Fazio.

*Piero.* It grieves me much : but, lady, 'tis my fear  
Thou 'lt find it but too true.

*Bianca.* Hence ! hence ! Avaunt,  
With thy cold courteous face ! Thou seest I'm wretched :  
Doth it content thee ? Gaze—gaze—gaze !—perchance  
Ye would behold the bare and bleeding heart,  
With all its throbs, its agonies.—O Fazio !  
O Fazio !

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### 323.—Hymn on the Seasons.

THOMSON.

[WE conclude this series of extracts, more especially fitted to awaken serious reflection, with a "Half-Hour" from one who was once,—and who, to a great extent, still is,—the most popular poet in our language. To be the most popular poet, it is not necessary that he should be the highest ; but still, there cannot be an enduring popularity without merit of the highest order. Truly, and in the spirit of a generous criticism, does Professor Wilson say, (and he, in his mature wisdom, is always generous,)—"Thomson, a great poet, poured his genius over a subject of universal interest ; and the 'Seasons,' from that hour to this,—then, now, and for ever,—have been, are, and will be, loved and admired by all the world."]

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These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles,  
And every sense and every heart is joy.  
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :  
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales,  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.

In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,  
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing  
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,  
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;  
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade ;  
And all so forming a harmonious whole,  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth,  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join ; and ardent raise  
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.  
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,  
Where o'er the rock the scarcely-waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven  
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the human maze  
Along the vale ; and thou majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids you roaring fall.  
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to Him ;

Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! blest image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world.  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,  
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands, all awake ; a boundless song  
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds ; sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove,  
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—  
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam



Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me ;  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full ;  
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go  
 Where universal love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,  
 From seeming evil still educing good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable !  
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise !

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### 324.—The Modern Dramatic Poets.—III.

#### THE HUNCHBACK.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[MR KNOWLES was the most prolific dramatic poet of our day ; and, with reference to stage success, the most popular. It is not that he possessed higher poetical capacity—nicer discrimination of character—deeper insight into human nature—than his contemporaries ; but that his plays will act, and that he constructed them to be acted. Mr Knowles was an accomplished actor himself, and he thoroughly understood the requirements of the stage. Let it not be thought, as too many poets have thought, that this knowledge is beneath a great artist. It is the very perfection of Art that its creation should be absolutely and entirely adapted to their use and purpose. Shakspeare, and the great Elizabethan dramatists, did not write plays to be read ; and that is one of the secrets that they actually read better than what are called closet-dramas. They are full of warmth and vitality, instead of being cold and *statuesque*. Mr Knowles had well studied the old masters of his art, and had caught their ease and naturalness, if not their loftier inspirations. Government granted him a pension, to their own honour ; and an amateur company of gentlemen, whose eminence in literature and art have rendered their performances unusually attractive, added largely to a fund for securing an annuity for Mr Knowles. He died in 1862. The following scene is from "The Hunchback."] ]

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*Tinsel.* Believe me. You shall profit by my training ;  
 You grow a lord apace. I saw you meet

A bevy of your former friends, who fain  
 Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers !  
 You're now another man. Your house is changed,—  
 Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—  
 Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood ;—  
 Befits it then you also change your friends !

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* A gentleman would see your lordship.

*Tin.* Sir !

What's that ?

*Will.* A gentleman would see his lordship.

*Tin.* How know you, sir, his lordship is at home ?

Is he at home because he goes not out ?

He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,

Unless he certify that he's at home !

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

[*WILLIAMS goes out.*]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,

Who never taught him better breeding than

To speak the vulgar truth ! Well, sir ?

*WILLIAMS having re-entered.*

*Will.* His name,

So please your lordship, Markham.

*Tin.*

Do you know

The thing ?

*Rochdale.*

Right well ! I' faith a hearty fellow,

Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do

Great things with little means ; so entered him

In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,

Nought smacking of his stock !

*Tin.*

You've said enough !

His lordship's not at home. [*WILLIAMS goes out.*] We do  
 not go

By hearts, but orders ! Had he family—

Blood—though it only were a drop—his heart

Would pass for something ; lacking such desert,  
Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis nought !

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* One Master Jones hath asked to see your lordship.

*Tin.* And what was your reply to Master Jones ?

*Will.* I knew not if his lordship was at home.

*Tin.* You'll do. Who's Master Jones ?

*Roch.* A curate's son.

*Tin.* A curate's. Better be a yeoman's son !  
Was it the rector's son, he might be known,  
Because the rector is a rising man,  
And may become a bishop. He goes light.  
The curate ever hath a loaded back,  
He may be called the yeoman of the Church ;  
That sweating does his work, and drudges on,  
While lives the hopeful rector at his ease.  
How made you his acquaintance, pray ?

*Roch.* We read  
Latin and Greek together.

*Tin.* Dropping them—  
As, now that you're a lord, of course you've done—  
Drop him.—You'll say his lordship's not at home.

*Will.* So please your lordship, I forgot to say,  
One Richard Cricket likewise is below.

*Tin.* Who ? Richard Cricket ! You must see him Rochdale !  
A noble little fellow ! A great man, sir !  
Not knowing whom, you would be nobody !  
I won five thousand pounds by him !

*Roch.* Who is he ?  
I never heard of him.

*Tin.* What ! never heard  
Of Richard Cricket ! never heard of him !  
Why, he's the jockey of Newmarket ; you  
May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.  
I bade him call upon you. You must see him.  
His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

*Roch.* Bid him wait in the ante-room.

[WILLIAMS goes out.]

*Tin.* The ante-room !

The best room in your house ! You do not know  
The use of Richard Cricket ! Show him, sir,  
Into the drawing-room. Your lordship needs  
Must keep a racing-stud, and you'll do well  
To make a friend of Richard Cricket. Well, sir,  
What's that ?

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* So please your lordship, a petition.

*Tin.* Hadst not a service 'mongst the Hottentots  
Ere thou camest hither, friend ? Present thy lord  
With a petition ! At mechanics' doors,  
At tradesmen's, shopkeepers', and merchants' only  
Have such things leave to knock ! Make thy lord's gate  
A wicket to a workhouse ! Let us see it—  
Subscriptions to a book of poetry !

Cornelius Tense, A.M.,

Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works  
Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,  
And is a conjuror in philosophy,  
Both natural and moral.—Pshaw ! a man  
Whom nobody, that is, anybody, knows.  
Who, think you, follows him ? Why, an M.D.,  
An F.R.S., an F.A.S., and then  
A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,  
Ushering in an LL.D., which means  
Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,  
The difference of their trades ! There's nothing here  
But languages, and sciences, and arts,  
Not an iota of nobility !  
We cannot give our names. Take back the paper,  
And tell the bearer there is no answer for him :—  
That is the lordly way of saying "No."



## RICHELIEU.

BULWER LYTTON.

[THE following scene is from "Richelieu," a spirited play, successfully produced on the stage, although not of such enduring popularity as the author's most attractive "Lady of Lyons." We give the passages, omitting certain lines which are indicated by the author as omitted in the representation.]

*Rich. (Ringing a small bell on the table.)* Huguet!

*Enter HUGUET.*

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmured?

*Huguet.* No; proud and passive.

*Rich.* Bid him enter.—Hold;

Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair

Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has entered,

Glide round unseen;—place thyself yonder, (*pointing to the screen;*)  
watch him;

If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine;

So, a good weapon;—if he play the lion,

Why—the dog's death.

*Huguet.* I never miss my mark.

[*Exit HUGUET; RICHELIEU seats himself at the table, and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter DE MAUPRAT, preceded by HUGUET, who then retires behind the screen.*

*Rich.* Approach, sir.—Can you call to mind the hour,  
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,  
Your presence honoured me?

*De Mau.* It is, my lord,  
One of my most——

*Rich. (Dryly.)* Delightful recollections.

*De Mau. (Aside.)* St Denis! Doth he make a jest of axe  
And headsman?

*Rich. (Sternly.)* I did then accord you  
A mercy ill requited—you still live.

Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed

The time allotted thee for serious thought  
And solemn penitence ?

*De Mau. (Embarrassed.)* The time, my lord ?

*Rich.* Is not the question plain ? I'll answer for thee.  
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine ; no sackcloth chafed  
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's head  
Have not, with pious meditation, purged  
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done,  
Brief told ; what done, a volume ! Wild debauch,  
Turbulent riot :—for the morn the dice box—  
Noon claimed the duel—and the night the wassail,  
These your most holy, pure preparatives  
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, sir ?

*De Mau.* I was not always thus :—if changed my nature,  
Blame that which changed my fate.—Alas, my lord,  
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—  
By bed and board, dogged by one ghastly spectre—  
The while within you youth beat high, and life  
Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death—  
The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds  
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither  
In the same hour.—Were this your fate, perchance  
You would have erred like me !

*Rich.* I might, like you,  
Have been a brawler and a reveller ; not,  
Like you, a trickster and a thief.

*De Mau. (Advancing threateningly.)* Lord Cardinal !  
Unsay those words ;—

[HUGUET deliberately raises the carbine.

*Rich. (Waving his hand.)* Not quite so quick, friend Huguet ;  
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,  
And he can wait !——

You have outrun your fortune ;—  
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—  
Each to his taste !—But I do charge you, sir,  
That being beggared, you would coin false moneys

Out of that crucible, called DEBT.—To live  
 On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,  
 Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets ;—all  
 Not *yours*—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for ;—  
*This* is to be a trickster ; and to filch  
 Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,  
 Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—" Friend,  
 You're troublesome !"—Why this, forgive me,  
 Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—  
 Plain folks call "*Theft* !"—You owe eight thousand pistoles,  
 Minus one crown, two liards !——

*De Mau. (Aside.)* The old conjuror !—  
 'Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups  
 I drank at dinner !——

*Rich.* This is scandalous,  
 Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, sir,  
 That you must pay your debts——

*De Mau.* With all my heart,  
 My Lord.—Where shall I borrow then the money ?

*Rich. (Aside and laughing.)* A humorous dare-devil !—The very  
 man  
 To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold !

[*Rising and earnestly.*

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel ;—  
 I am not ; I am just !—I found France rent asunder,  
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti ;—  
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;  
 Brawls festering to rebellion ; and weak laws  
 Rotting away with rest in antique sheaths.—  
 I have recreated France : and from ashes  
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,  
 Civilisation on her luminous wings  
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove !—What was my art ?  
 Genius, some say,—some, Fortune—Witchcraft, some.  
 Not so :—my art was Justice !—Force and Fraud  
 Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them,

My champion You !—You meet me as your foe,  
 Depart my friend.—You shall not die.—France needs you.  
 You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honoured,  
 Be great.—

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### 325.—Art and Nature.



BYRON.

[THE poets, in general, are amongst the best of the prose writers. In these volumes we have given many examples of the prose of poets. We add one of Byron. Before the close of this work we shall give one specimen of Byron's poetry, in addition to the dramatic specimen of "Manfred." The following extract is from his controversial pamphlet on the merits of Pope—a controversy in which some nonsense was said on both sides, but which had the merit of being less dull than most disputes, literary or political.]

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Mr Bowles asserts that Campbell's "Ship of the Line"\* derives all its poetry, not from "*art*," but from "*nature*." "Take away

\* "Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the example of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand specta-



the waves, the winds, the sun, &c., &c., *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting ; and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles." Very true ; take away "the waves," the winds," and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical but for any other purpose ; and take away "the sun," and we must read Mr Bowles's pamphlet by candlelight. But the "poetry" of the "ship" does *not* depend on "the waves" &c. ; on the contrary, the "Ship of the Line" confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny, that the "waves and winds," and above all "the sun," are highly poetical ; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse : but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical ? I think not : the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away "the Ship of the Line" "swinging round" the "calm water," and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly, if not transparently *clear* : witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch ? They might have seen the poetical "calm water" at Wapping, or in the "London Dock," or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pigsty, or the garret window ; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming-pan ; but could the "calm water," or the "wind," or the "sun," make all or any of these

tors. They seem yet before me.—I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final bursts of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwarks sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind ; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."—CAMPBELL'S "Specimens of British Poets," vol. i. p. 265.

poetical?" I think not. Mr Bowles admits "the ship" to be poetical, but only from those accessories: now if they *confer* poetry, so as to make one thing poetical, they would make the other things poetical; the more so, as Mr Bowles calls a "ship of the line" without them,—that is to say, its "masts and sails and streamers"—"blue bunting," and "coarse canvas," and "tall poles." So it is; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poesy.

Did Mr Bowles ever gaze upon the sea! I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the "Shipwreck," is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much*, undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on shipboard; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the ocean; besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr Hobhouse, and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associ-

ations of the time. But what seemed the most "*poetical*" of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to "cut and run" before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails, (the Levant sails not being of "*coarse canvas*," but of white cotton,) skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the seamews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers (she was built in India) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "*poetical*" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds could possibly have been without them.

The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours; and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "*poetical*" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more; for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the "*poetry*" of the situation as I repeated the first lines of *Medea*; but would not that "*poetry*" have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr Bowles says, "Why bring your ship off the stocks?" for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, &c., undoubtedly HEIGHTENS the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship—the ship less so without the water. But even a ship laid up in a dock is a grand and a poeti-

cal sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon a barren sand, is a "poetical" object, (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I,) whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

What makes the poetry in the image of the "*marble waste of Tadmor*," or Granger's "Ode to Solitude," so much admired by Johnson? Is it the "*marble*" or the "*waste*," the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The "*waste*" is like all other *wastes*; but the "*marble*" of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

The beautiful but barren Hymettus,—the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c., &c.—are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the "nature" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "art" of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical,—the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's *ship* was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessels, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in



the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens to instruct the English in sculpture ; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon ; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of "the association with boundless deserts," and that a "pyramid of the same dimensions" would not be sublime in "Lincoln's-Inn-Fields : " not *so* poetical certainly ; but take away the "pyramids," and what is the "*desert* ? " Take away Stonehenge from Salisbury Plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other unenclosed down. It appears to me that St Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the Dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova, (I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England,) are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc, or Mont *Ætna*, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *presuppose* poetry in their very conception ; and have, moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the system of Spinoza, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice ; does this depend upon the sea, or the canals ?—

"The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose ?"

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the Bridge of Sighs, which connects them, that renders it poetical? Is it the Canal Grande, or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over, the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr Bowles will say, perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches are only stone, and the gondolas a "coarse" black cloth, thrown over some planks of

carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically-formed iron at the prow, "*without*" the water. And I tell him that, without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch; and whoever says the contrary deserves to be at the bottom of that where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs. There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think so: take away Rome, and leave the Tiber and the seven hills in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr Bowles, or Mr Wordsworth, or Mr Southey, or any of the other "naturals," make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical,—their production, or the commonest guide-book which tells you the road from St Peter's to the Coliseum, and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground interests in Virgil, because it *will* be *Rome*, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr Campbell's, that "Homer was a great describer of works of art." Mr Bowles contends, that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connexion with nature. The "shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it." And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armour, and the very brazen greaves of the well-booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gully and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers, than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots,

and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breastplates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unencumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms; an equal superfluity to the natural warrior and his natural poet? Is there anything unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow*, (having forgotten his thong,) or would Mr Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's "Elegy," is there an image more striking than his "shapeless sculpture?" Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This, at least, is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty, for the head of Lady Claremont (when I first saw her nine years ago) seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen anything in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this "babble of green fields" and of bare nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape-painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her natural aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Everywhere he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature; it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance,

&c., as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten nature into heroic beauty, *i.e.*, in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait-painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art; with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, exactly, simply, barely nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet—the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from *art*. You say that a “fountain is as clear or clearer than *glass*,” to express its beauty:—

“O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro!”

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his *mantle*:

“You all do know this *mantle*,” &c.

“Look! in this place ran Cassius’ *dagger* through.”

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fist* through the



rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr Bowles's "nature" to help it; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, "Who is this that cometh from Edom? with *dyed garments* from Bozrah?" Would "the comer" be poetical without his "*dyed garments*?" which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the "*wheels of his chariot*." Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to "a tower," which to us appears an Eastern exaggeration. If he had said that her stature was like that of a "tower's," it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

"The virtuous Marcia *towers* above her sex,"

is an instance of an artificial image to express a *moral* superiority. But Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a "tower" on account of its length, but of its symmetry; and making allowance for Eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the *art* and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the "idiot in his glory."

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landsmen; and, to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail of the line to conduct them is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the "mast of some great ammiral," with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the Alpine tarnen; and think that *more* poetry *has been* made out of it. In what does the infinite supe-

riority of Falconer's "Shipwreck" over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet *art* will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and "such branches of learning."

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### 326.—Sonnets.

SPENSER.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,  
For that yourself ye daily such do see :  
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,  
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me :  
For all the rest, however fair it be,  
Shall turn to nought, and loose that glorious hue ;  
But only that is permanent and free  
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.  
That is true beauty : that doth argue you  
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed ;  
Derived from that fair spirit, from whom all true  
And perfect beauty did at first proceed :  
He only fair, and what he fair hath made ;  
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

---

DRUMMOND.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,  
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,  
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress'd.

Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things  
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd,  
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings  
Thou sparest (alas !) who cannot be thy guest.  
Since I am thine, oh, come, but with that face  
To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe,  
Or if, dear God, thou do deny that grace,  
Come as Thou wilt, and what Thou wilt bequeath,  
I long to kiss the image of my death.

---

## DANIEL.

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,  
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour ;  
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose  
That full of beauty, time bestows upon her.  
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,  
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline ;  
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair,  
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine !  
No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,  
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now ;  
Swift speedy Time feather'd with flying hours,  
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.  
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,  
But love now whilst thou mayst be loved again.

---

## DRAYTON.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,  
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so clearly I myself can free,

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And, when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain ;  
Now at the last grasp of Love's latest breath,  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

---

## MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He returning chide ;  
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?  
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or His own gifts ; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state  
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

---

## WORDSWORTH.

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flow'd, "with pomp of waters unwithstood,"



Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

---

## BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for his lovely frame,—  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,—  
Hesperus, with the host of Heaven, came,  
And, low ! creation widen'd in Man's view,  
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd  
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

---

## MILTON.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old  
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,

Forget not : in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,  
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant : that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who having learned thy way  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,  
Purification in the old law did save ;  
And such as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But, oh ; as to embrace me she inclined  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

---

WORDSWORTH.

Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frown'd,  
Mindless of its just honours ;—with this Key  
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart ; the melody  
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,  
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound ;  
Camoens' soothed with it an Exile's grief ;

The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle Leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd  
His visionary brow : a glow-worm Lamp,  
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !  
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night ;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power !  
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lour,  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest  
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
Look'd ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen  
The self-same Vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power ! brought forth ;  
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between ;  
The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

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LOWELL.

[James Russell Lowell, a poet of Boston, U. S., whose verse has a world-wide reputation.]

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast pass'd  
To show us what a woman true may be :  
They have not taken sympathy from thee,  
Nor made thee any other than thou wast ;  
Save as some tree, which, in a sudden blast,  
Sheddeth those blossoms that are weakly grown,  
Upon the air, but keepeth every one  
Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last :

So thou hast shed some blossoms of gaiety,  
 But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;  
 Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity  
 Robb'd thee of any faith in happiness,  
 But rather clear'd thine inner eyes to see  
 How many simple ways there are to bless.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man ;  
 Great souls are portions of eternity ;  
 Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran  
 With lofty message, ran for thee and me ;  
 For God's law, since the starry song began,  
 Hath been, and still for evermore must be.  
 That every deed which shall outlast Time's span  
 Must goad the soul to be erect and free ;  
 Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung,—  
 Too many noble souls have thought and died,  
 Too many mighty poets lived and sung,  
 And our good Saxon, from lips purified  
 With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung  
 Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

### 327.—The Haunch of Venison.

GOLDSMITH.

[A POETICAL EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO LORD CLARE.]

THANKS, my lord, for your venison ! for finer or fatter  
 Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.  
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,  
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;  
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,  
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :  
 I had thoughts in my chambers to place it in view  
 To show to my friends as a piece of *virtù* :  
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,  
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :



But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,  
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.  
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce  
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?  
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try  
By a bounce now and then to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce; I protest in my turn,  
It's a truth, and your lordship may ask Mr Burn.  
To go on with my tale :—as I gazed on the haunch,  
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;  
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,  
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.  
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose,  
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's.  
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,  
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.  
There's H——d, and C——y, and H——rth, and  
H——ff,

I think they love venison— I *know* they love beef.  
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone  
For making a blunder or picking a bone:  
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,  
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;  
Such dainties to send them their health it might hurt,  
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.  
While thus I debated in reverie centred,  
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd,  
An under-bred fine-spoken fellow was he,  
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me:  
“What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!  
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”  
“Why, whose should it be?” cried I with a flounce,  
“I get these things often:” (but that was a bounce :)  
“Some lords my acquaintance, that settle the nation,  
Are pleased to be kind,—but I hate ostentation.”

“If that be the case then,” cried he, very gay,  
“I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.  
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;  
No words—I insist on ’t—precisely at three ;  
We’ll have Johnson and Burke ; all the wits will be there ;  
My acquaintance is slight or I’d ask my Lord Clare.  
And now that I think on ’t, as I am a sinner,  
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner !  
What say you—a pasty ; it shall, and it must.  
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.  
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile End ;  
No stirring, I beg, *my dear friend, my dear friend.*”  
Then snatching his hat, he brush’d off like the wind,  
And the porter and eatables follow’d behind:

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,  
And “nobody with me at sea but myself,”  
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,  
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,  
Were things that I never disliked in my life,  
Though clogg’d with a coxcomb and Kitty his wife.  
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,  
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,  
(A chair-lumber’d closet, just twelve feet by nine,)  
My friend made me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,  
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;  
“For I knew it,” he cried, “both eternally fail,  
The one with his speeches and t’ other with Thrale ;  
But no matter. I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party  
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.  
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,  
They’re both of them merry, and authors like you.  
The one writes the ‘Snarler,’ the other the ‘Scourge ;’  
Some thinks he writes ‘Cinna,’—he owns to ‘Panurge.’”

While thus he described them by trade and by name,  
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,  
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen ;  
At the side there was spinage and pudding made hot ;  
In the middle a place where the pasty—*was not*.  
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,  
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;  
So that I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,  
While the bacon and liver went merrily round :  
But what vexed me most, was that d—n'd Scottish rogue,  
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue.  
And "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,  
A prettier bit I never set eyes on :  
Pray a slice of your liver ; though, may I be curst,  
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."

"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,  
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week ;  
I like these here dinners so pretty and small :  
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."

"Oh, oh !" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,  
"He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :  
There's a pasty"—"A pasty !" repeated the Jew ;  
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."  
"What the deil, mon, a pasty !" re-echo'd the Scot ;  
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for thot."  
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out ;  
"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.  
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,  
With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid :  
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,  
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.  
But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her?—  
That she came with some terrible news from the baker ;

And so it turn'd out ; for that negligent sloven  
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.  
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—  
 And now that I think on 't, the story may stop.  
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,  
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;  
 You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—  
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;  
 At least, it's your temper, as very well known,  
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :  
 So, perhaps in your habits of thinking amiss,  
 You may make a mistake and think slightly of this.

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### 328.—A Gossip at Reculvers.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[DOUGLAS JERROLD is a name still familiar in every mouth. A book has been dedicated to him as to "the first wit of the present age." Those who have seen him in private life will feel that this is not mere friendly exaggeration. Those who know him through the veil of anonymous writing understand that a good deal of the long-continued success of a periodical work, at which all could laugh and few were offended, may be ascribed to his inexhaustible possession of that "infinite jest," of those "flashes of merriment" which "set the table in a roar." Such fame is perhaps evanescent. It has its immediate success in light dramas and political *jeux d'esprit*. But there is a higher fame to which, even in his highest moods, Mr Jerrold had not been insensible—that of an earnest vindicator of the claims of the wretched to forbearance and sympathy. We may think, as abstract reasoners, that in these matters he sometimes went too far ; but, when we consider that the tendencies of a great commercial country are in a high degree selfish, we are constrained to acknowledge that it is the duty and privilege of genius to throw its weight into the opposite scale, and make an earnest fight for the maintenance of that real brotherhood which must be upheld in every condition of society which aspires to peace and security. This has been the great function of the poetical mind in all ages. Mr Jerrold's real talent was of the dramatic, rather than the narrative kind. His "Candle Lectures" were admirable examples of the skill with which character can be preserved in every possible variety of circumstances. The extract which we give—from a Series of Essays appended to a remarkable little volume, "The Chronicles of Clovernook," (which exhibits,



perhaps more than any other of his works, his peculiar modes of thought,)—is no fair sample of his powers ; but it is adapted to our pages, and at least cannot clash with any opinions. He died in 1857.]

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The spirit of the Saxon seems still to linger along the shores of Kent. There is the air of antiquity about them ; a something breathing of the olden day—an influence surviving all the changes of time, all the vicissitudes of political and social life. The genius of the Heptarchy comes closer upon us from the realms of shadows : the Wittenagemote is not a convocation of ghosts—not a venerable House of Mists ; but a living, talking, voting Parliament. We feel a something old, strong, stubborn, hearty ; a something for the intense meaning of which we have no other word than “English,” rising about us from every rood of Kent. And wherefore this ? England was not made piecemeal. Her foundations in the deep—could a sea of molten gold purchase the worth of her surrounding ocean?—are of the same age. The same sun has risen and set upon the whole island. Wherefore, then, is Kent predominant in the mind for qualities which the mind denies to other counties ? Because it is still invested with the poetry of action. Because we feel that Kent was the cradle of the marrow and bone of England ; because we still see, ay, as palpably as we behold yonder trail of ebon smoke,—the broad black pennant of that mighty admiral, Steam,—the sails of Cæsar threatening Kent, and Kent barbarians clustering on the shore, defying him. It is thus that the spirit of past deeds survives immortally, and works upon the future : it is thus we are indissolubly linked to the memories of the bygone day by the still active soul that once informed it.

How rich in thought—how fertile in fancies that quicken the brain and dally with the heart, is every foot-pace of the soil ! Reader, be with us for a brief time, at this beautiful village of Herne. The sky is sullen ; and summer, like a fine yet froward wench, smiles now and then, now frowns the blacker, for the passing brightness ; nevertheless, summer in her worst mood cannot spoil the beautiful features of this demure, this antique village. It seems a very nest—warm and snug, and green—for human

life : with the twilight haze of time about it, almost consecrating it from the aching hopes and feverish expectations of the present. Who would think that the bray and roar of multitudinous London sounded but some sixty miles away ? The church stands peacefully, reverently : like some old, visionary monk, his feet on earth, his thoughts with God. And the graves are all about ; and things of peace and gentleness, like folded sheep, are gathered round it.

There is a stile which man might make the throne of solemn thought—his pregnant matter the peasant bones that lie beneath. And on the other side a park, teeming with beauty ; with sward green as emeralds, and soft as a mole's back ; and trees, with centuries circulating in their gnarled massiveness.

But we must quit the churchyard, and, turning to the right, we will stroll towards Reculvers. How rich the swelling meadows ! How their green breasts heave with conceived fertility ! And on this side corn-fields ; the grain-stalk thick as a reed ; the crop level and compact as a green bank. And here, too, is a field of canary-seed ; of seed grown for London birds in London cages. The farmer shoots the sparrow—the little rustic scoundrel—that, with felonious bill, would carry away one grain sown for, made sacred to, Portman Square canary ! We might, perhaps, find a higher parallel to this, did we look with curious eyes about us. Nevertheless, bumpkin sparrow has his world of air to range in ; his free loves ; and for his nest his ivied wall or hawthorn bush. These, to say the worst, are a happy set-off even against a gilt-wired cage ; sand like diamond dust ; unfailing seed, and sugar from even the sweeter lips of lady mistress. Powder and small shot may come upon the sparrow like apoplexy upon an alderman, with the unbolted morsel in its gullet ; yet, consider—hath the canary no danger to encounter ? Doth not prosperity keep a cat ?

Well, this idle gossip has brought us within a short distance of Reculvers. Here—so goes the hoary legend—Augustine impressed the first Christian foot upon the English shore, sent hither by good Pope Gregory ; no less good that, if the same legend be

true, he had a subtle sense of a joke. Christianity, unless historians say what is not, owes somewhat of its introduction into heathen England to a pun. The story is so old, that there is not a schoolmaster's dog throughout merry Britain that could not bark it. Nevertheless, we will indicate our moral courage by repeating it. Our ink turns red with blushes at the thought—no matter—for once we will write in our blushes.

Pope Gregory, seeing some white-haired, pink-cheeked boys for sale in the Roman slave-market asked who they were. *Sunt Angli*—they are English, was the response. *Non sunt Angli—sed Angeli*; they are not English, but angels, was the Papal playfulness. His holiness then inquired, from what part of England. *Deirii*, they are Deirians, was the answer. Whereupon the Pope, following up his vein of pleasantry, said, *Non Deirii, sed De irâ*,—not Deirians, but from the anger of the Lord: snatched, as his holiness indicated, from the vengeance that must always light upon heathenism.

This gray-haired story, like the gray hairs of Nestor, is pregnant with practical wisdom. Let us imagine Pope Gregory to have been a dull man; even for a Pope a dull man. Let us allow that his mind had not been sufficiently comprehensive to take within its circle the scattered lights of intelligence which, brought into a focus, make a joke. Suppose, in a word, that the Pope had no ear for a pun. Saint Augustine might still have watched the bubbles upon the Tiber, and never have been sea-sick on his English voyage.

What does this prove? What does this incident preach with a thunder-tongue? Why, the necessity, the vital necessity, of advancing no man to any sort of dignity who is not all alive as an eel to a joke. We are convinced of it. The world will never be properly ruled until jests entirely supersede the authority of Acts of Parliament. As it is, the Acts are too frequently the jests, without the fun.

We are now close to Reculvers. There, reader, there—where you see that wave leaping up to kiss that big white stone—that is the very spot where Saint Augustine put down the sole of his

Catholic foot. If it be not, we have been misinformed, and cheated of our money; we can say no more.

Never mind the spot. Is there not a glory lighting up the whole beach? Is not every wave of silver—every little stone a shining crystal? Doth not the air vibrate with harmonies, strangely winding into the heart, and awakening the brain? Are we not under the spell of the imagination, which makes the present vulgarity melt away like morning mists, and shows to us the full uplighted glory of the past?

There was a landing on the Sussex coast; a landing of a Duke of Normandy, and a horde of armed cut-throats. Looking at them even through the distance of some eight hundred years, what are they but as a gang of burglars? A band of pick-purses—blood-shedders—robbers.

What was this landing of a host of men, in the full trump and blazonry of war,—what all their ships, their minstrelsy, and armed power,—to the advent of Augustine and his fellow-monks—brought hither by the forlornness of the soul of man? It is this thought that makes this bit of pebbled beach a sacred spot; it is this spirit of meditation that hears in every little wave a sweet and solemn music.

And there, where the ocean tumbles, was in the olden day a goodly town, sapped, swallowed by the wearing and voracious sea. At lowest tides, the people still discover odd, quaint, household relics, which, despite the homely breeding of the finders, must carry away their thoughts into the mist of time, and make them feel antiquity. The very children of the village are hucksters of the spoils of dead centuries. They grow up with some small trading knowledge of fossils, and are deep, very deep in all sorts of petrifications. They must have strange early sympathies towards that mysterious town, with all its trades-folk and market-folk sunk below the sea; a place of which they have a constant inkling in the petty spoils lashed upward by the tempest. Indeed it is difficult for the mind to conceive the annihilation of a whole town, ingulfed in the ocean. The tricky fancy will assert itself; and looking over the shining water, with summer basking



on it, we are apt to dream that the said market-town has only suffered a "sea-change;" and that, fathoms deep, the town still stands—that busy life goes on—that people of an odd, sea-green aspect, it may be, still carry on the work of mortal breathing: make love, beget little ones, and die. But this indeed is the dream of idleness. Yet who, if he could change his mind at will, would make his mind incapable of such poor fantasies? How much of the coarse web of existence owes its beauty to the idlest dreams with which we colour it!

The village of Reculvers is a choice work of antiquity. The spirit of King Ethelbert tarries there still, and lives enshrined in the sign of a public-house. It would be well for all kings, could their spirit survive with such genial associations. There are some dead royalties too profitless even for a public sign. Who, now, with any other choice would empty a tankard under the auspices of Bloody Mary, as that anointed "feminitie" is called? or take a chop even at Nero's Head? No: inn-keepers know the subtle prejudices of man, nor violate the sympathies of life with their sign-posts.

Here, on the sanded floor of King Ethelbert's hostelry, do village antiquaries often congregate. Here, at times, are stories told—stories not all unworthy of the type of Antiquarian *Transactions*—of *fibulæ*, talked of as "buckles," and other tangible bits of Roman history. Here, we have heard, how a certain woman—living at this blessed hour, and the mother of a family—went out at very low tide, and found a branch of a filbert-tree with clustering filberts on it, all stone, at least a thousand years old—and more. Here, too, have we heard of a wonderful horse-shoe, picked up by Joe Squellins; a shoe, as the finder averred, as old as the world. Poor Joe! What was his reward?—it may be, a pint of ale for that inestimable bit of iron! And yet was he a working antiquary. Joe Squellins had within him the unchristened elements of F.A.S.!

The sea has spared something of the old churchyard; although it has torn open the sad sanctity of the grave, and reveals to the

day, corpse upon corpse—layers of the dead, thickly, closely packed, body upon body. A lateral view of rows of skeletons, entombed in Christian earth centuries since, for a moment staggers the mind, with this inward peep of the grave. We at once see the close dark prison of the churchyard, and our breath comes heavily, and we shudder. It is only for a moment. There is a lark singing, over our head,—a mile upwards in the blue heaven,—singing like a freed soul; we look again, and smile serenely at the bones of what was man.

Many of our gentle countrymen—fellow metropolitans—who once a year wriggle out their souls from the slit of their tills to give the immortal essence sea air, make a pilgrimage to Reculvers. This Golgotha, we have noted it, has to them especial attractions. Many are the mortal relics borne away to decorate a London chimney-piece. Many a skeleton gives up its rib, its *ulna*, two or three odd *vertebræ*, or some such gimcrack, to the London visitor, for a London ornament. Present the same man with a bone from a London hospital, and he would hold the act abominable, irreligiously presumptuous. But time has “silvered o’er” the bone from Reculvers; has cleansed it from the taint of mortality; has merged the loathsomeness in the curiosity; for Time turns even the worst of horrors into the broadest of jests. We have now Guy Fawkes, about to blow Lords and Commons into eternity—and now Guy Fawkes, masked for a pantomime.

One day, wandering near this open graveyard, we met a boy, carrying away, with exulting looks, a skull in very perfect preservation. He was a London boy, and looked rich indeed with his treasure.

“What have you there?” we asked.

“A man’s head—a skull,” was the answer.

“And what can you possibly do with a skull?”

“Take it to London.”

“And, when you have it in London, what then will you do with it?”

“I know.”

“No doubt. But what will you do with it?”

And to this thrice-repeated question, the boy three times answered, "I know."

"Come, here's sixpence. Now, what will you do with it?"

The boy took the coin—grinned—hugged himself, hugging the skull the closer, and said very briskly—"Make a money-box of it!"

A strange thought for a child. And yet, mused we as we strolled along, how many of us, with nature beneficent and smiling on all sides,—how many of us think of nothing so much as hoarding sixpences—yea, hoarding them even in the very jaws of desolate Death!

### 329.—Education.

[FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD.]

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,  
Each eager to present the first address.  
Dame scorning dame beholds the next advance,  
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.  
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand  
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;  
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,  
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.  
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs,  
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.  
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race  
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:  
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,  
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,  
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.  
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,  
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.  
Placed at the door of Learning, youth to guide,  
We never suffer it to stand too wide.  
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,  
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,  
We ply the memory, we load the brain,  
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain;  
Confine the thought to exercise the breath,  
And keep them in the pale of words till death.

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,  
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :  
 A poet the first day, he dips his quill ;  
 And what the last ?—a very poet still.  
 Pity the charm works only on our wall,  
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.  
 There truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er,  
 There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more !  
 How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast !  
 How many Martials were in Pulteney lost !  
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,  
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,  
 Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can ;  
 And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

Oh (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign !  
 Some gentle James, to bless the land again ;  
 To stick the Doctor's chair into the throne,  
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,  
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,  
 And turn the council to a grammar school !  
 For sure, if dulness sees a grateful day,  
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.  
 Oh ! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,  
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king ;  
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,  
 Which, as it dies or lives, we fall or reign :  
 May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long,  
 "The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll  
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal :  
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,  
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.  
 Nor wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,  
 (Though Christ Church long kept prudishly away,)  
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,  
 Each fierce Logician still expelling Locke,  
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick  
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.  
 As many quit the streams that murmuring fall,  
 To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare Hall,  
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport  
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.



Before them march'd that awful Aristarch,  
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark ;  
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,  
Walker with reverence took and laid aside.  
Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;  
So upright Quakers please both man and God.  
Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :  
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown ?  
The mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains  
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.  
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,  
Critics like me shall make it prose again.  
Roman and Greek grammarians ! know your better :  
Author, or something yet more great than letter ;  
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,  
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.  
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,  
Disputes of Me or Tee, or Aut or At,  
To sound or sink in cano O or A,  
To give up Cicero to C or K.  
Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,  
And Æsop never but like Horace joke :  
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,  
Manilius or Solinus shall supply ;  
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,  
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.  
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,  
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal ;  
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,  
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,  
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,  
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit  
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,  
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,  
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,  
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, Mistress ! more true dulness lies  
In Folly's cap than Wisdom's grave disguise.  
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,  
On learning's surface we but lie and nod ;  
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,  
And much divinity without a Noûs.  
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,  
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.

See ! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,  
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.  
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head  
 With all such reading as was never read :  
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,  
 And write about it, goddess, and about it :  
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,  
 And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.

What though we let some better sort of fool  
 Thread ev'ry science, run through every school ?  
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown  
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.  
 He may, indeed, (if sober all this time,)  
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.  
 We only furnish what he cannot use,  
 Or wed to what he must divorce—a muse :  
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,  
 And petrify a genius to a dunce :  
 Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,  
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.  
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,  
 We bring to one dead level every mind.  
 Then take him to develop if you can,  
 And hew the block off, and get out the man.  
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance  
 Whore, Pupil, and laced Governor from France.  
 Walker ! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,  
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,  
 And tittering push'd the pedants off the place :  
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd  
 By the French horn, or by the opening hound.  
 The first came forwards with an easy mien,  
 As if he saw St James's and the queen.  
 When thus th' attendant orator begun,  
 Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd son :  
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,  
 A dauntless infant ! never scared with God.  
 The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake :  
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.  
 Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,  
 And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man.  
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,  
 Safe and unseen, the young Æneas past :

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,  
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.  
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :  
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.  
There all thy gifts and graces we display,  
Thou, only thou, directing all our way :  
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,  
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;  
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,  
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls :  
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,  
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :  
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,  
Diffusing languor in the panting gales :  
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,  
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.  
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,  
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,  
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main  
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain ;  
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,  
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground ;  
Saw every court, heard every king declare  
His royal sense of operas, or the fair ;  
The stews and palace equally explored,  
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored ;  
Tried all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,  
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined ;  
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store.  
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more ;  
All classic learning lost on classic ground ;  
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound ;  
See now half cured, and perfectly well bred,  
With nothing but a solo in his head ;  
As much estate, and principle, and wit,  
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit ;  
Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,  
And, if a borough choose him, not undone.  
See, to my country happy I restore  
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.

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330.—*The New Dress.*

RICHARD BRATHWAYTE.

[RICHARD BRATHWAYTE, a most voluminous writer of small tracts, both in verse and prose, the son of a gentleman of Westmoreland, was educated at Oriel College, Oxford. He died 1673, aged 69. His works were popular in his own day, although they are now only found in the collections of the bibliographical antiquary. The following is from "Contemplations" appended to his "Essays upon the Five Senses," printed in 1625.]

O my soul, how long wilt thou attire thyself in these rags of sin? how long in these robes of shame? When thine heavenly Bridegroom comes, He will not endure to look on thee; He can by no means like thee, nor love thee, nor espouse Himself unto thee, so long as these sullied garments of sin cover thee. To a clean lord must be a clean habitation. A pure heart must be his mansion, purged by faith, adorned with good works, inflamed with heavenly thoughts. No edging of vanity, no pearl of vain glory, no tinsel lustre of hypocrisy, must set forth thy nuptial garment; for these would detract from thy virgin beauty. The Egyptian laces, and Babylonian borders, might attract a wandering eye, but purely fixed be the eyes of thy spouse. Whatsoever is without thee cannot take Him; it is thine inward beauty that doth delight Him. Let thy affections then be renewed, thy virgin beauty restored, thy decays repaired. Come not in his sight till thou hast put off those rags of sin, and, having put them off, say with the spouse in the Canticles: "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on?" Let thy new dress be a new heart, so shall thy spouse take delight in thee, with His sweet arms embrace thee, and be enamoured of thee when He looks on thee; and, in the knowledge of thy beauty, say thus unto thee; "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." Cast thine eye all about thee, O my soul, but let it not wander, lest thou lose thine honour. Take a full view of the renewal of all creatures, and reflect upon thyself, who, though sovereignty over all becomes least renewed of all. Thou seest the hart, the eagle, the swallow, how they are renewed; nay, even the snake, how by casting his slough he is renewed.



Again, thou observest how years, days, hours, and minutes are renewed ; how the earth itself is renewed. She is with fresh flowers adorned, with a native tapestry embroidered, with a new beauty afreshed. Meantime, how art thou renewed ? Where be those fresh, fragrant flowers of divine graces, and permanent beauties, wherewith thou shouldst be adorned ? Must all things change for better, and thou become ever worse in the sight of thy Maker ? None more inconstant than thou in humouring the fashions of our time ; none more constant than thou in retaining the fashion of sin. What canst thou see in thee that may please thee, or appear pleasing to Him that made thee ? Sin is a soil which blemisheth the beauty of thy soul. In this, then, to glory, were the highest pitch of infelicity. Thou art only to approve that with a discreet choice which may make thee most amiable in the sight of thy spouse. When thou eyest the vanity of earth, fix the eye of thy heart on the eternity of Heaven. Mix not thy delights in such objects where surfeit or excess begets a loathing, but in those lasting pleasures where fruition begets in thee an affectionate longing. Fashion not thyself after this world, where there is nothing that tempts but taints. Desire rather to be numerous in hours than in years : so dispose of thy time, that time may bring thee to eternity. Ever consider, O my soul, that thou art here in a wilderness, and far removed from the Canaan of true happiness. A captive's proper melody is *Lachrymæ* : he cannot raise his voice to any other note, unless he mad himself in his misery, and forget his own state. Fie, then, in sighs with sins. Take compassion of thy woful condition. Be not commanded by thine handmaid. Restrain her, lest she grow imperious ; show thyself a mistress, that she may become more obsequious. She is worthy to obey that knows not how to command. Do not lose thy prerogative ; preserve thy style, retain thy state, and make her know how dangerous it is to incur thine hate. The more thou bringest her to contempt, the more shalt thou partake of content. Shouldst thou delicately feed her, or in her desires supply her, or loose thy reins and give liberty unto her, she would not stick to deprive thee of thine honour, and by thy unworthy subjection become an

usurping commander. To free thee from this danger, let devotion be thy succour ; so shall the shadow of the Almighty be thy shelter. "Though the servant earnestly desire the shadow, and the hireling look for the reward of his work, or rather the end of the day, to conclude his work, tarry thou the Lord's leisure ; with patience endure the heat of the day, the weight of thy labour." Though a pilgrim be wearied, he must not fail nor faint till his journey be ended ; wherein he accounts himself so much the happier, as he is to his own native country nearer. If thou fit and furnish thyself in all points for this journey, thou shalt be joyfully received in thine arrival to thy country. Run, then, to the goal which is set up for thee ; strive to come to the mark which is before thee. Let no impediments foreslow thee, no delights on earth divert thee. Seal up thine eye if it wander, but open it if it promise to fix on our Saviour. Hourly thy dissolution is expected ; the marriage-feast prepared ; and, though invited, let thy garment be holiness, so shall thy end be happiness.

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### 331.—*The Divina Commedia* of Dante.—I.

[DANTE, or DURANTE, ALIGHIERI—the greatest of Italian poets—in some respects one of the greatest poets the world has produced—was born at Florence in 1265. He died in 1321. His life was rendered miserable by his connexion with one of the two great factions that contended for supremacy at Florence. A long career of exile and wandering gave a solemn and even bitter character to his writings. His great poem is essentially connected with the events of his life. The following abstract of "*The Divina Commedia*" is from the pen of Mr A. Vieusseux, and was originally published in "*The Store of Knowledge*." The quotations are from the excellent translation of the late Mr Carey, with the exception of the Third Canto of "*The Inferno*," which is from the admirable translation by Mr Wright of Nottingham.]

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The poet describes himself as having wandered out in a forest on Good Friday of the year 1300, being then in his 35th year, ("*Inferno*, Canto i. v. 1, and xxi. v. 109, 110,) which he styles the middle period of man's natural life. Emerging from the

forest he found himself at the end of a valley with a mountain before him, the summit of which was lighted by the rays of the morning sun. He began to ascend the mountain, when three fierce animals, a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf, opposed his way. This passage, which is evidently allegorical, has greatly puzzled the commentators. It is generally agreed that the panther means Lust; the lion means Ambition, or Pride; and the she-wolf is



the emblem of Avarice. These three passions are those that most torment mankind, and stand in the way of that moral reform which it was the poet's object to promote. But there is also a political allegory contained in this passage, namely, that the three beasts represent the ruling vices of the Italian cities of the time. Some say that they represent the Guelph league of Florence, designated by a panther: Papal Rome, under the old political emblem of the wolf; and France represented by a lion.

Dante, in his perplexity at the foot of the mountain, meets with the soul of Virgil, who introduces himself as sent by Beatrice. Dante's early love, to guide him through the regions of Hell, and afterwards through Purgatory.

.After much hesitation on the part of Dante, through fear of his

want of firmness to bear the fearful journey, being reassured by Virgil, he consents to follow him. Dante had studied the Latin classics only, for in his time Greek was nearly unknown in Italy; and from a passage in Dante's "Convito" it appears that there was no Latin translation of Homer. Dante, therefore, looked upon Virgil as the first of poets whom he knew, and he speaks of him as his master and model in the poetic art.

Virgil led the poet through a turning of the forest to a gate which opened into a subterranean road.

"Through me ye enter the abode of woe :  
Through me to endless sorrow are ye brought ;  
Through me amid the souls accurst ye go.  
Justice did first my lofty Maker move ;  
By power Almighty was my fabric wrought,  
By highest Wisdom, and by Primal Love.  
Ere I was form'd, no things created were,  
Save those eternal—I eternal last :  
All hope abandon—ye who enter here."  
These words, inscribed in colour dark, I saw  
High on the summit of a portal vast ;  
Whereat I cried : " O master ! with deep awe  
Their sense I mark." Like one prepared, he said,  
" Here from thy soul must doubt be cast away ;  
Here must each thought of cowardice be dead.—  
Now, at that place I told thee of, arrived,  
The melancholy shades shalt thou survey,  
Of God—the mind's supremest good—deprived."  
Then, as he clasp'd my hand with joyful mien,  
That comfort gave, and bade me cease to fear,  
He led me down into the world unseen.  
There sobs, and wailings, and heart-rending cries,  
Resounded through the starless atmosphere,  
Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes.  
Harsh tongues discordant—horrible discourse—  
Words of despair—fierce accents of despite—  
Striking of hands—with curses deep and hoarse,  
Raised a loud tumult, which unceasing whirl'd  
Throughout that gloom of everlasting night,  
Like to the sand in circling eddies hurl'd.  
Then (horror compassing my head around)  
I cried : " O master, what is this I hear ?  
And who are these so plunged in grief profound ?"



He answered me : "The groans which thou hast heard  
Proceed from those, who, when on earth they were,  
Nor praise deserved, nor infamy incur'd,  
Here with those caitiff angels they abide,  
Who stood aloof in heaven—to God untrue,  
Yet wanting courage with His foes to side.  
Heaven drove them forth, its beauty not to stain :  
And Hell refuses to receive them too :—  
From them no glory could the damn'd obtain."  
"O master, what infliction do they bear,"  
I said, "which makes them raise such shrieks of woe?"  
He answer'd : "That I will in brief declare,  
No hope of death have this unhappy crew ;  
And their degraded life is sunk so low,  
With envy every other state they view.  
No record hath the world of this vile class,  
Alike by Justice and by Pity spurn'd :  
Speak we no more of them—but look—and pass."  
And as I look'd, a banner I beheld,  
That seemed incapable of rest, and turn'd,  
In one unvaried round for aye impell'd ;  
While shades were following in so long a train,  
I ne'er forsooth could have believed it true  
That Death such myriads of mankind had slain.  
And when I had examined many a shade,  
Behold ! that abject one appear'd in view,  
Who, mean of soul, the grand refusal made.  
Straight I perceived, and distant recognised,  
In that vast concourse the assembly vile  
Of those by God and by His foes despised.  
These wretched ones, who never were alive,  
All naked stood, for sorely stung the while  
By wasps and hornets that around them drive.  
The cruel swarm bedew'd their cheeks with blood,  
Which trickled to their feet with many a tear,  
While worms disgusting drank the mingled flood.  
Then, onward as I stretch'd mine eye, I saw  
A mighty stream, with numbers standing near ;  
Whereat I said : "O master ! by what law  
Do these sad souls, whose state I fain would learn,  
So eagerly to cross the river haste,  
As by the doubtful twilight I discern?"  
"These things," he answer'd me, "shall all be told,  
Soon as our feet upon the bank are placed  
Of Acheron, that mournful river old."

Mine eyes cast down, my looks o'erwhelm'd with shame  
Fearing my questions had oppress'd the sage,  
I spake not till beside the stream we came.  
Lo! in a vessel o'er the gloomy tide  
An old man comes—his locks all white with age :—  
“Woe, woe to you, ye guilty souls!” he cried ;  
“Hope not that heaven shall ever bless your sight :  
I come to bear you to the other shore ;—  
To ice, and fire, in realms of endless night :  
And thou—who breathest still the vital air—  
Begone—nor stay with these who live no more.”  
But when he saw that yet I linger'd there—  
“By other port,” he said, “by other way,  
And not by this, a passage must thou find ;  
Thee a far lighter vessel shall convey.”  
“Charon,” my guide return'd, “thy wrath restrain,  
Thus is it will'd where will and power are join'd ;  
Therefore submit, nor question us again.”  
The dark lake's pilot heard ;—and at the sound  
Fell instant his rough cheeks, while flashing raged  
His angry eyes in flaming circles round.  
But they—soon as these threatenings met their ear—  
Poor, naked, weary souls—their colour changed ;  
And their teeth chatter'd through excess of fear.  
God they blasphemed, their parents, man's whole race,  
The hour, the spot,—and e'en the very seed  
To which their miserable life they trace :  
Then, while full bitterly their sorrows flow'd,  
They gather'd to that evil strand, decreed  
To all who live not in the fear of God.  
Charon, the fiend, with eyes of living coal,  
Beckoning the mournful troop, collects them there,  
And with his oar strikes each reluctant soul.  
As leaves in Autumn, borne before the wind,  
Drop one by one, until the branch, laid bare,  
Sees all its honours to the earth consign'd :  
So cast them downward at his summons all  
The guilty race of Adam from that strand,—  
Each, as a falcon, answering to the call,  
Thus pass they slowly o'er the water brown ;  
And ere on the opposing bank they land,  
Fresh numbers to this shore come crowding down.  
“All those, my son,” exclaim'd the courteous guide,  
“Who in the wrath of the Almighty die,  
Are gather'd here from every region wide :

Goaded by Heavenly Justice in its ire,  
 To pass the stream they rush thus hastily ;  
 So that their fear is turn'd into desire.  
 By virtuous soul this wave is never cross'd ;  
 Wherefore, if Charon warn thee to depart,  
 The meaning of his words will not be lost."  
 This converse closed—the dusky region dread  
 Trembled so awfully, that o'er my heart  
 Doth terror still a chilly moisture shed.  
 Sent forth a blast that melancholy realm,  
 Which flashing a vermilion light around,  
 At once did all my senses overwhelm ;  
 And down I sank like one in slumber bound.

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### 332.—The Divina Commedia of Dante.—II.

DANTE and his guide having passed over to the other shore, the poet found himself on the brink of an unfathomable abyss, dark and overspread with thick clouds. The Hell described by Dante is in the shape of a hollow inverted cone, whose apex is at the centre of the earth. The condemned are placed in nine parallel belts, or circles, round the cone, one below the other, like the ranges of seats in an amphitheatre. Descending into the first circle, the poet found himself in the Limbo—a place assigned by Roman Catholics to the souls of those who die without baptism, and are guiltless of actual sin, such as infants. Dante places also here many great men of antiquity ; Homer and other poets ; Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, and other philosophers ; many Roman heroes and matrons ; the first Brutus, "hawk-eyed Cæsar," Lucretia, Cornelia, &c. ; and in one place, "apart retired," the famous Saleheddin. This was the place assigned to Virgil himself. The spirits are subject to no pain, except sorrow at not being admitted into the presence of God in Paradise.

Descending from thence into the second circle, Dante beheld at the entrance Minos, the judge of souls, who examines them all in turn, and consigns each to its respective place of punishment.

Virgil having explained Dante's mission, the living poet is allowed to pass the judgment-seat unquestioned ; after which,

Into a place I came  
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groan'd  
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn  
By roaring winds. The stormy blast of Hell  
With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.  
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,  
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,  
And blasphemies 'gainst the good power in heaven.  
I understood, that to this torment sad  
The carnal sinners are condemn'd in whom  
Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops  
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad ;  
So bears the tyrannous gust these evil souls.  
On this side and on that, above, below,  
It drives them : hope of rest to solace them  
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,  
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,  
Stretch'd out in long array ; so I beheld  
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on  
By their dire doom. "Inferno," *Canto v.*

Here the poet saw, whirled round incessantly among the rest, Semiramis, Helen, Dido, Cleopatra, and other "dames and knights of ancient days" noted for being addicted to carnal lusts. He also saw two souls flying together before the gust, as if loath to part company. As they drew near to him, he addressed them thus :—

"O wearied spirits ! come and hold discourse  
With us, if by none else restrain'd."  
Harkening to the call, they came—as doves,  
By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
Cleave the air.

One of the two then addresses Dante thus :—

"O gracious creature and benign ! who go'st  
Visiting, through this element obscure,



Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;  
 If, for a friend, the King of all we own'd,  
 Our prayer to Him should for thy peace arise,  
 Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.  
 Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse  
 It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that  
 Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,  
 As now, is mute. The land that gave me birth  
 Is situate on the coast where Po descends  
 To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

Love, that in gentle hearts is quickly learnt,  
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
 Ta'en in such cruel sort as grieves me still :  
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,  
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
 That as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not.  
 Love brought us to one death : Caina waits  
 The soul who spilt our life."

The spirit which thus spoke was that of the beautiful and frail Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polento, lord of Ravenna, who was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto Malatesta, son of the lord of Rimini, who was deformed in his person. Paolo, Lanciotto's brother engaged the affections of his sister-in-law, and their guilt being discovered, they were both put to death by the husband. Dante, during his exile, was a guest of Guido da Polenta at Ravenna, when the recollection of the catastrophe was still recent. The poet represents himself as deeply affected by Francesca's narrative, and, after musing a while, he thus addresses her:—

"Francesca, your sad fate  
 Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
 But tell me, in the time of your sweet sighs,  
 By what, and how, Love granted that ye knew  
 Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied—  
 "No greater grief than to remember days  
 Of joy when misery is at hand. That kens  
 Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly  
 If thou art bent to know the primal root  
 From whence our love gat being, I will do  
 As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day  
 For our delight we read of Lancelot,  
 How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no

Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading  
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point  
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
The wish'd smile, so rapturously kiss'd  
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
From me shall separate, at once my lips  
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both  
Were Love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,  
The other wail'd so sorely, that, heart-struck,  
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far  
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground. *Canto v.*

In the next, or third circle, the poet sees the gluttons, who are punished by lying in the mire, under a continual storm of hail, snow, and muddy water ; whilst Cerberus, the three-headed monster, barks over them and tears their limbs.

The fourth circle is occupied by the prodigal and the avaricious, and Plutus stands watching at the gate. The punishment of those who are confined in the fourth circle consists in rolling continually enormous stones one against the other, by pushing them with their breasts. The poet next proceeded to the fifth circle, in which he saw the wrathful and passionate, who lay plunged in the Stygian marsh, tearing each other to pieces with their nails and teeth. In the sixth circle is the city of Dis, with walls and minarets of iron, lighted by a fire within, which burns for ever. The area of the city encloses a vast number of sepulchres, in which are buried heretics and infidels burning in the flames.

In the seventh circle Dante first meets with those who have committed violence against their neighbours, and who are immersed in a river of blood, from which, as they strive to escape, they are shot at with arrows by centaurs posted along the banks. This place of punishment is awarded to fierce conquerors, tyrants, and devastators of countries, among whom the poet enumerates Pyrrhus, Dionysius the elder, Attila, Eccelino da Romano, &c. ; also murderers, pirates, and highway robbers. He notices Guy de Montfort, son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who

killed Prince Henry, son of Richard of Cornwall, and nephew of Henry III. of England, in a church at Viterbo, in Italy, while Henry was kneeling before the altar hearing mass. Guy committed this act to revenge his own father's death ("Holinshed's Chronicle," A.D. 1272.) In another compartment of the seventh circle are the self-murderers, and also those who squander away their property, or other blessings, which they have received from God; whoever

In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,  
And sorrows there where he should dwell in joy. *Canto xi.*

In the third compartment of the seventh circle are those who have done violence or openly revolted against God. They are all in a vast sandy plain, some stretched on their backs, others sitting, and others perpetually walking about, while flakes of fire are falling thick upon the sand.

Dante and Virgil then descend into the eighth circle, seated on the back of the monster Gorgon, who is the emblem of fraud:—

Lo! the fell monster with the deadly sting,  
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls  
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth  
Taints all the world. *Canto xvii.*

The eighth circle is divided into ten gulfs or compartments, each containing a particular class of sinners. The description of this circle occupies thirteen cantos, (xviii. to xxx.) by which the poet intends to show the vast proportion of crimes committed through fraud, deceit, or treachery.

In the ninth gulf of the eighth circle are the powers of scandal, schism, and heresy, with their limbs mangled and divided. Among them the poet saw Mohammed and Ali, beside several of his own contemporaries and countrymen. In the tenth gulf are the alchemists, forgers, and coiners, who are tormented by various loathsome diseases. One of them, Adamo da Brescia, who had counterfeited the coin of Florence at the instigation of the lord of Romena, a place in the fine valley of the Apennines, called Casentino, appears swollen with dropsy, and tormented by

a parching thirst, which he has no means of allaying. He then addresses Dante :—

“O ye! who in this world of misery,  
Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,”  
Thus he began, “attentively regard  
Adamo’s woe. When living, full supply  
Ne’er lack’d me of what most I coveted ;  
One drop of water now, alas ! I crave.  
The rills that glitter down the grassy slopes  
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft  
The banks whereby they glide to Arno’s stream,  
Stand ever in my view, and not in vain ;  
For more the pictured semblance dries me up,  
Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh  
Desert these shrivell’d cheeks. So from the place  
Where I transgress’d, stern justice, urging me,  
Takes means to quicken more my labouring sighs.” *Canto xxx.*

Dante, following Virgil, proceeds to the ninth and lowest circle of hell, divided into four compartments, in which are confined various sorts of traitors. Their torment consists in being plunged into a frozen lake. Among the rest our poet beheld—

Two spirits by the ice  
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one  
Was cowl unto the other ; and as bread  
Is raven’d up through hunger, the uppermost  
Did so apply his fangs to the other’s brain  
Where the spine joins it.

Dante addresses the uppermost of the two to know the reason of his deadly hate against the other :—

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,  
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o’ the head  
Which he behind had mangled, then began :  
“Thy will obeying, I call up afresh  
Sorrows past cure ; which but to think of wrings  
My heart.” . . . . .  
“Know I was on earth  
Count Ugolino, and the archbishop he  
Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,  
Now list. That, through effect of his ill thoughts,



In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en  
And after murder'd, need is not I tell.  
What therefore thou canst not have heard—that is  
How cruel was the murder—shalt thou hear,  
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate  
Within that mew, which for my sake the name  
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,  
Already through its opening several moons  
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep  
That from the future tore the curtain off.

“When I awoke

Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard  
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask  
For bread. Right cruel art thou if no pang  
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold ;  
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow ?  
Now had they waken'd, and the hour drew near  
When they were wont to bring us food : the mind  
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I  
Heard at its outlet underneath lock'd up  
The horrible tower : whence, uttering not a word.  
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.  
I wept not : so all stone I felt within.  
They wept ; and one, my little Anselm, cried,  
Thou look'st so ! Father, what ails thee ? Yet  
I shed no tears, nor answer'd all that day,  
Nor the next night, until another sun  
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam  
Had to our doleful prison made its way,  
And in four countenances I descried  
The image of my own, on either hand  
Through agony I bit : and they, who thought  
I did it through desire of feeding, rose  
O' the sudden and cried, Father, we should grieve  
Far less if thou wouldst eat of us : thou gavest  
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear ;  
And do thou strip them off from us again.  
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down  
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next  
We all were silent. Oh ! obdurate earth !  
Why open'st not upon us ? When we came  
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet  
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, Hast no help  
For me, my father ? There he di'd ; and e'en  
Plainly as thou seest me saw I the three

Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth :  
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope  
Over them all, and for three days aloud  
Call'd on them who were dead. Then fasting got  
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke  
Once more upon the wretch's skull his teeth  
He fasten'd, like a mastiff's, 'gainst the bone,  
Firm and unyielding.

The poet, in his indignation at the horrid tale, breaks forth into a fearful denunciation against the city of Pisa for its cruelty to the count and his innocent children :—

O thou Pisa, shame  
Of all the people who their dwelling make  
In that fair region where the Italian voice  
Is heard ! since that thy neighbours are so slack  
To punish, from their deep foundations rise  
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up  
The mouth of Arno ! that each soul in thee  
May perish in the waters. What if fame  
Reported that thy castles were betray'd  
By Ugolino ? yet no right hadst thou  
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,  
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair  
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,  
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, had made  
Uncapable of guilt.

The catastrophe of Count Ugolino happened at Pisa in 1289. The count, an ambitious leader, was accused of treachery to his country, and, being overpowered by the opposite party, at the head of which was the Archbishop Ruggieri, he was shut up in a tower near the Arno with two of his sons, Uguccione and Brigata, and two grandsons, Anselmuccio, and Gaddo, the latter still of tender years. After some weeks the archbishop caused the key of the tower to be thrown into the river, and left the five prisoners to be starved to death. The tower was henceforth called "Torre della Fame," "The Tower of Hunger."

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333.—*The Divina Commedia of Dante.*—III.

ARRIVING at the bottom of the ninth circle described, the poet beholds Lucifer, "the emperor who sways the realms of sorrow," standing forth with giant form, at mid-breast from the ice, with three heads, and holding a sinner in each of his mouths. The waist of the giant is at the centre of the earth. Virgil having Dante clinging to his back, turning with the head downwards, passed the central point and climbed up one of the legs of the giant, and between them and the ice; and then, by a secret path ascending, they both emerged on the other hemisphere of the earth, where Dante beheld a lofty hill, which is the mountain of Purgatory. Round the mountain are seven circles or vast cornices, one above the other, making so many prisons, in which the same sins are expiated which have been noticed in Hell, with this difference, that the souls having died in a state of repentance, hope cheers them until their hour of delivery comes. A milder air breathes over this part of the poem, which is divided, like the *Inferno*, into thirty-three cantos, and contains many beautiful passages full of pathos. Such is the beginning of Canto viii., when Dante, speaking of the evening twilight, thus describes it :—

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire  
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart  
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
And pilgrim newly on his road with love  
Thrills, if he hear the vesper-bell from far,  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

A poet of our own times (Byron) who, though less consistent in his judgment than Dante, less comprehensive in his views, and less sincere in his poetical faith, has, like him, made man and man's feelings the main theme of his verse, has also sung the "Sweet Hour of Twilight," the "Ave Maria" of Italy, the "Hour of Prayer," and "the Hour of Love," and he has paraphrased the above passage of Dante in the following stanza :—

Soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;  
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,  
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

At the foot of the mountain, and before entering the boundaries of Purgatory Proper, our poet met with many souls who were waiting for leave to begin their period of expiation, having deferred their repentance to the last moments of their life. Among others he saw Manfred, king of Sicily and Naples, who was killed at the battle of Benevento, fighting against Charles of Anjou.

At last being admitted through the portals of Purgatory, Dante sees in the first circle those who expiate the sin of pride by carrying heavy stones, the weight of which bends their bodies to the ground. Among the rest he meets Oderigi of Gubbio, a miniature painter of some reputation, and a friend of Giotto, who confessed that his pupil Franca, of Bologna, had surpassed him in his art, although through pride he would not acknowledge it in his lifetime. Reflecting upon the precariousness of man's works and fame, Oderigi illustrates it by the example of his wrongs:—

O powers of man ! how vain your glory, nipp'd  
 E'en in its height of verdure, if an age  
 Less bright succeed not ! Cimabue thought  
 To lord it over painting's field ; and now  
 The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.  
 Thus hath one Guido from the other snatch'd  
 The letter'd prize, and he perhaps is born  
 Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise  
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,  
 That blows from divers points, and shifts its name,  
 Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more  
 Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh  
 Part shrivell'd from thee, than if thou hadst died  
 Before the coral and the pap were left ;  
 Or e'er some thousand years have pass'd ? and that  
 Is, to eternity compared, a space  
 Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye



To the heaven's slowest orb. . . . .  
 . . . . . Your renown  
 Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go,  
 And his might withers it by whom it sprang  
 Crude from the lap of earth.

In the second cornice, or circle, the envious are confined, clad in sackcloth, and their eyes sewed up with a thread of wire. He hears two of the sufferers discussing the condition of Italy, and especially that of Tuscany, where a fine description is given of the course of the river Arno, from its source in the mountain of Falterona to its estuary on the coast of Pisa.

In the third circle those who have been prone to anger expiate their guilt by being involved in clouds of dense smoke. A certain Marco Lombardo, a Venetian noble, enters into a disquisition concerning the free will of man, which he defends against the doctrine of necessity :—

" Brother," he thus began, " the world is blind,  
 And thou in truth com'st from it. Ye who live  
 Do so each cause refer to Heaven above  
 E'en as its motion of necessity  
 Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,  
 Free choice in you were none ; nor justice would  
 There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.  
 Your movements have their primeval bent from Heaven,  
 Not all." . . . . .

In the fourth circle is expiated the sin of indifference, or lukewarmness in piety and virtue, (" *accidia* " in Italian,) and in the fifth circle that of avarice.

Proceeding to the sixth circle, Dante and Virgil meet the poet Statius by the way, who tells them that he died a Christian. In the sixth circle the vices of gluttony and intemperance are expiated. Here Dante meets Forese Donati, the brother of his wife, and of Corso Donati, the leader of the Neri, and Dante's enemy. The whole conversation of Dante with Forese, who had died in 1295, before the broils which distracted Florence, breathes the remembrance of former sweet domestic affections, which were rudely broken asunder by civil discord. Dante here shows him-

self in an amiable light : he avoids naming Corso and his other political enemies of the Donati family, to which he was allied by marriage, whilst he speaks most kindly of Forese, and his sister Piccarda, who had died a nun. Forese on his part, draws a most affectionate picture of his own wife, Nella ; whose retired manner and modest worth he contrasts with the profligate manners of Florence's "unblushing dames" of that age:—

In the sight of God  
So much the dearer is my widow prized,  
She whom I loved so fondly, as she ranks  
More singly eminent for virtuous deeds.

*Canto xxiii.*

Reaching the seventh circle of Purgatory, Dante finds in it those who had indulged in the sin of lasciviousness, from which they are purified by fire. From the seventh circle, Dante, in company with Virgil and Statius, proceeds to the terrestrial Paradise, which occupies the summit of the mountain of Purgatory, and in which the first man was placed by the Creator. Here Virgil tells him that he is no longer his guide, and that Beatrice will soon appear to lead him through the celestial Paradise, which Virgil is not allowed to enter.

Beatrice makes her appearance, descending in a cloud from heaven, when the spirit of Virgil vanishes away from the sight of Dante. Beatrice, in a literal sense, is the soul of the early love of Dante, but, figuratively, it is understood to mean theology, by the assistance of which the poet is made to understand the mysteries of religion. Beatrice reproves Dante for the errors of his past life, which the poet humbly confesses, and he is taken across the waters of Lethe ; and after many mystical visions the poet is drawn up with Beatrice to the heaven, or circle of Paradise.

The Paradise, which forms the third part of Dante's poem, consists of thirty-three cantos, like each of the two preceding parts. The circles or heavens are ten, the lowest being that of the moon ; next to which comes those of Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn ; afterwards the circle of the fixed stars, and

then the ninth heaven, where are the hierarchies of the angels : and lastly the Empyrean, which encircles the whole, and is the throne of the Almighty. The whole of this part is interspersed with theological and metaphysical disquisitions, which render it less fit than the other two for exposition or illustration. But this part also contains many highly poetical passages and historical allusions, which will amply repay the reader for its perusal. The souls of the blessed dwell all and eternally together, only partaking more or less of the divine glory in the empyrean, although, to suit the limited capacity of the human understanding, they appear to have different spheres allotted to them. ("Paradise," Canto iv.) Accordingly the poet sees in the first, or lowest sphere, being that of the Moon, the souls of those who, after having made professions of chastity and religious life, have been compelled to violate their vows. Among these the poet sees Piccarda Donati, the sister of Corso, whom her brother took away by force from her monastery to give her in marriage to one of his own party ; but she soon after fell ill and died. Dante throughout his poem often recurs to his Florentine connexions, political and domestic. In the next sphere of Mars, are those who have been actuated throughout their upright career in this world more by the wish of gaining the approbation of men than from the feeling of duty to God.

In the sphere of Venus, Dante sees those who, after being given to the passion of love, turned that feeling into devotion to God. Here he meets with Charles Martel, the king of Hungary, son of Charles II., Anjou, king of Naples, whom Dante had personally known at Florence.

The fourth sphere is that of the Sun, according to the ancient system of astronomy, which made our earth the centre of the world. In this sphere are the directors of the Church, and among others, Thomas Aquinas, of the order of St Dominic, who pronounces a panegyric upon St Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order ; and St Bonaventura, a Franciscan friar, who delivers a like eulogy on St Dominic. In this Dante had evidently intended to avoid all appearance of the rivalry which existed be-

tween those two celebrated monastic orders. And this is another proof, if proof is wanted, that Dante was sincere in his faith, and neither a heretic nor an unbeliever.

After several theological disquisitions Dante ascends to the fifth heaven, which is that of the planet Mars, where are the souls of those who died fighting for religion. Among them our poet discovers his ancestor Cacciaguida, who died in the wars of the Crusades in the East, about 1152. A long conversation follows concerning the state of Florence, past and present. Cacciaguida extols the good old times, when manners were simple, when the population

“ Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace,  
Had no armlets and no head-tires then,  
No purpled dames : no zone that caught the eye  
More than the person did. Time was not yet  
When at his daughter's birth the sire grew pale  
For fear the age and dowry should exceed  
On each side just proportion. House was none  
Void of its family ; nor yet had come  
Sardanapalus to exhibit feats  
Of chamber prowess.

“ I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad  
In leathern girdle and a clasp of bone,  
And with no artful colouring on her cheeks  
His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw  
Of Nerli and of Vechio well content  
With unrobed jerkin ; and their good dames handling  
The spindle and the flax.” . . . .

Similar lamentations have been said or sung of every place and nation under the sun that has risen to wealth and refinement. If they are evils, they are evils that seem unavoidable. Simplicity of manners may be a good thing, but with the increase of wealth, industry, and population, it cannot continue as it was in earlier times ; and to regret it when the times and social state have changed is to regret an impossibility. Every stage of society has its good and evil side, and wisdom would seem to consist in endeavouring to make the best of that condition of it under which we live.



The whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth cantos refer to the history of Florence.

Dante, following Beatrice, ascends to the sixth heaven, that of Jupiter, where are the souls of those who had faithfully administered justice in the world. Here the poet takes an opportunity of launching bitter invectives against Pope Boniface VIII., and against most of the kings of his time, Charles II. of Naples, Frederick of Sicily, Ferdinand IV. of Castile, Wenceslaus of Bohemia, Philip le Bel, Edward I. of England, the kings of Portugal, Norway, Hungary, Ratza, and Cyprus. He afterwards praises William II. of Sicily, called "the Good;" and, curious as it may appear, after shutting out Virgil and the philosophers of antiquity from Paradise, because they did not know the true God, he places there the Emperor Trajan, because he supposes him to have died a Christian.

In the seventh heaven, that of Saturn, Dante finds the ascetics, those who have spent their lives in retirement and contemplation.

The next heaven is that of the fixed stars, in which the poet meets St Peter, who examines him concerning faith; St James, who questions him concerning hope, "a sure expectance of the joy to come, the effect of grace divine and merit preceding;" and St John, who examines him concerning charity. (Canto xxvii.) St Peter exclaims, in very indignant terms, against the covetousness of his successors, and especially of Boniface VIII., and of the "Cahorsines and Gascons," meaning Clement V. and John XXII., the Avignon popes. The mention of the "Cahorsine," John XXII. of Cahors, is evidence that this part of the Paradise was not written before 1316, the date of that pope's election, although Dante makes St Peter prophesy it.

In the ninth heaven we have another invective against the preachers of Dante's time:—

E'en they, whose office is  
To preach the gospel, let the gospel sleep,  
And pass their own inventions off instead.

*Canto xxix.*

Indeed, all through the Paradise the author lashes most fiercely those whom he considered as the causes of the misfortunes of his

own country, kings, popes, monks, and the clergy in general, most of whom belonged to the Guelph or Neri party.

In Canto xxx. he sees the hall in which

Shall rest the soul  
Of the great Harry, he, who by the world  
Augustus hail'd, to Italy must come  
Before her day be ripe.

This was Henry of Luxemburg, in whom the hopes of Dante and his party were centred.

In Cantos xxxi. and xxxii. Dante holds conversation with St Bernard, who points out to him several of the blessed souls, both of the Old and the New Testament, and explains to him that their places are assigned to them by divine grace, and not according to their merit. Through the intercession of the Virgin, he is allowed to have a glimpse of the brightness of the Divine Majesty :—

As one, who from a dream awaken'd, straight  
All he hath seen forgets, yet still retains  
Impression of the feeling in his dream,  
E'en such am I. . . . . *Canto xxxiii. and last.*

And the poem concludes with an invocation of the Trinity!—

Then vigour fail'd the towering fantasy ;  
But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel  
In even motion, by the Love impell'd  
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

### 334.—Character of Charles II.

BURNET.

[JOHNSON described the first part of Burnet's "History of his own Times,"—that part in which he was actually engaged in what he has told—as "one of the most entertaining books in the English language." Violently attacked by the Tory wits of the time of Anne, it has preserved many valuable materials for the historian. His "History of the Reformation" is still a standard book: Gilbert Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643. He was always a zealous politician, and as such was always obnoxious to the Stuarts, from his bold opposition to their public and private conduct. After the Revolution he was

made Bishop of Salisbury. He died in 1715. At the execution of Lord William Russell in 1683, Burnet attended him on the scaffold, immediately after which he was dismissed both from his Preachership at the Rolls and his Lectureship at St Clement's, by order of the king. Some months before this he wrote his celebrated letter to Charles, reproving him in the severest style, both for his public misconduct and his private vices; this letter, it is said, his majesty read twice over and then threw it into the fire.]

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Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and, finding it not easy to reward all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to change his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and

irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor presented him. That in which he seemed most concerned was to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And, in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most ; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could ; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become distrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of his life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment ; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than



inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But, when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and, when he entered on these stories, they usually withdrew. So that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done there were not above four or five persons left about him, which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing one circumstance of it, and yet not remember that he had told it to the very same persons the day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortune, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business and his love of pleasure; his raising of favourites, and trusting

them entirely ; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively ; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signor Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

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### 335.—The Modern Dramatic Poets.—IV.

ION.

TALFOURD.

[MR JUSTICE TALFOURD has written four Tragedies. "Ion ;" "The Athenian Captive ;" and "Glencoe," have each been acted—the first with great success. "The Castilian, an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts," was published in 1853, but was not acted. In these productions, and in other works, Sir Thomas Talfourd has redeemed the promise of his precocious boyhood, as much as by his forensic success. He died in 1854. "Ion" was suggested by the tragedy of Euripides's in which a foundling youth is educated in a temple, and assists in its services. The "Ion" of the modern tragedy is a young patriot who devotes himself to his country ; confronts the tyrant who is surrounded by sensual pleasures in the midst of his people's desolation by pestilence ; is discovered to be that tyrant's son ; and, having been lifted to supreme power, destroys himself in the belief that the vengeance of the gods will not be withdrawn from Argos, till the offending race, of which he is the last, shall be extinct. The following is from the last scene."]

---

*Ion.* I thank you for your greeting.—Shout no more.  
But in deep silence raise your hearts to Heaven,  
That it may strengthen me, so young and frail  
As I am, for the business of this hour.  
Must I sit here ?

*Medon.* Permit thy earliest friend,  
Who propp'd, in infancy, thy tottering steps,  
To lead thee to thy throne,—and thus fulfil  
His fondest vision.

*Ion.* Thou art still most kind——

*Me.* Nay, do not think of me, my son ! my son !  
What ails thee ? When thou shouldst reflect the joy  
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave  
Marbles thy face.

*Ion.* Am I indeed so pale ?  
It is a solemn office I assume ;  
Yet thus, with Phoebus' blessing, I embrace it. [*Sits on the throne.*  
Stand forth, Agenor !

*Age.* I await thy will.

*Ion.* To thee I look, as to the wisest friend  
Of this afflicted people ;—thou must leave  
A while the quiet which thy life hath earn'd,  
To rule our councils ; fill the seats of justice  
With good men, not so absolute in goodness  
As to forget what human frailty is ;  
And order my sad country.

*Age.* Pardon me——

*Ion.* Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request ;  
Thou never couldst deny me what I sought  
In boyish wantonness, and shalt not grudge  
Thy wisdom to me, till our state revive  
From its long anguish ;—it will not be long  
If Heaven approve me here. Thou hast all power  
Whether I live or die.

*Age.* Die ! I am old——

*Ion.* Death is not jealous of thy mild decay,  
Which gently wins thee his : exulting youth  
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,  
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp  
His shivering prey at noontide. Let me see  
The captain of the guard.

*Crythes.* I kneel to crave,  
Humbly, the favour which thy sire bestow'd  
On one who loved him well.

*Ion.* I cannot thank thee,

That wakest the memory of my father's weakness ;  
But I will not forget that thou hast shared  
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,  
And learn'd the need of luxury. I grant,  
For thee and thy brave comrades, ample share  
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,  
To grace thy passage to some distant land,  
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,  
May glorious laurels wreath it ! In our realm  
We shall not need it longer.

*Cry.* Dost intend  
To banish the firm troops before whose valour  
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave  
Our city naked to the first assault  
Of reckless foes ?

*Ion.* No, Crythes ! In ourselves,  
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands,  
Will be our safeguard :—While we seek no use  
Of arms we would not have our children blend  
With their first innocent wishes ; while the love  
Of Argos and of justice shall be one  
To their young reason ; while their sinews grow  
Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports :  
We shall not ask, to guard our country's peace,  
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.  
I would not grieve thee ; but thy valiant troop—  
For I esteem them valiant—must no more,  
With luxury which suits a desperate camp,  
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,  
Ere night.

*Cry.* My lord——

*Ion.* No more—my word hath pass'd.  
Medon, there is no office I can add  
To those thou hast grown old in ; thou wilt guard  
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—  
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger



As thou didst me ;—there sometimes waste a thought  
On thy spoil'd inmate !

*Me.* Think of thee, my lord ?

Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign——

*Ion.* Pr'ythee no more. Argives ! I have a boon  
To crave of you ;—whene'er I shall rejoin,  
In death, the father from whose heart, in life,  
Stern Fate divided me, think gently of him !  
For ye, who saw him in his full-blown pride,  
Knew little of affections crush'd within,  
And wrongs which frenzied him ; yet never more  
Let the great interests of the state depend  
Upon the thousand chances that may sway  
A piece of human frailty ! Swear to me  
That ye will seek, hereafter, in yourselves  
The means of sovereign rule :—our narrow space,  
So happy in its confines, so compact,  
Needs not the magic of a single name,  
Which wider regions may require, to draw  
Their interests into one ; but circled thus,  
Like a bless'd family, by simple laws,  
May tenderly be govern'd ; all degrees  
Moulded together as a single form  
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords  
Of sympathy pervading, shall suffuse,  
In times of quiet, with one bloom, and fill  
With one resistless impulse, if the hosts  
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me  
That ye will do this ?

*Me.* Wherefore ask this now ?

Thou shalt live long ;—the paleness of thy face,  
Which late appall'd me, wears a glory now,  
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy  
Of lustrous years.

*Ion.* The gods approve me then !

Yet I will use the function of a king,

And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave  
 No issue, that the sovereign power shall live  
 In the affections of the general heart,  
 And in the wisdom of the best.

*Medon and others.*

We swear it!

*Ion.* Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!  
 Now give me leave a moment to approach  
 That altar unattended.

[*He goes to the altar.*

Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,  
 Look on me now ;—and if there is a power,  
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,  
 Beyond ye, that have breathed through all your shapes  
 The spirit of the beautiful, that lives  
 In earth and heaven ; to ye I offer up  
 This conscious being, full of life and love,  
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow  
 End all her sorrows!

[*Stabs himself and falls.*

### PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

H. TAYLOR.

[MR HENRY TAYLOR has published three dramas—"Philip van Artevelde," in two parts ; "Edwin the Fair ;" and "Isaac Comnenus." The first, with the two parts condensed into one play, has been acted recently. In these two plays, which, taken together, Mr Taylor calls a dramatic romance, there are passages of great force and beauty ;—but still the rapid and self-evolving dramatic movement is wanting—they are intended for the quiet of the study, and are unsuited for the glare of the "foot-lights." The following scene is at the time when Ghent, revolted against the Earl of Flanders, was besieged ; and the starving citizens, who had chosen the second Van Artevelde as their leader, were disposed to make terms with the imperious lords who threatened the direst vengeance if their resistance was prolonged.]

(*The platform at the top of the steeple of St Nicholas's Church, Ghent.*  
*Time, daybreak.*)

*Artevelde (alone.)* There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams,

What an unreal and fantastic world  
Is going on below !  
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall,  
How many a large creation of the night,  
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,  
Peopled with busy transitory groups,  
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd !  
—If when the shows had left the dreamers' eyes  
They should float upward visibly to mine,  
How thick with apparitions were that void !  
But now the blank and blind profundity  
Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.  
—I have not slept. I am to blame for that.  
Long vigils, join'd with scant and meagre food,  
Must needs impair that promptitude of mind  
And cheerfulness of spirit, which in him  
Who leads a multitude, is past all price.  
I think I could redeem an hour's repose  
Out of the night that I have squander'd, yet  
The breezes, launch'd upon their early voyage,  
Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.  
I will enfold my cloak about my limbs  
And lie where I shall front them ;—here, I think,

[*He lies down.*

If this were over—blessed be the calm  
That comes to me at last ! A friend in need  
Is nature to us, that, when all is spent,  
Brings slumber—bountifully—whereupon  
We give her sleepy welcome—if all this  
Were honourably over—Adriana—

[*Falls asleep, but starts up almost instantly.*

I heard a hoof, a horse's hoof I'll swear,  
Upon the road from Bruges,—or did I dream ?  
No ! 'tis the gallop of a horse at speed.

*Van den Bosch (without.)* What ho ! Van Artevelde !  
*Artevelde.* Who calls ?

*Van den Bosch* (entering.) 'Tis I.  
Thou art an early riser, like myself ;  
Or is it that thou hast not been to bed ?

*Artevelde.* What are thy tidings ?

*Van den Bosch.* Nay, what can they be ?  
A page from pestilence and famine's day-book ;  
So many to the pest-house carried in,  
So many to the dead-house carried out.  
The same dull, dismal, damnable old story.

*Artevelde.* Be quiet : listen to the westerly wind,  
And tell me if it bring thee nothing new.

*Van den Bosch.* Nought to my ear, save howl of hungry  
dog,  
That hears the house is stirring—nothing else.

*Artevelde.* No,—now—I hear it not myself—no—nothing.  
The city's hum is up—but ere you came  
Twas audible enough.

*Van den Bosch.* In God's name, what ?

*Artevelde.* A horseman's tramp upon the road from  
Bruges.

*Van den Bosch.* Why, then, be certain, 'tis a flag of truce !  
If once he reach the city, we are lost,  
Nay, if he be but seen, our danger's great.  
What terms so bad they would not swallow now ?  
Let's send some trusty varlets forth at once  
To cross his way.

*Artevelde.* And send him back to Bruges ?

*Van den Bosch.* Send him to hell—and that's a better  
place.

*Artevelde.* Nay, softly, *Van den Bosch* ; let war be war,  
But let us keep its ordinances.

*Van den Bosch.* Tush !  
I say, but let them see him from afar,  
And in an hour shall we, bound hand and foot,  
Be on our way to Bruges.

*Artevelde.* Not so, not so.



My rule of governance has not been such  
As e'er to issue in so foul a close.

*Van den Bosch.* What matter by what rule thou mayst  
have govern'd?

Think'st thou a hundred thousand citizens  
Shall stay the fury of their empty maws  
Because thou'st ruled them justly?

*Artevelde.* It may be

That such a hope is mine.

*Van den Bosch.* Then thou art mad,  
And I must take this matter on myself. [*Is going.*]

*Artevelde.* Hold, Van den Bosch! I say this shall  
not be.

I must be madder than I think I am  
Ere I thall yield up my authority,  
Which I abuse not, to be used by thee.

*Van den Bosch.* This comes of lifting dreamers into  
power.

I tell thee, in this strait and stress of famine,  
The people, but to pave the way for peace,  
Would instantly despatch our heads to Bruges.  
Once and again I warn thee that thy life  
Hangs by a thread.

*Artevelde.* Why, know I not it does!

What hath it hung by else since Titas' eve?

Did I not by mine own advised choice

Place it in jeopardy for certain ends?

And what were these? To prop thy tottering state?

To float thee o'er a leaf, and, that perform'd,

To cater for our joint security?

No, verily; not such my high ambition.

I bent my thoughts on yonder city's weal;

I look'd to give it victory and freedom;

And working to that end, by consequence

From one great peril did deliver thee—

Not for the love of thee or of thy life,

Which I regard not, but the city's service ;  
And, if for that same service it seem good,  
I will expose thy life to equal hazard.

*Van den Bosch.* Thou wilt ?

*Artevelde.* I will.

*Van den Bosch.* Oh, lord ! to hear him speak,  
What a most mighty emperor of puppets  
Is this that I have brought upon the board !  
But how if he that made it should unmake ?

*Artevelde.* Unto His sovereignty who truly made me  
With infinite humility I bow !

Both, both of us are puppets, Van den Bosch ;  
Part of the curious clock-work of this world.  
We scold, and squeak, and crack each other's crowns ;  
And if, by twitches, moved from wires we see not,  
I were to toss thee from this steeple's top,  
I should be but the instrument—no more—  
The tool of that chastising Providence,  
Which doth exalt the lowly, and abase  
The violent and proud ; but let me hope  
Such is not mine appointed task to-day.  
Thou passest in the world for worldly-wise :  
Then, seeing we must sink or swim together,  
What can it profit thee, in this extreme  
Of our distress, to wrangle with me thus  
For my supremacy and rule ? Thy fate  
Is of necessity bound up with mine,  
Must needs partake my cares : let that suffice  
To put thy pride to rest till better times.  
Contest—more reasonably wrong—a prize  
More precious than the ordering of a shipwreck.

*Van den Bosch.* Tush, tush, Van Artevelde, thou talk'st  
and talk'st,

And honest burghers think it wondrous fine.  
But thou mightst easier with that tongue of thine  
Persuade yon smoke to fly i' the face o' the wind,

Than talk away my wit and understanding.  
I say yon herald shall not enter here.

*Artevelde.* I know, sir, no man better, where my talk  
Is serviceable singly, where it needs  
To be by acts enforced. I say, beware,  
And brave not mine authority too far.

*Van den Bosch.* Hast thou authority to take my life?  
What is it else to let yon herald in  
To bargain for our blood?

*Artevelde.* Thy life again!  
Why, what a very slave of life art thou!  
Look round about on this once populous town;  
Not one of these numerous house-tops  
But hides some spectral form of misery,  
Some peevish, pining child and moaning mother,  
Some aged man that in his dotage scolds,  
Not knowing why he hungers, some cold corse,  
That lies unstraighten'd where the spirit left it.  
Look round, and answer what thy life can be  
To tell upon the balance of such scales,  
I too would live—I have a love for life—  
But, rather than to live to charge my soul  
With one hour's lengthening out of woes like these,  
I'd leap this parapet with as free a bound  
As e'er was schoolboy's o'er a garden wall.

*Van den Bosch.* I'd like to see thee do it.

*Artevelde.* I know thou wouldst;  
But for the present be content to see  
My less precipitous descent; for, lo!  
There comes the herald o'er the hill.

[*Exit.*

*Van den Bosch.* Beshrew me;  
Thou shalt not have the start of me in this.

[*He follows, and the scene closes.*

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## 336.—Enigmas.

## I.

ALAS! for that forgotten day  
 When chivalry was nourished,  
 When none but friars learned to pray,  
 And beef and beauty flourished!  
 And fraud in kings was held accurst,  
 And falsehood sin was reckoned,  
 And mighty chargers bore my First,  
 And fat monks wore my Second!

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,  
 And casque with flaunting feather,  
 And earned my spurs in battle-field,  
 In winter and rough weather;  
 And polished many a sonnet up  
 To ladies' eyes and tresses,  
 And learned to drain my father's cup,  
 And loose my falcon's jesses:

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam;  
 The mongrel mob grows prouder;  
 And everything is done by steam,  
 And men are killed by powder;  
 And now I feel my swift decay,  
 And give unheeded orders,  
 And rot in paltrey state away,  
 With sheriffs and recorders.

## II.

He talked of daggers and of darts,  
 Of passions and of pains,  
 Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,  
 Of kisses and of chains;  
 He said, though Love was kin to Grief,  
 She was not born to grieve;  
 He said, though many rued belief,  
 She safely might believe.  
 But still the Lady shook her head,  
 And swore by yea and nay,  
 My Whole was all that he had said,  
 And all that he could say.

## W. M. PRAED.

He said, my First, whose silent car  
 Was slowly wandering by,  
 Veiled in a vapour faint and far,  
 Through the unfathomed sky,  
 Was like the smile, whose rosy light  
 Across her young lips past,  
 Yet, oh! it was not half so bright,  
 It changed not half so fast.  
 But still the Lady shook her head,  
 And swore by yea and nay,  
 My Whole was all that he had said,  
 And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath  
 Upon his raven hair,  
 And drew his rapier from its sheath,  
 Which made the Lady stare;  
 And said, his life-blood's purple flow  
 My Second there should dim,  
 If she he served and worshipped so  
 Would weep one tear for him—  
 But still the Lady shook her head,  
 And swore by yea and nay,  
 My Whole was all that he had said,  
 And all that he could say.

## III.

Uncouth was I of face and form,  
 But strong to blast and blight,  
 By pestilence or thunderstorm,  
 By famine or by fight;  
 Not a warrior went to the battle plain,  
 Not a pilot steered the ship,  
 That did not look in doubt and pain,  
 For an omen of havoc or hurricane,  
 To my dripping brow and lip.

Within my Second's dark recess,  
 In silent pomp I dwelt;



Before the mouth in lowliness  
 My rude adorers knelt ;  
 And ever the shriek rang loud within,  
 And ever the red blood ran ;  
 And amid the sin, and smoke, and din,  
 I sat with a changeless endless grin,  
 Forging my First for man.

My priests are rotting in their grave,  
 My shrine is silent now,  
 There is no victim in my cave,  
 No crown upon my brow ;  
 Nothing is left but dust and clay  
 Of all that was divine ;  
 My name and my memory pass  
 away ;—  
 And yet this bright and glorious day  
 Is called by mortals mine !

## IV.

When Ralph by holy hands was tied  
 For life to blooming Cis,  
 Sir Thrifty too drove home his bride,  
 A fashionable Miss.  
 That day, my First, with jovial sound  
 Proclaimed the happy tale,  
 And drunk was all the country round  
 With pleasure,—or with ale.

Oh ! why should Hymen ever blight  
 The roses Cupid wore ?—  
 Or why should it be ever night  
 Where it was day before ?—  
 Or why should women have a tongue,  
 Or why should it be cursed,  
 In being like my Second, long,  
 And louder than my First ?

“ You blackguard ! ” cries the rural  
 wench ;

My lady screams “ Ah, bête : ”  
 And Lady Thrifty scolds in French,  
 And Cis in Billingsgate ;

‘Till both their lords my Second try,  
 To end connubial strife,—

Sir Thrifty had the means to die,  
 And Ralph—to beat his wife !

## V.

I graced Don Pedro’s revelry.  
 All dressed in fire and feather,  
 When loveliness and chivalry  
 Were met to feast together ;  
 He flung the slave who moved the lid  
 A purse of maravedis ;  
 And this that gallant Spaniard did  
 For me, and for the Ladies.

He vowed a vow, that noble knight,  
 Before he went to table,  
 To make his only sport the fight,  
 His only couch the stable,  
 Till he had dragged, as he was bid,  
 Five score of Turks to Cadiz ;—  
 And this that gallant Spaniard did  
 For me, and for the Ladies.

To ride through mountains where my  
 First

A banquet would be reckoned,—  
 Through deserts where to quench their  
 thirst

Men vainly turn my Second ;—  
 To leave the gates of fair Madrid,  
 To dare the gates of Hades ;  
 And this that gallant Spaniard did  
 For me, and for the Ladies.

## VI

Row on, row on !—The first may  
 light

My shallop o’er the wave to-night ;  
 But she will hide, in a little while,  
 The lustre of her silent smile :  
 For fickle she is, and changeful still,  
 As a madman’s wish, or a woman’s  
 will.

Row on, row on !—The Second is  
 high

In my own bright lady's balcony ;  
 And she beside it, pale and mute,  
 Untold her beads, untouched her lute,  
 Is wondering why her lover's skiff  
 So slowly glides to the lonely cliff.

Row on, row on !—When the whole  
 is fled

The song will be hushed, and the  
 rapture dead ;  
 And I must go in my grief again  
 To the toils of day, and the haunts  
 of men ;  
 To a future of fear, and a present of care,  
 And memory's dream of the things that  
 were.

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BYRON.

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,  
 And echo caught softly the sound as it fell ;  
 In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confest ;  
 'Twas seen in the lightning, 'twas heard in the thunder,  
 'Twill be found in the spheres when they're riven asunder.  
 'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,  
 It assists at his birth and attends him in death,  
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,  
 'Tis the prop of his house and the end of his wealth ;  
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,  
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned ;  
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,  
 But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir ;  
 Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,  
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home ;  
 In the whispers of conscience it there will be found,  
 Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned ;  
 It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,  
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear ;  
 But in shades let it rest, like an elegant flower,  
 Oh ! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

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### 337.—The Ways of God.

JOHN SCOTT.

[DR JOHN SCOTT, the Author of "The Christian Life," from which the following is an extract, was born in Wiltshire, in 1638, and died in 1694. He was a canon of Windsor.]

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The goods and evils which befall us here are not so truly to be estimated by themselves as by their effects and consequents. For

the Divine Providence, which runs through all things, hath disposed and connected them into such a series and order, that there is no single event or accident (but what is purely miraculous) but depends upon the whole system, and hath innumerable causes antecedent to it, and innumerable consequents attending it; and what the consequents will be, whether good or bad, singly and apart by itself, yet in conjunction with all those consequents that will most certainly attend it, the best event, for aught we know, may prove most mischievous, and the worst most beneficial to us. So that for us boldly to pronounce concerning the good or evil of events, before we see the train of consequents that follow them, is very rash and inconsiderate. As, for instance, you see a good man oppressed with sorrows and afflictions, and a bad man crowned with pleasures and prosperities; and, considering these things apart by themselves, you conclude that the one fares very ill, and the other very well; but did you at the same time see the consequents of the one's adversity and the other's prosperity, it is probable you would conclude the quite contrary, viz., that the good man's adversity was a blessing, and the bad man's prosperity a curse. For I dare boldly affirm that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions than bad men do from their prosperities. The one smarts, indeed, at present, but what follows? Perhaps his mind is cured by it of some disease that is ten times worse to him than his outward affliction; of avarice and impatience, of envy or discontent, of pride or vanity of spirit; his riches are lessened, but his virtues are improved by it; his body is impaired, but his mind is grown sound and hale by it, and what he hath lost in health, or wealth, or pleasure, or honour, he hath gained with vast advantage in wisdom and goodness, in tranquillity of mind and self-enjoyment, and methinks no man who believes he hath a soul should grudge to suffer any tolerable affliction for bettering of his mind, his will, and his conscience.

On the other hand, the bad man triumphs and rejoices at the present; but what follows? His prosperity either shrivels him into miserableness, or melts him into luxury; the former of which

impoverishes, and the latter diseases him ; for, if the former be the effect of his prosperity, it increases his needs, because before he needed only what he had not, but now he needs both what he hath not and what he hath, his covetous desires treating him as the falconer doth his hawk—luring him off from what he hath seized, to fly at new game, and never permitting him to prey upon his own quarry ; and if the latter be the effect of his prosperity, that is, if it melt him into luxury, it thereby wastes his health to be sure, and commonly his estate too ; and so whereas it found him poor and well, it leaves him poor and diseased, and only took him up from the plough, and sets him down at the hospital. In general, while he is possessed of it, it only bloats and swells him, makes him proud and insolent, gripping and oppressive ; pampers and enrages his lust, stretches out his desires into insatiable feeling, sticks his mind full of cares, and his conscience of guiles, and by all those woful effects it inflames his reckoning with God, and treasures up wrath for him against the day of wrath ; so that, comparing the consequences of the good man's adversity with those of the bad man's prosperity, it is evident that the former fares well even in his worst condition, and the latter ill, in his best. "It is well for me," saith David, "that I was afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept Thy commandments." But, on the contrary, when the wicked spring as the grass, saith the same author, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, then is it that they shall be destroyed for ever ! If, then, in the consequents of things, good men are blessed in their afflictions, and bad men plagued in their prosperities, as it is apparent they generally are, these unequals destributions are so far from being an argument against Providence, that they are a glorious instance of it. For wherein could the Divine Providence better express its justice and wisdom together, than by benefiting the good, and punishing the bad, by such cross and unprobable methods ?

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COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

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THE SABBATH.

WILLIS.

It was a pleasant morning, in the time  
When the leaves fall—and the bright sun shone out  
As when the morning stars first sang together—  
So quietly and calmly fell his light

Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf  
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all  
Was still. The labouring herd was grazing  
Upon the hill-side quietly—uncall'd  
By the harsh voice of man ; and distant sound,  
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not  
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,  
And then another of the morning, calm  
And still as Eden ere the birth of man.  
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells—  
And the old man, and his descendants, went  
Together to the house of God. I join'd  
The well-apparell'd crowd. The holy man  
Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith—  
And the gray saint just on the wing for heaven—  
And the fair maid—and the bright-hair'd young man—  
And child of curling locks, just taught to close  
The lash of its blue eye the while,—all knelt  
In attitude of prayer—and then the hymn,  
Sincere in its low melody, went up  
To worship God.

The white-hair'd pastor rose  
And look'd upon his flock—and with an eye  
That told his interest, and voice that spoke  
In tremulous accents eloquence like Paul's,  
He lent Isaiah's fire to the truths  
Of revelation, and persuasion came  
Like gushing waters from his lips, till hearts  
Unused to bend were soften'd, and the eye  
Unwont to weep sent forth the willing tear.

I went my way, but as I went I felt  
How well it was that the world-weary soul  
Should have its times to set its burthen down.

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## 338.—Ancient London.

FITZ STEPHEN.

[WILLIAM STEPHANIDES, or Fitz Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, was born in London; lived in the reigns of King Stephen, Henry the Second, and Richard the First; and died in 1191. He wrote a description of his native city in Latin. Stow, the antiquary, printed this very curious tract, with a translation, in his "Survey of London;" and it has since been reprinted several times. The translation of this passage which we give is more modern than that of Stow; and we take it from a very elegant and accurate edition of the "Survey," edited by Mr Thoms, the learned and accomplished secretary of the Camden Society. There are few things of antiquarian value more curious than this picture of London and its manners, written more than six centuries and a half ago.]

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*Of the manner in which the Affairs of the City are disposed.*—The artisans of the several crafts, the vendors of the various commodities, and the labourers of every kind, have each their separate station, which they take every morning. There is also in London, on the bank of the river, amongst the wine shops which are kept in ships and cellars, a public eating-house; there every day, according to the season, may be found viands of all kinds, roast, fried, and boiled, fish, large and small, coarser meat for the poor, and more delicate for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds. If friends, wearied with their journey, should unexpectedly come to a citizen's house, and, being hungry, should not like to wait till fresh meat be bought and cooked:

"The canisters with bread are heap'd on high,  
The attendants water for their hands supplys."—DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

meanwhile some run to the river side, and there everything that they could wish for is instantly procured. However great the number of soldiers or strangers that enters or leaves the city at any hour of the day or night, they may turn in there if they please, and refresh themselves according to their inclination; so that the former have no occasion to fast too long, or the latter to leave the city without dining. Those who wish to indulge themselves would not desire a sturgeon, or the bird of Africa, or the godwit

of Tonia, when the delicacies that are to be found there are set before them. This indeed is the public cookery, and is very convenient to the city, and a distinguishing mark of civilisation. Hence we read in Plato's *Gorgias*, "*Juxta medicinam esse coquorum officium, simulantium et adulationem quartæ particulæ civilitatis.*" There is, without one of the gates, immediately in the suburb, a certain smooth field in name and in reality. There every Friday, unless it be one of the more solemn festivals, is a noted show of well-bred horses exposed for sale. The earls, barons, and knights, who are at the time resident in the city, as well as most of the citizens, flock thither either to look or to buy. It is pleasant to see the nags, with their sleek and shining coats, smoothly ambling along, raising and setting down alternately, as it were, their feet on either side: in one part are horses better adapted to esquires; these, whose pace is rougher but yet expeditious, lift up and set down, as it were, the two opposite fore and hind feet together: in another the young blood colts, not yet accustomed to the bridle,

" Which upright walk on pasterns firm and straight,  
Their motions easy, prancing in their gait."—DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

In a third are the horses for burden, strong and stout-limbed; and in a fourth the more valuable chargers, of an elegant shape and noble height, with nimbly-moving ears, erect necks, and plump haunches. In the movements of these the purchasers observe first their easy pace, and then their gallop, which is when the fore feet are raised from the ground and set down together, and the hind ones in like manner, alternately. When a race is to be run by such horses as these, and perhaps by others, which in like manner, according to their breed, are strong for carriage and vigorous for the course, the people raise a shout, and order the common horses to be withdrawn to another part of the field. The jockeys, who are boys expert in the management of horses, which they regulate by means of curb bridles, sometimes by threes, and sometimes by twos, according as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. Their chief aim is to prevent a com-



petitor getting before them. The horses, too, after their manner, are eager for the race ; their limbs tremble, and, impatient of delay, they cannot stand still ; upon the signal being given, they stretch out their limbs, hurry over the course, and are borne along with unremitting speed. The riders, inspired with the love of praise and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their flying horses, lashing them with their whips, and inciting them by their shouts. You would think with Heraclitus, that all things were in motion, and that Zeno's opinion was altogether erroneous, when he said there was no such thing as motion, and that it was impossible to reach the goal. In another quarter, apart from the rest, stand the goods of the peasants, implements of husbandry, swine with their long sides, cows with distended udders—

“Oxen of bulk immense, and woolly flocks.”

There, too, stand the mares fitted for the plough, the dray, and the cart, of which some are big with foal, others have their frolicsome colts running close by their sides. To this city, from every nation under heaven, merchants bring their commodities by sea :—

“Arabia's gold, Sabæa's spice and incense,  
Scythia's keen weapons, and the oil of palms  
From Babylon's rich soil, Nile's precious gems,  
Norway's warm peltries, Russia's costly sables,  
Sera's rich vestures, and the wines of Gaul,  
Hither are sent.”

According to the evidence of chroniclers, London is more ancient than Rome ; for, as both derive their origin from the same Trojan ancestors, this was founded by Brutus before that by Romulus and Remus. Hence it is that, even to this day, both cities use the same ancient laws and ordinances. This, like Rome, is divided into wards ; it has annual sheriffs instead of consuls ; it has an order of senators, and inferior magistrates, and also sewers and aqueducts in its streets ; each class of suits, whether of the deliberate, demonstrative, or judicial kind, has its appropriate place and proper court ; on stated days it has its assemblies. I think that there is no city in which more approved

customs are observed—in attending churches, honouring God's ordinances, keeping festivals, giving alms, receiving strangers, confirming espousals, contracting marriages, celebrating weddings, preparing entertainments, welcoming guests, and also in the arrangement of the funeral ceremonies and the burial of the dead. The only inconveniences of London are, the immoderate drinking of foolish persons, and the frequent fires. Moreover, almost all the bishops, abbots, and great men of England, are, in a manner, citizens and freedmen of London : as they have magnificent houses there, to which they resort, spending large sums of money, whenever they are summoned thither to councils and assemblies by the king or their metropolitan, or are compelled to go there by their own business.

*Of the Sports.*—Let us now proceed to the sports of the city ; since it is expedient that a city be not only an object of utility and importance, but also a source of pleasure and diversion. Hence, even on the seals of the chief pontiffs, up to the time of Pope Leo, there was engraved on one side of the Bull the figure of St Peter as a fisherman, and above him a key stretched out to him, as it were from heaven, by the hand of God, and around him this verse—

“For me thou left'st thy ship—receive the key.”

On the obverse side was represented a city, with this inscription, “Golden Rome.” It was also said in praise of Augustus Cæsar and the city of Rome :—

“All night it rains, the shows return with day ;  
Cæsar, thou bear'st with Jove alternate sway.”

London, instead of theatrical shows and scenic entertainments, has dramatic performances of a more sacred kind, either representations of the miracles which holy confessors have wrought, or of the passions and sufferings in which the constancy of martyrs was signally displayed. Moreover, to begin with the sports of the boys, (for we have all been boys,) annually, on the day which is called Shrovetide, the boys of the respective schools each bring a fighting cock to their master, and the whole of that forenoon is

spent by the boys in seeing their cocks fight in the schoolroom. After dinner, all the young men of the city go out into the fields to play at the well-known game of foot-ball. The scholars belonging to the several schools have each their ball; and the city tradesmen, according to their respective crafts, have theirs. The more aged men, the fathers of the players, and the wealthy citizens, come on horseback to see the contests of the young men, with whom, after their manner, they participate, their natural heat seeming to be aroused by the sight of so much agility, and by their participation in the amusements of unrestrained youth. Every Sunday in Lent, after dinner, a company of young men enter the fields, mounted on warlike horses—

“On coursers always foremost in the race;”

of which

“Each steed’s well train’d to gallop in a ring.”

The lay sons of the citizens rush out of the gates in crowds, equipped with lances and shields, the younger sort with pikes from which the iron head has been taken off, and then they get up sham fights, and exercise themselves with military combat. When the king happens to be near the city, most of the courtiers attend, and the young men who form the households of the earls and barons, and have not yet attained the honour of knighthood, resort thither for the purpose of trying their skill. The hope of victory animates every one. The spirited horses neigh, their limbs tremble, they champ their bits, and, impatient of delay, cannot endure standing still. When at length

“The charger’s hoof seizes upon the course,”

the young riders having been divided into companies, some pursue those that go before them without being able to overtake them, whilst others throw their companions out of their course, and gallop beyond them. In the Easter holidays they play at a game resembling a naval engagement. A target is firmly fastened to the trunk of a tree which is fixed in the middle of the river, and in the prow of a boat driven along by oars and the current stands a young man who is to strike the target with his lance; if,

in hitting it, he breaks his lance, and keep his position unmoved, he gains his point, and attains his desire : but if his lance be not shivered by the blow, he is tumbled into the river, and his boat passes by, driven along by its own motion. Two boats, however, are placed there, one on each side of the target, and in them a number of young men who take up the striker, when he first emerges from the stream, or when

“ A second time he rises from the wave.”

On the bridge, and in the balconies on the banks of the river, stand the spectators,

“ — well disposed to laugh.”

During the holidays in summer the young men exercise themselves in the sports of leaping, archery, wrestling, stone-throwing, slinging javelins beyond a mark, and also fighting with bucklers. Cytherea leads the dances of the maidens, who merrily trip along the ground beneath the uprisen moon. Almost on every holiday in winter, before dinner, foaming boars, and huge-tusked hogs, intended for bacon, fight for their lives, or fat bulls or immense boars are baited with dogs ! When that great marsh which washes the walls of the city on the north side is frozen over, the young men go out in crowds to divert themselves upon the ice. Some having increased their velocity by a run, placing their feet apart, and turning their bodies sideways, slide a great way : others make a seat of large pieces of ice like mill-stones, and a great number of them running before, and holding each other by the hand, draw one of their companions who is seated on the ice ; if at any time they slip in moving so swiftly, all fall down headlong together. Others are more expert in their sports upon the ice ; for fitting to, and binding under their feet the shin bones of some animal, and taking in their hand poles shod with iron, which at times they strike against the ice, they are carried along with as great rapidity as a bird flying, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of the skaters having placed themselves at a great distance apart by mutual agreement, come together from



opposite sides ; they meet, raise their poles, and strike each other ; either one or both of them fall, not without some bodily hurt : even after their fall they are carried along to a great distance from each other by the velocity of the motion ; and whatever part of their heads comes in contact with the ice is laid bare to the very skull. Very frequently the leg or arm of the falling party, if he chance to light upon either of them, is broken. But youth is an age eager for glory and desirous of victory, and so young men engage in counterfeit battles, that they may conduct themselves more valiantly in real ones. Most of the citizens amuse themselves in sporting with merlins, hawks, and other birds of a like kind, and also with dogs that hunt in the woods. The citizens have the right of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all the Chilterns, and Kent, as far as the river Cray.

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### 339.—The Christmas Tree.

COLERIDGE.

*Ratzeburg, 1779.*

THERE is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other ; and the parents to the children. For three or four months before Christmas, the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money, to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them ; getting up in the morning before day-light, and the like. Then, on the evening before Christmas Day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go. A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but so as not to catch it till they are nearly burnt out, and coloured paper hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they

mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift, and then bring out the rest one by one from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. Where I witnessed this scene there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough, and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap!—Oh, it was a delight for them! On the next day, in the great parlour, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children: a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates *Knecht Rupert*, the servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house, and says that Jesus Christ his master sent him thither; the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and, according to the character which he hears from the parent, he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his Master recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old the children are let into the secret, and it is curious to observe how faithfully they keep it.

## 340.—The Canadian Indians.

SIR F. B. HEAD.

[SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD is one of those writers who has achieved a reputation, not by the power of his imagination or the resources of his learning, but by the happy art by which he can describe, in a vivid and picturesque manner, scenes and characters which have come under his own observation. He has thus made his gallopings across the Pampas, and his loungings at the baths of Nassau, equally interesting. The following extract from "The Emigrant" has the same quality of graphic truth.]

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I do not know at what rate in the Eastern world the car of Juggernaut advances over its victims, but it has been roughly estimated that in the opposite hemisphere of America the population of the United States, like a great wave, is constantly rolling towards the westward over the lands of the Indians, at the rate of about twenty miles per annum.

In our colonies the rights of the Indians have been more carefully attended to. The British sovereign and British parliament have faithfully respected them; and as a very friendly feeling exists between the red men of the forest and their white brethren, our governors have never found any difficulty in maintaining the title of "*Father*," by which the Indians invariably address them.

Yet, notwithstanding this just feeling and this general desire of our countrymen to act kindly towards the Indians, it had for some time been in contemplation in Upper Canada to prevail upon a portion of them to dispose of their lands to the crown, and to remove to the British Manitoulin Islands in Lake Huron.

When first I heard of this project, I felt much averse to it, and, by repeated personal inspections of the territories in which they were located, took a great deal of pains to ascertain what was the real condition of the Indians in Canada, and whether their proposed removal would be advantageous to *them*, as well as to the province; and the result of my inquiries induced me, without any hesitation, to take the necessary steps for recommending them to carry this arrangement into effect.

Whosoever, by the sweat of his brow, cultivates the ground,

creates, out of a very small area, food and raiment sufficient not only for himself, but for others ; whereas the man who subsists solely on game requires even for his own family a large hunting-ground. Now, so long as Canada was very thinly peopled with whites, an Indian preserve, as large as one of our counties in England, only formed part and parcel of the great forest which was common to all, and thus, for a considerable time, the white men and the red men, without inconvenience to each other, followed their respective avocations ; the latter hunted, while the former were employing themselves in cutting down trees or in laboriously following the plough. In process of time, however, the Indian preserves became surrounded by small patches of cleared land ; and, so soon as this was effected, the truth began to appear that the occupations of each race were not only dissimilar, but hostile to the interests of each other. For, while the great hunting-ground of the red man only inconvenienced the white settler, the little clearances of the latter, as if they had been so many chained-up barking dogs, had the effect of first scaring and then gradually cutting off the supplies of wild animals on whose flesh and skins the red race had been subsisting ; besides which, every trader that came to visit the dwellings of the white man, finding it profitable to sell whisky to the Indians, and the fatal results of drunkenness, of small-pox, and other disorders combined, produced, as may be imagined, the most unfortunate results.

The remedy which naturally would first suggest itself to most men, and which actually did suggest itself to the minds of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir John Colborne, and other administrators of the government who paid parental attention to the Indians, was to induce them to give up their hunting propensities, and tether themselves to the laborious occupations of their white brethren. In a few cases, where the Indians, circumscribed by temptations such as I have described, had become a race of half-castes, the project to a certain degree succeeded ; but one might as well attempt to decoy a flight of wild fowl to the ponds of Hampstead Heath—one might as well endeavour to persuade the



eagle to descend from the lofty regions in which he has existed to live with the fowls in our court-yards, as to prevail upon the red men of North America to become what we call civilised ; in short, it is against their nature, and they cannot do it.

Having ascertained that in one or two parts of Upper Canada there existed a few Indians in the unfortunate state I have described, and having found them in a condition highly demoralised, and almost starving on a large block of rich valuable land, which in their possession was remaining roadless and stagnant, I determined to carry into effect the project of my predecessors by endeavouring to prevail on these people to remove to the British islands in Lake Huron, in which there was some game, and which were abundantly supplied with fish ; and with a view to introduce them to the spot, I caused it to be made known to the various tribes of Indians resident throughout the immense wilderness of Canada, that on a certain day of a certain moon I would meet them in counsel, on a certain uninhabited island in Lake Huron where they should receive their annual presents.

In the beginning of August 1836, I accordingly left Toronto, and with a small party crossed that most beautiful piece of water, Lake Simcoe, and then rode to Penetanguishene Bay, from whence we were to start the next morning in bark canoes.

It was proposed that we should take tents ; but, as I had had some little experience of the healthy enjoyment of an out-of-doors life, as well as of the discomfort of a mongrel state of existence, and as, to use the words of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, "a man canna aye carry at his tail the luxuries o' the Saut Market o' Glasgow," I determined that, in our visit to our red brethren, we would adopt Indian habits, and sleep under blankets on the ground.

As soon as our wants were supplied, we embarked in two canoes, each manned by eight Lower Canadian Indians ; and, when we got about a mile from the shore, nothing could be more beautiful than the sudden chorus of their voices, as, with their faces towards the prow, and with a paddle in their hands, keeping time with their song, they joyfully pushed us along.

For some hours we steered directly from the land, until, except-

ing the shore on our right, we could see nothing but the segment of a circle of blue water ; and as the wind became strong, and as our canoes were heavily laden with provisions, portmanteaux, powder, shot, &c., I certainly for some time looked with very respectful attention to each wave, as one after another was seen rapidly and almost angrily advancing towards us ; but the Indian at the helm was doing exactly the same thing, and accordingly, whenever it arrived, the canoe was always precisely in the proper position to meet it ; and thus, sometimes to one tune, and sometimes to another, we proceeded under a splendid sky, through pure, exhilarating air, and over the surface of one of the most noble of those inland seas which in the western hemisphere diversify the interminable dominions of the British crown.

It was a heavenly morning ; and I never remember to have beheld a homely picture of what is called “savage life” which gave me more pleasure than that which, shortly after I landed, appeared immediately before me.

On a smooth table-rock, surrounded by trees and shrubs, every leaf of which had been washed by the night’s rain as clean as it could have appeared on the day of its birth, there were seated in front of their wigwam, and close to a fire, the white smoke from which was gracefully meandering upwards through the trees, an Indian’s family, composed of a very old man, two or three young ones, about as many wives, and a most liberal allowance of joyous-looking children of all ages.

The distinguishing characteristic of the group was robust, ruddy health. More happy or more honest countenances could not exist ; and as the morning sun with its full force beamed on their shiny jet-black hair and red countenances, it appeared as if it had imparted to the latter that description of colour which it itself assumes in England when beheld through one of our dense fogs.

The family—wives, grandfather, and all—did great credit to the young men by whose rifles and fishing-tackle they had been fed. They were all what is called full in flesh ; and the Bacchus-like outlines of two or three little naked children, who with frightened

faces stood looking at us, very clearly exclaimed in the name and on behalf of each of them, "*Haven't I had a good breakfast this morning?*" In short, without entering into particulars, the little urchins were evidently as full of bear's flesh, berries, soup, or something or other, as they could possibly hold.

On our approaching the party, the old man rose to receive us; and, though we could only communicate with him through one of our crew, he lost no time in treating his white brethren with hospitality and kindness. Like ourselves, they had only stopped at the island to feed; and we had scarcely departed when we saw the paddles of their canoes in motion, following us.

Whatever may be said in favour of the "blessings of civilisation," yet certainly in the life of a red Indian there is much for which he is fully justified in the daily thanksgivings he is in the habit of offering to "the Great Spirit." He breathes pure air, beholds splendid scenery, traverses unsullied water, and subsists on food which, generally speaking, forms not only his sustenance, but the manly amusement, as well as occupation, of his life.

In the course of the day we saw several Indian families cheerily paddling in their canoes towards the point to which we were proceeding. The weather was intensely hot; and, though our crew continued occasionally to sing to us, yet by the time of sunset they were very nearly exhausted.

During the night it again rained for seven or eight hours; however, as is always the case, the wetter our blankets became the better they excluded the storm.

As we were now within eight or ten miles of our destination, and had therefore to pay a little extra attention to our toilet, we did not start next morning until the sun had climbed many degrees into the clear blue sky; however, at about eight o'clock, we once again got into our canoes, and had proceeded about an hour, when our crew, whose faces, as they propelled us, were always towards the prow, pointed out to us a canoe ahead, which had been lying still, but which was now evidently paddling from us with unusual force, to announce our approach to the Indians,

who from the most remote districts had, according to appointment, congregated to meet us.

In about half an hour, on rounding a point of land, we saw immediately before us the great Manitoulin Island ; and, compared with the other uninhabited islands through which we had so long been wandering, it bore the appearance of a populous city ; indeed, from the innumerable threads of white smoke which in all directions, curling through the bright green foliage, were seen slowly escaping into the pure blue air, this place of rendezvous was evidently swarming alive with inhabitants, who, as we approached, were seen hurrying from all points towards the shore ; and by the time we arrived within one hundred and fifty yards of the island, the beach for about half a mile was thronged with Indians of all tribes, dressed in their various costumes : some displayed a good deal of the red garment which nature had given to them ; some were partially covered with the skins of wild animals they had slain ; others were enveloped in the folds of an English white blanket, and some in cloth and cottons of the gaudiest colours.

The scene altogether was highly picturesque, and I stood up in the canoe to enjoy it, when all of a sudden, on a signal given by one of the principal chiefs, every Indian present levelled his rifle towards me ; and from the centre to both extremities of the line there immediately irregularly rolled a *feu-de-joie*, which echoed and re-echoed among the wild uninhabited islands behind us.

As soon as I landed I was accosted by some of the principal chiefs ; but, from that native good breeding which in every situation in which they can be placed invariably distinguishes the Indian tribes, I was neither hustled nor hunted by a crowd ; on the contrary, during the three days I remained on the island, and after I was personally known to every individual upon it, I was enabled without any difficulty or inconvenience, or without a single person following or even stopping to stare at me, to wander completely by myself among all their wigwams.

Occasionally the head of the family would rise and salute me,



but, generally speaking, I received from the whole group what I valued infinitely more—a smile of happiness and contentment: and, when I beheld their healthy countenances and their robust active frames, I could not help feeling how astonished people in England would be if they could but behold, and study, a state of human existence in which every item in the long list of artificial luxuries which they have been taught to venerate is utterly unknown, and, if described, would be listened to with calm inoffensive indifference, or with a smile approaching very nearly to the confines of contempt; but the truth is, that between what *we* term the civilised portion of mankind, and what *we* call “the savage,” there is a moral gulf which neither party can cross, or, in other words, on the subject of happiness they have no ideas with us in common. For instance, if I could have suddenly transported one of the ruddy squaws before me to any of the principal bedrooms in Grosvenor Square, her first feeling on entering the apartment would have been that of suffocation from heat and impure air; but if, gently drawing aside the thick damask curtains of a four-post bed, I had shown her its young aristocratic inmates fast asleep, protected from every breath of air by glass windows, wooden shutters, holland blinds, window-curtains, hot bed-clothes, and beautiful fringed night-caps,—as soon as her smiles had subsided, her simple heart would have yearned to return to the clean rocks and pure air of Lake Huron; and so it would have been if I could suddenly have transported any of the young men before me to the narrow contracted hunting-grounds of any of our English country gentlemen; indeed, an Indian would laugh outright at the very idea of rearing and feeding game for the sake of afterwards shooting it; and the whole system of living, house fed, in gaiters, and drinking port-wine, would to his mind appear to be an inferior state of happiness to that which it had pleased “the Great Spirit” to allow him to enjoy.

During the whole evening, and again early the next morning, I was occupied in attending to claims on the consideration of the British Government which were urged by several of the tribes, and in making arrangements with some of our ministers of reli-

gion of various sects, who, at their own expense, and at much inconvenience, had come to the island.

At noon I proceeded to a point at which it had been arranged that I should hold a council with the chiefs of all the tribes, who, according to appointment, had congregated to meet me; and on my arrival there I found them all assembled, standing in groups, dressed in their finest costumes, with feathers waving on their heads, with their faces painted, half-painted, quarter-painted, or one eye painted, according to the customs of their respective tribes, while on the breast and arms of most of the oldest of them there shone resplendent the silver gorgets and armlets which in former years had been given to them by their ally—the British Sovereign.

After a few salutations it was proposed that our Council should commence; and accordingly, while I took possession of a chair which the Chief Superintendent of Indian affairs had been good enough to bring for me, the chiefs sat down opposite to me in about eighteen or twenty lines parallel to each other.

For a considerable time we absolutely gazed at each other in dead silence. Passions of all sorts had time to subside; and the judgment, divested of its enemy, was thus enabled calmly to consider and prepare the subjects of the approaching discourse; and, as if still further to facilitate this arrangement, “the pipe of peace” was introduced, slowly lighted, slowly smoked by one chief after another, and then sedately handed me to smoke it too. The whole assemblage having, in this simple manner, been solemnly linked together in a chain of friendship, and as it had been intimated to them by the Superintendent that I was ready to consider whatever observations any of them might desire to offer, one of the oldest chiefs arose; and, after standing for some seconds erect, yet in a position in which he was evidently perfectly at his ease, he commenced his speech—translated to me by an interpreter at my side—by a slow, calm expression of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for having safely conducted so many of his race to the point on which they had been requested to assemble. He then, in very appropriate terms, expressed the feelings of attach-

ment which had so long connected the red man with his Great Parent, across the Salt Lake ; and after this exordium, which in composition and mode of utterance would have done credit to any legislative assembly in the civilised world, he proceeded, with great calmness, by very beautiful metaphors, and by a narration of facts it was impossible to deny, to explain to me how gradually and—since their acquaintance with their white brethren—how continuously the race of red men had melted, and were still melting, like snow before the sun. As I did not take notes of this speech, or of those of several other chiefs who afterwards addressed the Council, I could only very inaccurately repeat them. Besides which, a considerable portion of them related to details of no public importance : I will therefore, in general terms, only observe, that nothing can be more interesting, or offer to the civilised world a more useful lesson, than the manner in which the red aborigines of America, without ever interrupting each other, conduct their Councils.

The calm high-bred dignity of their demeanour—the scientific manner in which they progressively construct the framework of whatever subject they undertake to explain—the sound arguments by which they connect as well as support it—and the beautiful wild flowers of eloquence with which, as they proceed, they adorn every portion of the moral architecture they are constructing, form altogether an exhibition of grave interest ; and yet is it not astonishing to reflect that the orators in these Councils are men whose lips and gums are—while they are speaking—black from the wild berries upon which they have been subsisting—who have never heard of education—never seen a town—but who, born in the secluded recesses of an almost interminable forest, have spent their lives in either following zigzaggedly the game on which they subsist through a labyrinth of trees, or in paddling their canoes across lakes, and among a congregation of such islands as I have described ?

They hear more distinctly—see farther—smell clearer—can bear more fatigue—can subsist on less food—and have altogether fewer wants than their white brethren ; and yet, while from morn-

ing till night we stand gazing at ourselves in the looking-glass of self-admiration, we consider the red Indians of America as "outside barbarians."

But I have quite forgotten to be the Hansard of my own speech at the Council, which was an attempt to explain to the tribes assembled the reasons which had induced their late "Great Father" to recommend some of them to sell their lands to the Provincial Government, and to remove to the innumerable islands in the waters before us. I assured them that their titles to their present hunting-grounds remained, and ever would remain, respected and undisputed; but that, inasmuch as their white brethren had an equal right to occupy and cultivate the forest that surrounded them, the consequence inevitably would be to cut off their supply of wild game, as I have already described. In short, I stated the case as fairly as I could, and, after a long debate, succeeded in prevailing upon the tribe to whom I had particularly been addressing myself to dispose of their lands on the terms I had proposed; and whether the bargain was for their weal or woe, it was, and so long as I live, will be, a great satisfaction to me to feel that it was openly discussed and agreed to in presence of every Indian tribe with whom her Majesty is allied; for be it always kept in mind, that while the white inhabitants of our North American colonies are the Queen's *subjects*, the red Indian is by solemn treaty her Majesty's *ally*.

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### 341.—Newstead Abbey.

BYRON.

[WE have given a specimen of Byron's rapid and vigorous prose; another from his Dramas; and we now extract a description from "Don Juan," which has the interest of being a picture of his own patrician seat—from which an unlucky destiny banished him, to live and die amongst strangers.]

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To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—  
An old, old monastery once, and now



Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare  
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow  
Few specimens yet left us can compare  
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,  
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,  
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,  
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak  
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally  
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke,  
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally  
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,  
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed  
By a river, which its soften'd way did take  
In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake  
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:  
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood  
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,  
Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,  
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made  
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding  
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,  
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding  
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,  
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile  
(While yet the Church of Rome's) stood half apart  
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.  
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:  
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march  
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;  
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,  
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,

When each house was a fortalice—as tell  
The annals of many a line undone,—  
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain  
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born child,  
With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,  
Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoil'd;  
She made the earth below seem holy ground.

This may be superstition, weak or wild,  
But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,  
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,  
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,  
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings  
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the morn, and when  
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,  
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then  
Is musical—a dying accent driven  
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.  
Some deem it but the distant echo given  
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,  
And harmonised by the old choral wall :

Others, that some original shape, or form  
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power  
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm  
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)  
To this gray ruin, with a voice to charm  
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower ;  
The cause I know not, nor can solve : but such  
The fact :—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,  
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—  
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :

The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,  
And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,  
With more of the monastic than has been  
Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,  
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween :  
An exquisite small chapel had been able  
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;  
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,  
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd  
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,  
Might shock a connoisseur ; but, when combined,  
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,  
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,  
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts :  
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,  
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

Steel barons, molten the next generation  
To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,  
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation ;  
And Lady Marys blooming into girls,  
With fair long locks, had also kept their station :  
And countesses mature in robes and pearls :  
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,  
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

Judges in very formidable ermine  
Were there, with brows that did not much invite  
The accused to think their lordships would determine  
His cause by leaning much from might to right :  
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon :  
Attorneys-General, awful to the sight,  
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)  
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas Corpus."

Generals, some all in armour, of the old  
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead :  
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,  
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed :  
Lordlings with staves of white or keys of gold :  
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed ;

And here and there some stern high patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,  
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,  
There rose a Carlo Dolce, or a Titian,  
Or wilder group of savage Salvatores,  
Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone  
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories  
Of martyrs axed, as Spagnoletto tainted  
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;  
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,  
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain  
Bronzed o'er some lean and Stoic anchorite :—  
But, lo ! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,  
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight :  
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish  
Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho ! a flask of Rhenish.

### 342.—The Death of Lord Hastings.

HALL.

[THE great scene of Shakspeare's "Richard III.," (act iii., scene iv.,) in which Gloster accuses Hastings of witchcraft, and sends him to the block as a traitor, faithfully follows the Chronicle of Hall. But this remarkable narrative has even a higher interest. It is taken, almost literally, from Sir Thomas More's "Tragical History of Richard III." The air of truth which pervades this history throughout—and which Shakspeare has almost invariably retained—is partly attributable to the minuteness with which little incidents are detailed, such as Richard's asking the Bishop of Ely for strawberries from his garden. More, when he was fifteen, was placed in the house of this same Bishop of Ely—Thomas Morton—then Archbishop of Canterbury; and from his table-talk these anecdotes were probably derived, and treasured up by the "one wit in England."]

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower on the Friday the thirteenth day of June, where was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near, that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed which afterward was cast away.



These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day. And, after a little talking with them, he said to the Bishop of Ely, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them." "Gladly, my lord," quoth he, "I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that;" and with that, in all haste, he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little, and



so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed and sore marvelled of this manner, and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began:—"What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm?" At which question all the lords

sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered, and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were, and all the other affirmed the same, "that is (quoth he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her," meaning the queen; at these words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her, than by any that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of council in this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self-same day, in the which he was not ware that it was by others devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London: then, said the Protector, in what wise that sorceress and other of her council, as Shore's wife with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted my body: and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he showed a wearish withered arm, and small as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel, for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her council, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king, her husband, most loved.

Also there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving, it is said, that he forbore her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend. Yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have, whom he loved so highly, accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly: therefore he answered, and said, "Certainly my lord, if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment."

“What!” quoth the Protector, “thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and; I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!” And therewith (as in great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings, “I arrest thee, traitor!” “What, me, my lord?” quoth he. “Yea, the traitor!” quoth the Protector; and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley, taken, and divers others, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, (whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace,) “for by Saint Paul (quoth he) I will not dine till I see thy head off.” It bootied him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which he might not go to till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber, that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor by his master, King Edward the Fourth, whose soul Jesu pardon. Amen.

A marvellous case it is to hear, either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in which he thought that a boar with his tusks so raised them both by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and, forasmuch as the Protector gave the boar for his cognisance, he imagined that it should be he.



This dream made such a fearful impression on his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him ; so that they would ride so far that night that they should be out of danger by the next day. " Ah ! good lord (quoth the Lord Hastings to the messenger,) leaneth my lord, thy master, so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought ? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which, if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back, (as friends fail fliers,) for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks fled for some falsehood ; wherefore either is there peril, nor none there is deed, or, if any be, it is rather in going than abiding. And, if we needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men's falsehoods than think it were either our own fault, or faint feeble heart ; and therefore go to thy master and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of my own hand." " God send grace ! " quoth the messenger, and so departed. Certain it is also that, in riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he was accustomed to ride on stumbled with him twice or thrice, almost to the falling ; which thing, although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been as an old evil token observed as a going towards mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Howard, son to the Lord Howard, (which lord was one of the priviest of the Lord Protector's council and doing,) as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the Lord Protector to haste him hitherward.

This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest, whom he met in Tower Street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, " What, my lord ! I pray you



come on ; wherefore talk you so long with that priest ? You have no need of a priest yet : ” and laughed upon him, as though he would say, “ You shall have need of one soon. ” But little wist the other what he meant, (but on night these words were well remembered by them who heard them ; ) so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days : which thing is often a sign of change : but I shall rather let anything pass me than the vain surety of man’s mind so near his death ; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the queen’s brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king’s indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, “ Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered how I met thee here once with a heavy heart ? ” “ Yea, my lord, (quoth he,) that I remember well, and thanked be God they got no good nor you no harm thereby. ” Thou wouldst say so, (quoth he,) if thou knowest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. ” That meant he, that the Earl Rivers, and the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were in deed ; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. “ In faith, man, (quoth he,) I was never so sorry nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here ; and lo ! the world is turned now ; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. ” “ I pray God it prove so, ” (quoth Hastings.) “ Prove ! (quoth he,) doubttest thou that ? nay, nay, I warrant thee. ” And so in manner dis-

pleased he entered into the Tower, where he was not long on life, as you have heard. O Lord God, the blindness of our mortal nature ! when he most feared, he was in most surety ; and, when he reckoned himself most surest, he lost his life, and that within two hours after. Thus ended this honourable man : a good knight, and gentle, of great authority with his prince, of living somewhat dissolute, plain and open to his enemy, and sure and secret to his friend, easy to beguile, as he that of good heart and courage foresaw no perils, a loving man, and passing well-beloved, very faithful and trusty enough ; but trusting too much was his destruction, as you may perceive.

### 343.—The Doctor's Family Feeling.

SOUTHEY.

“ It behoves the high  
For their own sakes to do things worthily.”—BEN JONSON.

No son ever regarded the memory of his father with more reverential affection than this last of the Doves.\* There never lived a man, he said, to whom the lines of Marcus Antonius Flamininus (the sweetest of all Latin poets in modern times, or perhaps of any age) could more truly be applied.

*“ Vixisti, genitor, bene, ac beate,                      Semper corpore, mente sanâ ; amicis  
Nec pauper, neque dives ; eruditus                      Jucundus, pietate singulari.”†  
Satis, et satis eloquens ; valente*

“ What if he could not with the Heveninghams of Suffolk count

\* This extract, and that numbered 296, are taken from that singular work entitled, “The Doctor,”—now acknowledged as the work of the late Mr Southey. It is a book that will delight many a student from its curious learning ; and furnish amusement and instruction to all those for whom quaintness and simplicity have a higher charm than ornate periods.

† “ Thou hast lived, my ancestor, well and happily, neither poor nor rich ; learned enough, eloquent enough ; ever with a sound mind in a sound body ; delightful to thy friends, eminent in thy piety.”

five and twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or with the Nauntons show where his ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before the Conquest,"\* he was, and with as much, or perhaps more, reason, contented with his parentage. Indeed his family feeling was so strong, that if he had been of an illustrious race, pride, he acknowledged, was the sin that would have most easily beset him ; though on the other hand, to correct this tendency, he thought that there could be no such persuasive preachers as old family portraits, and old monuments in the family church.

He was far, however, from thinking that those who are born to all the advantages, as they are commonly esteemed, of rank and fortune, are better placed for the improvement of their moral and intellectual nature than those in a lower grade. *Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint !* he used to say of this class, but this is a knowledge which they seldom possess ; and it is rare indeed to find an instance in which the high privileges which hereditary wealth conveys are understood by the possessors, and rightly appreciated and put to their proper use. The one and the two talents are,

(Oh ! bright occasions of dispensing good,  
How seldom used ! how little understood !)

in general, more profitably occupied than the five ; the five indeed are not often tied up in a napkin, but still less often are they faithfully employed in the service of that Lord from whom they are received in trust, and to whom an account of them must be rendered.

"A man of family and estate," said Johnson, "ought to consider himself as having the charge of a district over which he is to diffuse civility and happiness."—Are there fifty men of family and estate in the three kingdoms who feel and act as if this were their duty ?—Are there five and forty ?—Thirty ?—Twenty ?—Or can it be said with any probability of belief that "peradventure ten shall be found there ?"

\* Fuller.

“—*in sangue illustre e signorile, La viltà si raddoppia, e più si scorge*  
*In uom d'alti parenti al mondo nato Che in coloro il cui grado alto non sorge.*”\*

Here in England stood a village, within the memory of man,—no matter where,—close by the castle of a noble proprietor,—no matter who,

“—— *il figlio*  
*Del tale, ed il nipote del cotale,*  
*Natò per madre della tale.*”†

It contained about threescore houses, and every cottager had ground enough for keeping one or two cows. The noble proprietor looked upon these humble tenements as an eye-sore; and one by one, as opportunity offered, he purchased them, till at length he became owner of the whole, one field excepted, which belonged to an old Quaker. The old man resisted many offers, but at last he was induced to exchange it for a larger and better piece of land in another place. No sooner had this transaction been completed, than the other occupants, who were now only tenants at will, received notice to quit; the houses were demolished, the enclosures levelled, hearthsteads and homesteads, the cottage garden and the cottage field, disappeared, and the site was in part planted, in part thrown into the park. The Quaker, who, unlike Naboth, had parted with the inheritance of his fathers, was a native of the village; but he knew not how dearly he was attached to it till he saw its demolition; it was his fault, he said; and if he had not exchanged his piece of ground, he should never have lived to see his native place destroyed. He took it deeply to heart; it preyed upon his mind, and he soon lost his senses, and died.

I tell the story as it was related, within sight of the spot, by a husbandman who knew the place and the circumstances, and well remembered that many people used to come every morning from the adjacent parts to buy milk there,—“a quart of new milk for a halfpenny, and a quart of old given with it.”

\* In noble and illustrious blood,—in men of high birth,—all baseness displays itself more evidently than it would in those of low station.

† The son of this, and the nephew of that, having for his mother such a one.



Naboth has been named in relating this, but the reader will not suppose that I have any intention of comparing the great proprietor to Ahab,—or to William the Conqueror. There was nothing unjust in his proceedings, nothing iniquitous; and (though there may have been a great want of proper feeling) nothing cruel. I am not aware that any hardship was inflicted upon the families who were ejected, further than the inconvenience of a removal. He acted as most persons in the same circumstances probably would have acted, and no doubt he thought that his magnificent habitation was greatly improved by the demolition of the poor dwellings which had neighboured it so closely. Further, it may be said in his justification, (for which I would leave nothing unsaid,) that very possibly the houses had not sufficient appearance of neatness and comfort to render them agreeable objects; that the people may have been in no better state of manners and morals than villagers commonly are, which is saying that they were bad enough; that the filth of their houses was thrown into the road; and that their pigs, and their children, who were almost as unclean, ran loose there. Add to this, if you please, that though they stood in fear of their great neighbour, there may have been no attachment to him, and little feeling of good-will. But I will tell you how Dr Dove would have proceeded if he had been the hereditary lord of that castle and that domain.

He would have considered that this village was originally placed there for the sake of the security which the castle afforded. Times had changed, and with them the relative duties of the peer and of the peasantry: he no longer required their feudal services, and they no longer stood in need of his protection. The more, therefore, according to his "way of thinking," was it to be desired that other relations should be strengthened, and the bond of mutual good-will be more closely intertwined. He would have looked upon these villagers as neighbours, in whose welfare and good conduct he was especially interested, and over whom it was in his power to exercise a most salutary and beneficial influence; and, having this power, he would have known that it was his duty so to use it. He would have established a school in the village,

and have allowed no alehouse there. He would have taken his domestics preferably from thence. If there were a boy who, by his gentle disposition, his diligence, and his aptitude for learning, gave promise of those qualities which best become the clerical profession, he would have sent that boy to a grammar-school, and afterwards to college, supporting him there in part, or wholly, according to the parents' means, and placing him on his list for preferment, according to his deserts.

If there were any others who discovered a remarkable fitness for any other useful calling, in that calling he would have had them instructed, and given them his countenance and support, as long as they continued to deserve it. The Archbishop of Braga, Fray Bartolomeu dos Martyres, added to his establishment a physician for the poor. Our friend would, in like manner, have fixed a medical practitioner in the village—one as like as he could find to a certain doctor at Doncaster; and have allowed him such a fixed stipend as might have made him reasonably contented, and independent of the little emolument which the practice of the place could afford, for he would not have wished his services to be gratuitous where there was no need. If the parish to which the village belonged was too extensive, or the parochial minister unwilling, or unable, to look carefully after this part of his flock, his domestic chaplain (for he would not have lived without one) should have taken care of their religious instruction.

In his own family and his own person he would have set his neighbours an example of "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." And as this example produced its sure effects, he would have left the amateurs of agriculture to vie with each other in their breeds of sheep and oxen, and in the costly cultivation of their farms. It would have been—not his boast, for he boasted of nothing;—not his pride, for he had none of

"That poor vice, which only empty men  
Esteem a virtue;"\*

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\* Beaumont and Fletcher.

it was out of the root of Christian humility that all his virtues grew—but his consolation and his delight, to know that nowhere in Great Britain was there a neater, a more comfortable village than close to his own mansion ; nowhere a more orderly or more moral, a more cheerful or a happier people. And if his castle had stood upon an elevation commanding as rich a survey as Belvoir or Shobden, that village, when he looked from his windows, would still have been the most delightful object in the prospect.

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### 344.—Of Fraud.

BISHOP WILSON.

[DR THOMAS WILSON, Bishop of Sodor-and-Man, was an eminent divine of the latter part of the last century. His works are of a practical character, and are still extensively used. He died March 7, 1755, at the age of 92.]

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*“And take double money in your hand ; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand ; peradventure it was an oversight.”—GENESIS xliii. 12.*

A man of justice and integrity in his dealings is a character very desirable ; and most people are apt to claim it as their right. On the other hand, there are so many ways of forfeiting this character, without a man's being exposed to the world for his dishonesty, nay, very often without taking notice of it himself, that one cannot be too earnest with people to consider this matter a little more seriously, if it were but to convince them how often they claim a character which they are not always careful to deserve.

But then, when it is considered that for every act of injustice a man is accountable to God, and that restitution, where it can be, must be made as we hope for salvation, though it is a duty which people are hardly persuaded to submit to,—these things considered, it is everybody's concern to know and to avoid a sin of so much deceit and danger.

Now, there are several parts of injustice, or ways of forfeiting the character of an honest man, which I shall not now insist upon ;

such are,—the taking what is another man's right by secret or open force, that is, by theft or robbery ; by oppression, when he is not able to contend with us ; or by extortion, when his necessities force him to submit to the hardest terms we think fit to impose upon him ; these are all crimes of so ill fame, that all people pretend to abhor them ; the laws are severe in punishing them ; and such as are guilty are, for the most part, convinced they do ill.

But, then, there are acts of injustice which, though they are not so bare-faced, yet are as evil in the sight of God, as ill becoming an honest man and a Christian, and as hard to be repented of as the former ; such are,—the taking advantage of men's ignorance or mistakes ; overreaching them in bargains or in suits at law ; imposing upon their belief by a pretended sincerity, and then making a hand of their simplicity : these, and such as these, are the sins I would endeavour to set in a true light, that all good men may avoid them, and that all evil men may repent of them.

Now, the text I have chosen for this discourse is an instance of great integrity. It is the direction and command of Jacob to his sons, who, returning out of Egypt, where they had been to buy corn, and finding the moneys which they had before taken with them packed up and returned with the rest of their goods, were greatly surprised, and at a loss what to think of so uncommon an accident ; in the meantime their father orders them what to do : “Take double money in your hand ; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand ; peradventure it was an oversight.”

In these words there are two duties of great importance expressly set down. “Peradventure it was an oversight.” Here is a direction never to take advantage of other people's mistakes, negligence, or ignorance. “Take double money in your hands.” Here is restitution expressly required. Of which two duties, and the sins that are contrary to them, I will endeavour, by the assistance of God's good Spirit, so to speak as that your time may not be altogether lost in hearing them explained.

I. To begin with the first of these duties. Now, there being a



world of practices very dishonest, and yet people make a shift to live in them without either public reproach or private regret, it will therefore be proper to consider, how they will be able to justify themselves before the Judge of all the earth.

“Peradventure it was an oversight;” and therefore we must not take our advantage of it. This was Jacob’s rule. Let us see how far this rule ought to oblige all honest men, and how well it is observed. Now, people may not see their interest, but overlook their rights several ways; and to take advantage of their circumstances would be manifest injustice. For instance; if a man is in drink, he is, in the very language of the world, *overseen*; and if, in such circumstances, he happen to fall into ill hands, and make a bargain, it is ten to one but he heartily repents of what he has done, and very often his family smarts for it. Now, a good man, when he sees this, would reason just as Jacob did: “It was an oversight, and you shall not suffer by it.”

But is this the practice of the world?—Very far from it. And, though the apostle expressly declares “that the Lord is the avenger of all such as go beyond or defraud another in any matter,” yet people will not easily quit a good bargain, if the laws of man will not force them to it.

To proceed. How easily may a poor man, who has a righteous cause, mistake in defending it! But will his oversight give me a right to that to which, in truth, I had no just title before I made this advantage of his weakness or poverty? Or can anybody think that, because the injustice is done in the face of a court, it is a less crime than if it had been done on the high road?

To feed a man with moneys, or to help to run him into debt, by encouraging him to borrow when he has no occasion, that I may get a better bargain of his estate when he shall be forced to sell it—this should seem by the commonness of it to be no great crime. But pray does the man know what he is doing? If he does not, I take advantage of his weakness; I help to ruin him, and perhaps his family; and, if he is really guilty of a sin in squandering away the inheritance of his forefathers, it is impossible I should be guiltless.

"He that flattereth his neighbour," saith Solomon, "spreadeth a net for his feet," (Prov. xxix. 5.) It is impossible for a man, by fair speeches, to make his neighbour overlook his own interests; but, then, to take any ill advantage of a man, because he has an opinion of my judgment and integrity, is a wickedness which God will certainly avenge, though no law on earth can call a man to an account for it. Because it is less hazardous to wrong orphans than older people, is it therefore less criminal? No, surely: so far from it, that God declares Himself concerned in the cause of the fatherless and widow; that He will undertake and vindicate their cause against those that oppress them. And why? Why, because they have none else to help them. For which very reason a man should be very careful of taking advantage of the weaknesses or oversights of such helpless people, because such people have a right, and a promise, of a redress from God: "Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless: for their Redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee," (Prov. xxiii. 10, 11.) How often do wills, and other writings of moment, fall into the hands of such as thereby have an opportunity of wronging their neighbours! And people that will make use of such an opportunity do generally think that this is a less offence than stealing. But for what reason? Why, only because for stealing (if a man is caught) he will be in danger of being hanged; while at the worst he will only be called a dishonest man, if the other be discovered. And yet the crimes are equally forbidden, equally unjust and dangerous in the sight of God, whose judgment will be according to right, and not according to the false opinions of men.

A man who borrows moneys which he knows he cannot repay plainly takes an advantage of his creditor's ignorance of his circumstances. It is probable he may fancy himself less guilty than if he had stolen so much or taken it by force; but he would not think so if the laws had made these two crimes equally penal, as they are in fact equally unjust in the sight of God and man. There are too many who will make no scruple of imposing upon their neighbour's ignorance in passing off bad moneys, who yet

would startle at the thought of counterfeiting the current coin : I question whether such people have considered how near akin these two crimes are to one another.

To proceed : If a man will take all advantages which the very laws allow, he will very often do great injustice, and in good conscience make himself liable to restitution. For instance : a man, in settling his estate, which he may righteously do, forgets some formality which the law requires. Now, may I honestly go about to break this settlement ? No, surely. Why, what, then, was the law made for ? Why, purely to prevent frauds. Then, say you, he may be relieved in Chancery. But shall I give a man the trouble and the expense of law, when I believe beforehand that he has a right in conscience ? A man must love the world more than the command of God that will do so.

The very same must be said of unjust prescriptions, which yet the laws allow of. Not that length of time can give a man any right which he knows he had not from the beginning, but because there would be no end of lawsuits if people were to be disturbed for ever. The law, therefore, does what is best for the public in general, and leaves it to private men to act as they will answer to God and a good conscience. It is too common for people to conceal, and to keep, what they have found. People do not, surely, consider that there is an express law of God against such practices ; but they will find very particular precepts and directions touching this matter in the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy. But do these precepts oblige *us* ? Yes, surely, unless you suppose that God required of the Jews to be strictly honest, and that Christians may do what they please.

In short, it would be a difficult matter to reckon up the many deceits that may be practised without being liable to be called to an account. But the sins of injustice which are most common, and least taken notice of, are such as are committed in the way of trade and bargains. The wise man has given us fair warning of this. "As a nail," saith he, "sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling," (Eccles. xxvii. 2.) And therefore a man who desires to

keep a good conscience will be very watchful over himself, where he has warning beforehand of the danger he is in, and will be glad to have such rules to walk by as he is sure will not deceive him. Such is that of our blessed Saviour: "WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM," (Matt. vii. 12.) Which though a very general rule, yet by a well-meaning Christian may be applied to all our dealings with one another. A man, for instance, who sets this rule before his eyes will hardly put off damaged or distempered goods for sound; will hardly take advantage of the ignorance of the buyer; will use no deceits to raise the price, or set off the value of what he desires to sell.

I do not here mention false weights and measures; oppressing the poor; buying or selling of stolen goods; using oaths and lies to deceive those with whom they deal. Those that do any of these things know that they do ill; and all the rules of the gospel will be of no use to them so long as they do not believe them. But, for the sake of such as really desire to make a conscience of their ways, one would endeavour to make their way plain and safe, and their consciences easy upon good grounds.

Now, gain being the end of trade, and every man having a right to a reasonable advantage, of which he himself must very often be the sole judge, he lieth under a great temptation of being favourable to his own interest, and of overlooking that of others; to prevent which, these considerations should always be present with men of business:—That "he that maketh haste to be rich can hardly be innocent," (Prov. xxviii. 20;) that every man has a right to be dealt with fairly; that all depends upon God's blessing; that the fear of wanting what is necessary is the fear of infidels, who know not God; and that a man's life (and happiness) consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

When a man can consider such truths as these seriously, he is then disposed for saving instruction; he will easily hearken to the rules of religion: and a few rules will serve to direct him to keep a good conscience in the way of business. I shall recom-



mend one very plain rule, which will go a great way towards directing every conscientious man how to act safely with respect to gain ; and that is, to take such a gain, advantage, or consideration, as the person with whom I deal would be satisfied with if he knew my business as well as I do, and the reasons which oblige me to take such a profit. That this is a safe and good rule in trade is pretty plain from matter of fact ; for, whenever two persons deal together who both understand their business well, a few words serve their turn : he that sells, asks a reasonable gain, and he that buys sees it is fit he should have what he asks, all things considered. Now, if men would but make this their rule when they deal with the ignorant, it would prevent a great deal of guilt, which the wise man saith is almost inseparable from buying and selling.

There are certainly secrets in dealings which everybody cannot be acquainted with ; but, to prevent my being partial to myself, I may suppose the person I deal with knew the reasons why I insist upon such a price, and then, if I am conscious to myself that I need not be ashamed of such gain, I have a good testimony of my honesty, and my conscience will never reproach me for injustice. But if, instead of doing so, I take what I can get, make a hand of the negligence, ignorance, or simplicity of those with whom I have to do, I practice what is unjust ; I have no regard to the laws of the gospel ; and, if ever I do repent of this sin, I make myself liable to one of the most difficult duties of Christianity—that of restitution and satisfaction, without which my repentance will never deliver me from the sad consequences of such injustice.

But to prevent, as much as may be, any occasion for the exercise of the duty of restitution, I would lay before you, 1st., the greatness of these sins ; 2dly, the temptations which lead to them, that we may avoid them ; 3dly, such considerations as are most likely to keep us from running into them. And, first, we are not to judge of the greatness of crimes by the opinion the world has of them. At this rate, we should not only make a jest of taking advantage of and cheating one another, as is too common ; but

even the sin of adultery, and some other crimes which a Christian should not mention without horror, would be counted failings, rather than sins that will shut us out of heaven. But we are to judge of the greatness of crimes by the authority that forbids them ; by the punishment threatened ; and by the mischiefs that attend them. Now, all sins of this kind are plainly against the great rule of justice given by our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Lastly, the mischiefs of these sins are very apparent ; they harden the conscience ; they provoke and encourage others to sin ; and, what is worst of all, it is seldom that people think it necessary to repent of them. Christians are for the most part convinced that great and crying sins, such as are liable to infamous punishments in this world—that these are to be particularly repented of, or no pardon is to be expected ; but the sins of fraud are often committed without remorse and without punishment, or easily forgotten, and therefore seldom truly repented of ; which, in the end, make them as damnable sins as those that people seem to be more afraid of.

Let us, in the second place, consider the temptations to this vice, and what it is that occasions people to take advantage of their neighbour with so little regret and fear of punishment. Is it ignorance ? That cannot be : there is not the most ignorant person but knows well enough, when anybody wrongs him, that *that* man does ill. Is it for want of faith, and that people do not believe that they are to give an account for their injustice ? Few people will own such a degree of infidelity. Is it for want. No, surely ; for it is too often that those that have the least need are aptest to wrong and overreach their neighbour. Is it an immoderate love for their children, and that people will venture at all rather than not leave them all they can ? That cannot be the reason, where people have none to provide for, or where they are undutiful, and take ill ways.

What, then, is it which shall tempt men to run such hazards ? Why, an excessive love for the world. People think they have still too little ; that more would make them more happy : this

makes them forget the account they must give, and those rules which are prescribed by God for the peace and good government of the world: this makes them overlook their neighbour, as if he had not a right to be fairly dealt with: this makes them forget that death is not far from them, when they shall part with all they have unfairly gotten, and, if they know their danger, will wish a thousand times they had starved sooner than have done the least injustice.

You see how much this sin is to be feared; and that it is possible for people, by increasing their substance, to increase their damnation. Let me, therefore, recommend to you a few considerations, to make you abhor so base a vice. Let us seriously think of it, that all things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do; so that what may be an oversight to man cannot be so to God. Nay, a man may be shut out of heaven for that very thing which no law on earth could take hold of him for; or, if he repents of it, it will cost him dear before he can be forgiven.

Believe it, Christians, the Lord is nigh them that are wronged, to do them justice when they call upon Him in the bitterness of their soul; and it will be no advantage to a man to have doubled his talents, when he has doubled his guilt and his punishment. Even your posterity shall suffer for your fraud: and you are only laying up a treasure of judgments for those very children whom you are so passionately fond of. God will lay up the iniquities of sinners for their children, saith Job. (Job xx. 10.)

Depend upon it, neither your care in settling what you will have, nor your advice to your heir, nor lands, nor securities, nor bonds, nor locks, can preserve what you shall get by fraud—no, not repentance itself. “That is hard,” you will say: “will not God pardon me upon my repentance?” Why, you think, perhaps, that repentance consists in confessing your faults, and asking God’s pardon without making restitution; as if a thief, who has got enough to live upon, should ask God’s pardon, and then think all is well and forgiven. Who does not see the wickedness of such an opinion?

To conclude. If we would follow the good patriarch's advice, and be innocent, it is necessary that we have his faith and affections. How? Why, the apostle tells us, that "he looked for a city, whose builder and maker is God," (Heb xi. 10;) that is, he did not so much concern himself with what he might get in this short life, but he was for securing, by all means, an inheritance in heaven. He kept his eye and his heart there: and this made him despise all unjust advantages that came in his way, knowing that this was not the world that he was made for. And, in truth, unless this consideration be always present with us, the world has so many temptations to draw us out of the way that it will be impossible for a man to resist them. Self-interest—a present advantage—the slight opinion the world has of such crimes—will all contribute to draw a man into a snare who is not steadfastly purposed in his heart that no worldly advantage shall prevail with him to forfeit his inheritance in heaven: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) We have not now time to consider particularly what is to be done where people have by design, or unwittingly, fallen into this error. The text directs us to restitution.

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### 345.—Christmas.

VARIOUS.

FROST at Christmas!—'Tis the Englishman's delight. With a bright sun above and a crackling ground below, the prospect of his holly-crowned fireside becomes doubly cheering. Let us introduce this sacred and jocund season with a home picture:—

The frost performs its secret ministry,  
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry  
Came loud—and hark again! loud as before.  
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,  
Have left me to that solitude which suits  
Abstruser musings: save that at my side  
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.  
'Tis calm indeed, so calm that it disturbs



And vexes meditation with its strange  
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,  
 This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and wood,  
 With all the numberless goings on of life,  
 Inaudible as dreams ! The thin blue flame  
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not ;  
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,  
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.



Methinks its motion in this hush of nature  
 Gives it deep sympathies with me who live,  
 Making it a companionable form,  
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling spirit  
 By its own moods interprets, everywhere  
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,  
 And makes a toy of thought.

COLERIDGE.

Our ancestors began their winter revels as early as the feast of Saint Martin, the 11th of November. Old HERRICK is in his most joyous mood when he deals with these subjects :—

It is the day of Martelmass,  
 Cups of ale should freely pass ;  
 What though Winter has begun  
 To push down the Summer sun,

To our fire we can betake,  
 And enjoy the crackling brake,  
 Never heeding Winter's face  
 On the day of Martelmass.

Some do the city now frequent,  
 Where costly shows and merriment  
 Do wear the vapourish evening out  
 With interlude and revelling rout ;  
 Such as did pleasure England's queen,  
 When here her royal grace was seen ;  
 Yet will they not this day let pass,  
 The merry day of Martelmass.  
 When the daily sports be done,  
 Round the market-cross they run,  
 Prentice lads and gallant blades,  
 Dancing with their gamesome maids  
 Till the beadle stout and sour,

Shakes his bell, and calls the hour ;  
 Then farewell lad and farewell lass  
 To the merry night of Martelmass.

Martelmass shall come again,  
 Spite of wind, and snow, and rain ;  
 But many a strange thing must be  
     done,  
 Many a cause be lost and won,  
 Many a tool must leave his pelf,  
 Many a worldling cheat himself,  
 And many a marvel come to pass,  
 Before return of Martelmass.

Another fine old poet, GEORGE WITHER, shall sing a right English Christmas feasting song :—

Lo ! now is come our joyfull'st  
     feast,  
 Let every man be jolly,  
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
 And every post with holly.  
 Now, all our neighbours' chimneys  
     smoke  
 And Christmas blocks are burn-  
     ing ;  
 Their ovens they with baked meats  
     choke,  
 And all their spits are turning.  
 Without the door let sorrow lie ;  
 And if, for cold, it hap to die ;  
 We'll bury it in a Christmas Pie,  
     And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,  
 And no man minds his labour ;  
 Our lasses have provided them  
     A bagpipe and a tabor.  
 Rank misers now do sparing shun ;  
 Their hall of music soundeth ;  
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders  
     run,  
 So all things there aboundeth.  
 The country folk themselves ad-  
     vance ;  
 For Crowdy mutton's come out  
     of France :  
 And Jack shall pipe, and Jill  
     shall dance,  
 And all the town be merry.

HERRICK is sure not to be without a song when the old rites of hospitality are going forward :—

Come, bring with a noise,  
 My merry merry boys,  
 The Christmas log to the firing ;  
 While my good dame, she  
 Bids ye all be free,  
 And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand  
 Light the new block, and  
 For good success in his spending,  
 On your psalt'ries play,  
 That sweet luck may  
 Come while the log is a tending.

Drink now the strong beer,	For the rare mince-pie,
Cut the white loaf here,	And the plums stand by,
The while the meat is a shredding ;	To fill the paste that's a kneading.

But the Christmas of our ancestors was a time of solemn though cheerful thought. There was mumming and minstrelsy, but there was also earnest devotion. The very superstitions of the people were hallowed by their confiding belief :—

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planet strikes,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So gracious and so hallow'd is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it. SHAKSPERE.

The Christmas Carol was not then a thing to be mocked at. Read the following homely favourite of three centuries ago, and ask if there is not real poetical power in it—the power of earnest faith :—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
Born on Christmas-day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn ;  
The which his mother Mary  
Nothing did take in scorn.  
O tidings, &c.

From God, our heavenly Father,  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same,

How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name.  
O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the angel,  
Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour,  
Of virtue, power, and might,  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite.  
O tidings, &c.

The shepherds at those tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straight-  
way  
This blessed babe to find.  
O tidings, &c.

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Whereat this infant lay,  
They found him in a manger  
Where oxen fed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling  
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.

O tidings, &c.

### 346.—Knowledge.

LORD BACON.

It is an assured truth which is contained in the verses :—

“*Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

It taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds ; but indeed the accent had need be upon “fideliter,” for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness : for all things are admired either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart, “*Nil novi super terram.*”<sup>\*</sup> Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage or a fort or some walled town at the most, he said, “It seemed to him, that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went of.” So certainly, if a man meditate much upon the

<sup>\*</sup> There is nothing new upon the earth.



universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, whereas some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune ; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For, if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken ; and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead : and thereupon said, "*Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori.*"\* And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together as "*concomitantia* "

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
 Quique metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum  
 Subjicit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari."

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind : sometimes purging the ill humours, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof, and the like ; and, therefore, I will conclude with that which hath "*rationem totius*,"† which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account ; nor the pleasure of that "*suavissima vita, indies sentire se fieri meliorem.*"‡ The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them : the faults he hath he will learn how

\* Yesterday I saw the fragile broken, to-day I saw the mortal die.

† The reason of the whole.

‡ The most pleasant life is to feel a consciousness of improvement every day.

to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them : like an ill mower, that mows on still, and never whets his scythe. Whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof. Nay, further, in general and in sum, certain it is that “*veritas*”\* and “*bonitas*”† differ but as the seal and the print : for truth prints goodness ; and they be the clouds of error which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations.

From moral virtue let us pass on to matter of power and commandment, and consider whether in right reason there be any comparable with that wherewith knowledge investeth and crowneth man’s nature. We see the dignity of the commandment is according to the dignity of the commanded : to have commandment over beasts, as herdsman have, is a thing contemptible ; to have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honour ; to have commandment over galley-slaves is a disparagement rather than an honour. Neither is the commandment of tyrants much better, over people which have put off the generosity of their minds ; and, therefore, it was ever holden that honours in free monarchies and commonwealths had a sweetness more than in tyrannies ; because the commandment extendeth more over the wills of men, and not only over their deeds and services. And therefore, when Virgil putteth himself forth to attribute to Augustus Cæsar the best of human honours, he doth it in these words :—

“*Victorque volentes*

*Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.*”

But the commandment of knowledge is yet higher than the commandment over the will ; for it is a commandment over the reason, belief, and understanding of man, which is the highest part of the mind, and giveth law to the will itself : for there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne or chair of state in the spirits and souls of men, and in their cogitations, imaginations, opinions, and beliefs, but knowledge and learning. And there-

\* Truth.

† Goodness.

fore we see the detestable and extreme pleasure that arch-heretics, and false prophets, and impostors are transported with, when they once find in themselves that they have a superiority in the faith and conscience of men ; so great, that, if they have once tasted of it, it is seldom seen that any torture or persecution can make them relinquish or abandon it. But as this is that which the author of the "Revelation" calleth the depth or profoundness "of Satan ;" so, by argument of contraries, the just and lawful sovereignty over men's understanding, by force of truth rightly interpreted, is that which approacheth nearest to the similitude of the divine rule.

As for fortune and advancement, the beneficence of learning is not so confined to give fortune only to states and commonwealths, as it doth not likewise give fortune to particular persons. For it was well noted long ago, that Homer hath given more men their livings, than either Sylla, or Cæsar, or Augustus ever did, notwithstanding their great largesses and donatives, and distributions of lands to as many legions : and no doubt it is hard to say, whether arms or learning have advanced greater numbers. And in case of sovereignty we see that, if arms or descent have carried away the kingdom, yet learning hath carried the priesthood, which ever hath been in some competition with empire.

Again, for the pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in nature ; for, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner ; and must not, of consequence, pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections ? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and, after they be used, their verdure departeth ; which sheweth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures ; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality : and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable ; and therefore appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident. Neither is that pleasure of small

efficacy and contentment to the mind of man, which the poet Lucretius describeth elegantly,

“*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,*” &c.

“It is a view of delight,” saith he, “to stand or walk upon the shore side, and to see a ship tossed with the tempest upon the sea ; or to be in a fortified tower, and to see two battles join upon a plain ; but it is a pleasure incomparable, for the mind of man to be settled, landed, and fortified, in the certainty of truth ; and from thence to descry and behold the errors, perturbations, labours, and wanderings up and down of other men.”

Lastly, leaving the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts ; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body we cannot come, and the like ; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man’s nature doth most aspire, which is, immortality or continuance : for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families ; to this buildings, foundations, and monuments ; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration, and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter ; during which time, infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished ? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar ; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years ; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men’s wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and casts their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages : so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities



from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other.

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### 347.—Sympathetic Imitation.

DUGALD STEWART.

[DUGALD STEWART, one of the most celebrated of the Metaphysicians who belong to what is known as the Scotch school, was born at Edinburgh in 1753, died in 1828. The following extract is from his "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind;" and it affords a fair specimen of the elegance of his style and the variety of his illustrations. Highly popular as Stewart was during the greater part of a long career as a professor and a writer, he is now regarded as wanting depth and originality in his philosophical vocation. His "Elements," his "Philosophical Essays," and his "Preliminary Dissertation," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," will amply repay the trouble of perusal, especially to that class of readers who do not approach the study of the human mind as severe and determined students.]

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In ranking imitation among the original principles or ultimate facts in our constitution, it is, I presume, scarcely necessary for me to observe, that I do not use that term exactly in the popular sense in which it is commonly understood. I do not suppose, for example, that it is in consequence of any instinctive or mysterious process that a painter or an author, forms his taste in painting or in writing, on the models exhibited by his predecessors; for all this may obviously be resolved, in the most satisfactory manner, into more simple and general laws. The imitation of which I am here to treat, and which I have distinguished by the title of *sympathetic*, is that chiefly which depends on the mimical powers connected with our *bodily frame*, and which, in certain combinations of circumstances, seems to result, with little intervention of our will, from a sympathy between the bodily organisa-

tions of different individuals. Of various particulars connected with this class of phenomena, philosophy, I suspect, will never be able to give a complete explanation.

In general, it may be remarked, that whenever we see, in the countenance of another individual, any sudden change of features, more especially such a change as is expressive of any particular passion or emotion, our own countenance has a tendency to assimilate itself to his. Every man is sensible of this when he looks at a person under the influence of laughter, or in a deep melancholy. Something too of the same kind takes place in that spasm of the muscles of the jaw which we experience in yawning ; an action which is well known to be frequently excited by the contagious power of example. Even when we *conceive* in solitude the external expression of any passion, the effect of the conception is visible in our appearance. This is a fact of which every person must be conscious who attends, in his own case, to the result of the experiment ; and it is a circumstance which has been often remarked with respect to historical painters, when in the act of transferring to the canvas the glowing picture of a creative imagination.

If this general fact be admitted, it will enable us to account for a phenomenon which, although overlooked by most men from its familiarity, cannot fail to suggest an interesting subject of speculation to those who reflect on the circumstances with due attention. What I allude to is, that a mimic, without consulting a mirror, knows, by a sort of consciousness or internal feeling, the moment when he has hit upon the resemblance he wishes to exhibit. This phenomenon (which has always appeared to me an extremely curious and important one) seems to be altogether inexplicable, unless we suppose that, when the muscles of the mimic's face are so modified as to produce the desired combination of features, he is conscious, in some degree, of the same feeling or sensation which he had when he first became acquainted with the original appearance which he has been attempting to copy.

Nor is it the *visible* appearance alone of others that we have a disposition to imitate. We copy instinctively the voices of our

companions, their tones, their accents, and their modes of pronunciation. Hence that general similarity in point of air and manner observable in all who associate habitually together, and which every man acquires in a greater or less degree ; a similarity unheeded, perhaps, by those who witness it daily, and whose attention, accordingly, is more forcibly called to the nicer shades by which individuals are discriminated from each other, but which catches the eye of every stranger with incomparably greater force than the specific peculiarities which, to a closer observer, mark the endless varieties of human character.

The influence of this principle of imitation on the outward appearance is much more extensive than we are commonly disposed to suspect. It operates, indeed, chiefly on the air and movements, without producing any very striking effect on the material form in its quiescent state. So difficult, however, is it to abstract this form from its habitual accompaniments, that the members of the same community, by being accustomed to associate from their infancy in the intercourse of private life, appear, to a careless observer, to bear a much closer resemblance to each other than they do in reality ; while, on the other hand, the physical diversities which are characteristic of different nations are, in his estimation, proportionally magnified.

The important effects of the same principle, when considered in relation to our *moral* constitution, will afterwards appear. At present I shall only remark, that the reflection which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Falstaff, with respect to the manners of Justice Shallow and his attendants, and which Sir John expresses with all the precision of a philosophical *observer* and all the dignity of a moralist, may be extended to the most serious concerns of human life. “ It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men’s spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert, like so many wild geese. It is certain that *either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as*

*men take diseases, one of another ; therefore let men take heed to their company."*

Of this principle of our nature Count Rumford appears to have availed himself, with much address, in his House of Industry at Munich. "In order to inspire the rising generation with an early bias towards labour, he invited parents to send their children to the establishment before they were old enough to do any kind of work, and actually paid them for doing nothing, but merely being present when others were busy around them. These children (he tells us) were placed upon seats built around the walls where other children worked, while *they* were obliged to remain idle spectators ; and in this situation they soon became so uneasy at their own inactivity, that they frequently solicited with great importunity to be employed, and often cried bitterly if this favour was not instantly granted." A variety of motives, it is true, were in all probability here concerned ; but much, I think, must be ascribed to sympathy and to imitation.

It is in consequence of this imitative propensity that children learn insensibly to model their habits on the appearance and manners of those with whom they are familiarly conversant. It is thus too that, with little or no aid on the part of their instructors, they acquire the use of speech, and form their pliable organs to the articulation of whatever sounds they are accustomed to hear.

As we advance to maturity, the propensity to imitation grows weaker, our improving faculties gradually diverting our attention from the models around us to ideal standards more conformable to our own taste ; whilst at the same time, in consequence of some physical change in the body, that flexibility of the muscular system by which this propensity is enabled to accomplish its end, is impaired or lost. The same combination of letters which a child of three or four years of age utters without any apparent effort, would twenty years afterwards present to him a difficulty not to be surmounted by the most persevering industry. A similar inflexibility, it may be reasonably presumed from analogy, is acquired by those muscles, on which depend the imitative



powers of the face and of all the other parts of our material frame.

If this observation be well founded, it is by no means a fair experiment to attempt the education of a savage child of seven or eight years old, with the view of ascertaining how far it is possible to assimilate his air and manner to those of a polished European or Anglo-American. Long before this age many of his most important habits are fixed, and much is lost of that mobility of his system by which the principle of imitation operates. Such an individual, therefore, will retain through life that characteristic expression of the savage state, which is so apt to shock our feelings at the supposition of his common origin with ourselves. Nor is this all. Such an individual will, through life, find himself out of his element in a society of which he can so imperfectly acquire the manners; and if by accident, in maturer years, he should visit the scenes to which he was accustomed in early infancy, it is not improbable that he may willingly reassume habits of which he has lost the recollection, but which are to him a second nature, by being coëval with his existence.

In speculations concerning the varieties of the human race, too little attention has been, in general, bestowed on the influence exercised by the mind over the external expression. In consequence of this influence, it will be found that no inconsiderable diversities, in the form and aspect of man, arise from the different degrees of cultivation which his intellectual and moral powers receive in the different stages of society.

The savage, having neither occasion nor inclination to exert his intellectual faculties, excepting to remove the present inconveniences of his situation or to procure the objects which minister to his necessities, spends the greater part of his time in a state of stupid and thoughtless repose. It is impossible, therefore, that his features should acquire that spirit, and that mobility, which indicate an informed and an active mind. Supposing two individuals to possess originally the same physical form—to be cast, if I may use the expression, in the same mould—and the one to be educated from infancy in the habits of savage life, while the

other has been trained to the manners of cultivated society, I have no doubt but that, abstracting entirely from the influence of climate and of other physical circumstances, their countenances would, in time, exhibit a very striking contrast. Nothing, indeed, can place this in a stronger light than the rapid change which a few months' education produces on the physiognomy of those dumb children to whom the ingenuity of the present age furnishes the means of mental culture—a change from listlessness, vacancy, and seeming fatuity, to the expressive and animated look of self-enjoyment and conscious intelligence. It is true that, in such a state of society as ours, a great proportion of the community are as incapable of reflection as savages; but the principle of imitation, which, in some measure, assimilates to each other all the members of the same group or circle, communicates the external aspect of intelligence and of refinement to those who are the least entitled to assume it: and it is thus we frequently see the most complete mental imbecility accompanied with what is called a *plausible or imposing appearance*, or, in other words, a countenance which has caught, from imitation, the expression of sagacity.

I have already said that, in the case of most persons, the power of imitation decays as the period of childhood draws to a close. To this cause it is probably owing that the strong resemblance, which often renders twins scarcely distinguishable from each other in infancy, in most cases disappears gradually, in proportion as their countenances are rendered more expressive by the development of their respective characters. Like other powers, however, exercised by the infant mind, this faculty may be easily continued through the whole of life by a perseverance in the habits of our early years. By a course of systematic culture, it may even be strengthened to a degree far exceeding what is ever attained by the unassisted capacities of our natures. It is thus that the powers of the mimic are formed—powers which almost all children have a disposition to indulge, and of which it is sometimes difficult to restrain the exercise. The strength of the propensity seems to vary a good deal, according to the physical temperament of the individual; but, wherever it meets with any encouragement,

it is well known that no faculty whatever is more susceptible of improvement ; and accordingly, when at any time the possession of it happens to be at all fashionable in the higher circles, it very soon ceases to be a rare accomplishment. In the other sex the power of imitation is, I think, in general, greater than in ours.

A frequent reiteration of any act, it has been often remarked, communicates to the mind, not only a *facility* in performing it, but an increased *prone*ness or disposition to repeat it. This observation is remarkably verified in those who accustom themselves to the exercise of mimicry. Their propensity to imitation gains new strength from its habitual indulgence, and sometimes becomes so powerful as to be hardly subject to the control of the will. Instances of this have, more than once, fallen under my own observation ; and, in a few well-authenticated cases, the propensity is said to have become so irresistible as to constitute a species of disease.

As we have a faculty of imitating the peculiarities of our acquaintances, so we are able to fashion, in some degree, our own exterior, according to the ideal forms which imagination creates. The same powers of embellishing nature, which are exercised by the poet and the painter may, in this manner, be rendered subservient to the personal improvement of the individual. By a careful study of the best models which the circle of his acquaintance presents to him, an outline may be conceived of their common excellences, excluding every peculiarity of feature which might designate the particular objects of his imitation ; and this imaginary original he may strive to copy and to realise in himself. It is by a process analogous to this (as Sir Joshua Reynolds has very ingeniously shown) that the masters in painting rise to eminence ; and such, too, is the process which Quintilian recommends to the young orator who aspires to the graces of elocution and of action : "Imitate," says he, "the best speakers you can find ; but imitate only the perfections they possess in common."

It is remarked by the same admirable critic, that although a disposition to imitate be, in young men, one of the most favourable symptoms of future success, yet little is to be expected from those

who, in order to raise a laugh, delight in mimicking the peculiarities of individuals. An exclusive attention indeed to the best models which human life supplies indicates some defect in those powers of imagination and taste, which might have supplied the student with an ideal pattern still more faultless ; and therefore, how great soever his powers of execution may be, they can never produce anything but a copy (and probably a very inferior copy) of the original he has in view.

These observations may throw some light on the distinction between the powers of the mimic and of the actor. The former attaches himself to individual imitation ; the latter, equally faithful to the study of nature, strives, in the course of a more extensive observation, to seize on the genuine expressions of passion and of character, stripped of the singularities with which they are always blended when exhibited to our senses. It has been often remarked that these powers are seldom united in the same person ; and I believe the remark is just, when stated with proper limitations. It is certainly true that talent for mimicry may exist in the greatest perfection where there is no talent for acting, because the former talent implies merely the power of execution, which is not necessarily connected either with taste or with imagination. On the other hand, when these indisputable qualities in a great actor are to be found, there will probably be little disposition to cultivate those habits of minute and vigilant attention to *singularities* on which mimicry depends. But the powers of the actor evidently presuppose and comprehend the powers of the mimic, if he had thought the cultivation of them worthy of his attention ; for the same reason that the genius of the historical painter might, if he had chosen, have succeeded in the humbler walk of painting portraits. If I am not much mistaken, the conclusion might be confirmed by an appeal to facts. Foote, it is well known, was but an indifferent actor ; and many other mimics of acknowledged excellence in their own line have succeeded still worse than *he* did on the stage. But I have never known a good actor who did not also possess enough of the power of mimicry to show that it was his own fault he had not acquired it in still greater



perfection. Garrick, I have been told by some of his acquaintance, frequently amused his friends with *portraits* of individual character incomparably finer and more faithful than any that were ever executed by Foote.

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### 348.—Queen Christina of Sweden.

RANKE.

[LEOPOLD RANKE is the author of the "History of the Popes of Rome during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." This work was translated from the German by Mrs Austin, 1840. It is truly observed by the translator, that the subject of the book "is not so much the history of the Popes as a history of the great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism." The extract which we give presents a curious picture of the unlooked-for conquest by Catholicism of Queen Christina of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, the great champion of Protestantism.]

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Christina was a wonderful product of nature and fortune. A young and noble lady, she was utterly free from personal vanity. She took no pains to conceal that she had one shoulder higher than the other ; though she had been told that her greatest beauty consisted in her luxuriant fair hair, she did not even pay the commonest attention to it : she was wholly a stranger to all the petty cares of life ; so indifferent to the table, that she was never heard to find fault with any kind of food ; so temperate, that she drank nothing but water. She never could understand to learn any sort of womanly works ; on the other hand, she delighted to be told that at her birth she was taken for a boy ; that when a little infant, instead of betraying terror at the firing of guns, she clapped her hands and behaved like a true soldier's child. She was a most intrepid rider ; putting one foot in the stirrup, she vaulted into the saddle, and went off at speed ; she shot with unerring aim ; she studied Tacitus and Plato, and sometimes entered with more profound sagacity into the genius of those authors than philologists by profession ; young as she was, she was capable of forming an independent and discriminating judgment on state affairs, and of maintaining it triumphantly amongst senators grown gray in

commerce with the world. She threw into her labour the fresh and buoyant spirit which accompanies native perspicuity of mind ; above all, she was penetrated with a sense of the high mission to which she was called by her birth ; of the necessity of governing by herself. Never did she refer an ambassador to her minister : she would not suffer a subject of hers to wear a foreign order ; she could not endure, she said, that one of her flock should bear the mark of another's hand. She knew how to assume a port and countenance before which the generals who made Germany tremble were dumb ; had a new war broken out, she would assuredly have put herself at the head of her troops.

With a character and tastes of so lofty and heroic a stamp, it may easily be imagined that the mere thought of marrying—of giving a man rights over her person—was utterly intolerable to her ; any obligation of that kind which she might be supposed to lie under to her country she believed she had fully exempted herself from by fixing the succession ; immediately after her coronation she declared that she would rather die than marry.

But could such a position as hers be maintained ? There was something in it overstrained and forced—deficient in the equipoise of a healthy state of being, in the serenity of a natural existence content within itself. It was not inclination for business which precipitated her into it with such ardour ; she was urged on by ambition and by a sense of her sovereign power and dignity—but she found no pleasure in it. Nor did she love her country ; neither its customs nor its pleasures, neither its ecclesiastical nor its temporal occupation, nor its past history and glory, which she could not understand or feel : the state ceremonies, the long speeches to which she was condemned to listen, the official occasions on which she had personal duties to perform, were utterly odious to her ; the circle of cultivation and learning, within which her countrymen remained stationary, seemed to her contemptibly narrow. Had she not possessed the throne of Sweden from childhood, it might perhaps have appeared an object of desire to her ; but, as she had been a queen as long as she could remember, all those longings and aspirations of the mind of man, which

stamp the character of his future destiny, had taken a direction averted from her own country. Fantastic views and a love of the extraordinary began to obtain dominion over her; she recognised none of the ordinary restraints, nor did she think of opposing the strength and dignity of a moral symmetry, suited to her position, to passing and accidental impressions; in short, she was high-minded, intrepid, magnanimous, full of elasticity and energy of spirit; but extravagant, violent, studiously unfeminine, in no respect amiable, unfilial even, and not only to her mother,—she spared not even the sacred memory of her father when an opportunity offered of saying a sarcastic thing. Sometimes, indeed, it appears as if she knew not what she said. Exalted as was her station, such a character and demeanour could not fail to react upon herself, and to render it impossible for her to feel contented, attached to her home and country, or happy.

This unsatisfied and restless spirit frequently takes possession of the mind most strongly with regard to religion. Its workings in the heart of Christina were manifested in the following manner.

The memory of the queen dwelt with peculiar delight on her teacher, Dr Johann Matthiæ, whose simple, pure, and gentle spirit gained her earliest affections, who was her earliest confidant even in all her childish affairs. Immediately after it had become manifest that no one of the existing ecclesiastical bodies would overpower the other, the expediency of a union of them was recognised by some few right-thinking men. Matthiæ was one of those who cherished this wish, and published a book in which he agitated the question of the union of the two Protestant Churches. The queen was strongly inclined to his opinion; she conceived the project of founding a theological academy, which should devote itself to the work of reconciling the two confessions. But the fiery zeal of certain inflexible Lutherans immediately rose up in arms against this project. A superintendent of Calmer attacked Matthiæ's book with fury, and the estates took part against it. The bishops admonished the queen's council to watch over the interests of the established religion of the country, and the high chancellor went

to the queen, and made such vehement representations to her, that tears of vexation came into her eyes.

She now probably thought she perceived that it was not a perfectly disinterested zeal which set her Lutheran subjects in motion. She thought they wanted to cheat her with that peculiar idea of the Divine Being which they placed before her, only that they might make her the tool of their own purposes. Their representations of God seemed to her unworthy of the Divine nature.

The tedious sermons which she had long heard with so much weariness, and which she was compelled by the ordinances of the kingdom to listen to, now became insufferable to her. She often betrayed her impatience; she shifted her chair, and played with her little dog; but these signs of restlessness only served to strengthen the inexorable determination of the preacher to keep her the longer.

The temper of mind which such conduct on the part of the ministers of religion was calculated to generate, and which gradually alienated her from the religion of her country, was confirmed by the presence of learned foreigners. Some were Catholics; others, for example Isaac Vossius, gave occasion to suspect them of infidelity; Bourdelot, who had the greatest credit with her, having carried her successfully through a dangerous illness, and who was a man exactly fitted for a court,—full of knowledge and of powers of entertainment, and devoid of pedantry,—jested at everything,—the pretensions of the learned and the sanctity of established creeds,—and passed for a complete anti-supernaturalist.

The young princess gradually fell into a state of insoluble doubt. It appeared to her that every positive religion was an invention of man; that every argument told against the one as much as against the other; that, in fact, it was indifferent which a man embraced.

Yet she did not fall into absolute irreligion; she retained certain unshaken convictions: in her royal solitude of a throne she had found it impossible to dispense with thoughts of God; she even imagined that her station placed her one step nearer to His pre-



sence. "Thou knowest," exclaims she, "how often in a language unknown to vulgar souls, I have prayed to Thee for grace to enlighten me, and vowed to belong wholly to Thee, though I should sacrifice life and happiness." She connected this with her peculiar ideas. "I renounced all other love," says she, "and devoted myself to this alone."

But would God have left man without the true religion?—an expression of Cicero's that the true religion could be but one, and that all the others must be false,—made the greatest impression on her mind.

The only question was, which was the true one.

It is no part of our present purpose to investigate arguments or to sift evidence. Christina repeatedly said that she found no essential errors of doctrine in Protestantism. But as her aversion to that form of Christianity arose from an original and ultimate feeling, which had only been rendered more intense by circumstances, so likewise, with an inclination as little to be explained or reasoned upon, she gave herself up with full and entire sympathy to Catholicism.

She was nine years old when she first heard any distinct account of the peculiar doctrines of the Catholic Church; when she was told that it held celibacy to be meritorious, "Ah," exclaimed she, "how admirable that is! that is the religion I shall embrace." This called forth a serious rebuke, but she only persisted the more obstinately in her determination.

With this were associated other impressions of a congenial nature. "When one is a Catholic," said she, "one has the consolation of believing what so many noble spirits have believed for sixteen centuries; of belonging to a religion that has been attested by millions of miracles, by millions of martyrs; above all," added she, "a religion that has produced so many illustrious virgins who have overcome the weaknesses of their sex, and consecrated themselves to God."

The constitution of Sweden is based upon Protestantism; the glory, the power, the European position of that country, are inextricably bound up with it, and it was thus imposed on Christina

as a sort of necessity. Disgusted by a thousand accidental circumstances, feeling that it touched no chord of her mind or heart, she broke loose from it with all the wilfulness of her character and station; the opposite system, of which she had but a dim and vague knowledge, attracted her: the infallible authority conferred on the hope she regarded as an institution in accordance with the benevolence of the Deity, and every day became more decidedly inclined to it; it seemed as if she felt that need of self-devotion, which is inseparable from the nature of woman, appeased by this surrender of her reason; as if faith in her, like love in others of her sex, was born of that secret and vague emotion which hides itself from the world's censure, and grows stronger the more profound its concealment, and in which the heart of woman, resigned and resolved to sacrifice everything to it, delights for its own sake.

It is at least certain that Christina, in the advances she made to the court of Rome, showed all that love of mystery, and practised those arts, which are usually prompted by love or by ambition: she engaged in an intrigue to become a Catholic. In this she showed herself a true woman.

The first to whom she revealed her inclinations was a Jesuit, Antonio Macedo, confessor of the Portuguese ambassador, Pinto Pereira. Pereira spoke only Portuguese, and employed his confessor as interpreter. The queen derived a strange pleasure at the audiences which she gave to the ambassador, in carrying on a religious controversy with his interpreter, while Pereira imagined he was discussing state affairs; and thus, in the presence of a third person who understood nothing that passed, disclosing to Macedo her most secret thoughts and boldest speculations.

All on a sudden Macedo disappeared from Stockholm. The queen pretended to have search made for him, and to send people in pursuit of him; while she herself had despatched him to Rome to communicate her intentions to the general of the Jesuits, and to entreat him to send to her two or three members of his order in whom he could confide.

In February 1652 they arrived in Stockholm. They were two

young men who gave themselves out as travelling Italian nobles, and were thereupon introduced to her table. She instantly suspected who they were, and as they walked into the dining-room immediately before her, she asked one of them, in a low voice, whether by chance he had any letters for her ; he answered, without turning round, that he had ; she enjoined him to silence by one hurried word ; immediately after dinner she sent her most confidential servant, Johann Holm, to fetch the letters, and the following morning the fathers themselves were conducted in the profoundest secrecy to the palace.

Emissaries from Rome now entered the royal abode of Gustavus Adolphus, to confer with his daughter concerning her conversion to that faith of which he was the most formidable antagonist. The peculiar charm of this transaction to Christina was, that no one had the slightest suspicion of it.

The two Jesuits at first intended to adhere to the rules of the catechism, but they soon saw that such means were wholly inapplicable here. The queen proposed far different questions from any for which they were prepared :—Whether there was any ultimate distinction between good and evil, or whether everything resolved itself into the utility or mischievousness of an action ? How the doubts which may suggest themselves on the subject of an over-ruling Providence were to be removed ? Whether the soul of man is really immortal ? Whether it be not most expedient for every man to follow the religion of his country externally, and to live after the laws of reason ? Such were the problems which they were required to solve. They do not tell us what were their answers ; they say that during this conversation thoughts passed through their minds such as they had never been conscious of before, and had instantly vanished ; that the queen was under the immediate operation of the Holy Ghost. The truth is, she was under the influence of a strong bias, which gave completeness to every argument and strength to every conviction. They recurred most frequently to the principle mentioned above,—that the world could not be without the true religion ; and to this proposition was appended a second,—that among all that existed

the Catholic was the most in accordance with reason. "Our main endeavour was," says the Jesuits, "to prove that the articles of our holy religion are above reason, but in no respect contrary to reason." The chief difficulties were, the invocation of saints and the worship of images and relics. "But her majesty apprehended," continue they, "with penetrating mind the whole force of the arguments we adduced ; otherwise we should have needed a long time for our discussion." She also spoke to them of the difficulties which would present themselves, even if she were determined on avowing her conversion, as to the mode of accomplishing it. Sometimes these appeared to her insuperable. One day when she had another interview with the Jesuits, she declared to them that they had better return home, that the matter was utterly impracticable, and that she thought she should never be able to become a sincere and earnest Catholic. The good fathers were amazed ; they urged every argument and consideration that could confirm her intentions ; placed God and eternity before her, and pronounced her doubts an assault of Satan. It is perfectly characteristic of her that she was more determined upon her conversion at that very moment than at any of their previous conferences. "What would you say," exclaimed she suddenly, "if I were nearer becoming a Catholic than you think ?" "I cannot describe the feeling," says the Jesuit, from whom we have the report of this transaction, "which we experienced ; we felt as if raised from the dead. The queen inquired whether the pope could not grant permission to receive the Lord's Supper once a year, according to the Lutheran rite. We answered, that he could not." "Then," said she, "there is no help, I must resign the crown."

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### 349.—*Lyrics of the Heart.*

ALARIC A. WATTS.

[MR WATTS's name was long familiar to the public in connexion with works in which the Arts of Painting and Engraving have been associated with elegant literature, and his services to literature and the Fine Arts were acknowledged by her Majesty in an annual grant. His last publication was a charm-



ing volume of his own poems, illustrated with engravings. He died in 1864. We select two "Lyrics," which have an interest even beyond their own merits. They afforded pleasure to one of the few great statesmen that our times have produced—one who knew that an English minister has higher duties than the management of parliament. We extract the following from Mr Watts's preface.]

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Among the cordial and encouraging testimonies they have, from time to time, called forth, was one from the virtuous and patriotic statesman, whose recent melancholy death has been so deeply and universally deplored; the more gratifying, because wholly unsought and unexpected by me. "It is not" (said the late Sir Robert Peel, in a letter, which I had the gratification to receive from him, in the year 1826) "from mere courtesy that I assure you that your name is respected by me. I have had the satisfaction of reading many of your poems. I particularly call to mind two—"The Death of the First-Born," and "My Own Fire-side;" to have written which would be an honourable distinction to any one." Eighteen years afterwards, his recollection of these poems induced him to place at my disposal a Treasury appointment for my son; and only a few months previous to his lamented death, I received an additional and unsolicited proof of the interest he continued to take in my welfare."

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#### MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys,  
At ball or concert, rout or play;  
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,  
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,  
I while the wintry eve away.  
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,  
And marvel how I e'er could stray  
From thee—my own fireside!  
My own fire-side! Those simple words  
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;

Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,  
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.  
What is there my wild heart can prize,  
That doth not in thy sphere abide;  
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,  
My own—my own fire-side !

A gentle form is near me now ;  
A small white hand is clasped in mine;  
I gaze upon her placid brow,  
And ask, What joys can equal thine?  
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,  
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;  
Where may love seek a fitter shrine,  
Than thou—my own fire-side ?

What care I for the sullen war  
Of winds without, that ravage earth;  
It doth but bid me prize the more  
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth ;—  
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth ;  
Then let the churlish tempest chide,  
It cannot check the blameless mirth  
That glads my own fire-side !

My refuge ever from the storm  
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;  
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,  
Their fury cannot reach me there;  
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;  
Wrath, envy, malice, strife, or pride,  
Hath never made its hated lair,  
By thee—my own fire-side !

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,  
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;  
Where life's vexations lose their sting;  
Where even grief is half subdued;

And peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.  
Then let the world's proud fool deride;  
I'll pay my debt of gratitude  
To thee—my own fire-side !

Shrine of my household deities;  
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys ;  
To thee my burthened spirit flies,  
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys !  
Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;  
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried ;—  
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,  
To thee—my own fire-side !

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,  
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,  
Thus ever guide my wandering feet  
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !  
Whate'er my future years may be,  
Let joy or grief my fate betide,  
Be still an Eden bright to me,  
My own—my own fire-side !

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## THE DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes,  
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble  
cries ;—  
For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down to kiss  
Thy cherry lips, and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss !

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and pain,  
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my boding  
brain ;—  
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of persecuting foes,  
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these must mar thy youth's  
repose !

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half blinded by my tears,—  
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my  
fears ;—  
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom  
that bound them,  
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are  
round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,  
And a father's anxious fear for thee can fever me no more !  
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at thy  
birth,—  
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of  
earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though brief thy  
span below,  
To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;  
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to fade,  
And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes were  
wrapt in shade.

Oh, the child in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou  
wert then,  
Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and in  
pain ;  
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was  
lost,  
Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee, day by day,  
Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away ;  
And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared not breathe aloud,  
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming  
cloud !



It came at length ;—o'er thy bright-blue eye the film was gathering fast,—  
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last ;—  
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy drooping head ;—  
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead !

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,  
And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attained by thee ;—  
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,  
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine !

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant brow  
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our only solace now ;  
Then placed around thy beauteous corpse, flowers, not more fair  
and sweet,—  
Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,  
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,—  
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nursed ;  
They may be lovely and beloved, but not, like thee, the FIRST !

The FIRST. How many a memory bright that one sweet word  
can bring,  
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's delightful  
spring ;—  
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss  
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as this !

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my First !  
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my heart is like  
to burst ;

But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance  
dart,

And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to  
what thou art !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,  
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,  
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,  
And bliss, eternal bliss, is thine, my fairest and my First !

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### 350.—The War in La Vendée.

JEFFREY.

[THE events of this terrible war of the French Revolution have been detailed with singular animation in the late Lord Jeffrey's Review of the Memoirs of the Marquise de Larochejaquelein. We pass over the early successes of the insurgents, to give the afflicting narrative of their final discomfiture.]

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The last great battle was fought near Chollet, where the insurgents, after a furious and sanguinary resistance, were at last borne down by the multitude of their opponents, and driven down into the low country on the banks of the Loire. M. de Bonchamp, who had always held out the policy of crossing this river, and the advantages to be derived from uniting themselves to the royalists of Brittany, was mortally wounded in this battle ; but his counsels still influenced their proceedings in this emergency ; and not only the whole *débris* and wreck of the army, but a great proportion of the men and women and children of the country, flying in consternation from the burnings and butchery of the government forces, flocked down in agony and despair to the banks of this great river. On gaining the heights of St Florent, one of the most mournful, and at the same time most magnificent, spectacles burst upon the eye. Those heights form a vast semicircle ; at the bottom of which a broad bare plain extends to the edge of the water. Near a hundred thousand unhappy souls now blackened over that dreary expanse,—old men, infants, and

women, mingled with the half-armed soldiery, caravans, crowded baggage waggons, and teams of oxen, all full of despair, impatience, anxiety, and terror. Behind were the smokes of their burning villages, and the thunder of the hostile artillery;—before, the broad stream of the Loire, divided by a long low island, also covered by the fugitives—twenty frail barks plying in the stream—and, on the far banks, the disorderly movements of those who had effected the passage, and were waiting there to be rejoined by their companions. Such, Madame de Lescure assures us,\* was the tumult and terror of the scene, and so awful the recollections it inspired, that it can never be effaced from the memory of any of those who beheld it; and that many of its awe-struck spectators have concurred in stating that it brought forcibly to their imaginations the unspeakable terrors of the great Day of Judgment! Through this dismayed and bewildered multitude, the disconsolate family of their gallant general made their way silently to the shore;—M. de L. stretched, almost insensible, on a wretched litter,—his wife, three months gone with child, walking by his side—and, behind her, her faithful nurse, with her helpless and astonished infant in her arms. When they arrived on the beach, they with difficulty got a crazy boat to carry them to the island; but the aged monk who steered it would not venture to cross the larger branch of the stream—and the poor wounded man was obliged to submit to the agony of another removal.

M. de Bonchamp died as they were taking him out of the boat; and it became necessary to elect another commander. M. de L. roused himself to recommend Henri de Larochejaquelein; and he was immediately appointed. When the election was announced to him, M. de L. desired to see and congratulate his valiant cousin. He was already weeping over him in a dark corner of the room, and now came to express his hopes that he should soon be superseded by his recovery, “No,” said M. de L., “that I believe, is out of the question: but, even if I were to recover, I should never take the place you have now

\* Afterwards Larochejaquelein.

obtained, and should be proud to serve as your aide-de-camp." The day after they advanced towards Rennes. M. de L. could find no other conveyance than a baggage waggon; at every jolt of which he suffered such anguish as to draw forth the most piercing shrieks, even from his manly bosom. After some time an old chaise was discovered: a piece of artillery was thrown away to supply it with horses, and the wounded general was laid in it—his head being supported in the lap of Agatha, his mother's faithful waiting-woman, and now the only attendant of his wife and infant. In three painful days they reached Laval;—Madame de L. frequently suffering from absolute want, and sometimes getting nothing to eat the whole day but one or two sour apples. M. de L. was nearly insensible during the whole journey. He was roused but once, when there was a report that a party of the enemy were in sight. He then called for his musket, and attempted to get out of the carriage, addressed exhortations and reproaches to the troops that were flying around him, and would not rest till an officer in whom he had confidence came up and restored some order to the detachment. The alarm turned out to be a false one.

At Laval they halted for several days; and he was so much recruited by the repose, that he was able to get for half an hour on horseback, and seemed to be fairly in the way of recovery, when his excessive zeal, and anxiety for the good behaviour of the troops, tempted him to premature exertions, from the consequences of which he never afterwards recovered. The troops being all collected and refreshed at Laval, it was resolved to turn upon their pursuers, and give battle to the advancing army of the republic. The conflict was sanguinary, but ended most decidedly in favour of the Vendéans. The first encounter was in the night, and was characterised with more than the usual confusion of night attack. The two armies crossed each other in so extraordinary a manner, that the artillery of each was supplied, for a part of the battle, from the *caissons* of the enemy; and one of the Vendean leaders, after exposing himself to great hazard in helping a brother officer, as he took him to be, out of a ditch, discovered, by the



next flash of the cannon, that it was an enemy—and immediately cut him down. After daybreak the battle became more orderly, and ended in a complete victory. This was the last grand crisis of the insurrection. The way to La Vendée was once more open; and the fugitives had it in their power to return triumphant to their fastnesses and their homes, after rousing Brittany by the example of their valour and success. M. de L. and Henri both inclined to this course; but other counsels prevailed. Some were for marching on to Nantes—others for proceeding to Rennes—and some, more sanguinary than the rest, for pushing directly for Paris. Time was irretrievably lost in these deliberations; and the republicans had leisure to rally, and bring up their reinforcements, before anything was definitively settled.

In the meantime, M. de L. became visibly worse; and one morning, when his wife alone was in the room, he called her to him, and told her that he felt his death was at hand;—that his only regret was for leaving her in the midst of such a war, with a helpless child, and in a state of pregnancy. For himself, he added, he died happy, and with humble reliance on the Divine mercy;—but her sorrow he could not bear to think of;—and he entreated her pardon for any neglect or unkindness he might ever have shown her. He added many other expressions of tenderness and consolation; and, seeing her overwhelmed with anguish at the despairing tone in which he spoke, concluded by saying that he might perhaps be mistaken in his prognosis; and hoped still to live for her. Next day they were under the necessity of moving forward; and, on the journey, he learned accidentally from one of the officers the dreadful details of the queen's execution, which his wife had been at great pains to keep from his knowledge. This intelligence seemed to bring back his fever,—though he still spoke of living to avenge her. "If I do live," he said, "it shall now be for vengeance only—no more mercy from me!" That evening, Madame de L., entirely overcome with anxiety and fatigue, had fallen into a deep sleep on a mat before his bed: and, soon after, his condition became altogether desperate. He was now speechless, and nearly insensible;—the sacraments were administered,

and various applications made, without awaking the unhappy sleeper by his side. Soon after midnight, however, she started up, and instantly became aware of the full extent of her misery. To fill up its measure, it was announced in the course of the morning that they must immediately resume their march with the last division of the army. The thing appeared altogether impossible; Madame de L. declared she would rather die by the hands of the republicans, than permit her husband to be moved in the condition in which he then was. When she recollected, however, that these barbarous enemies had of late not only butchered the wounded that fell into their power, but mutilated and insulted their remains, she submitted to the alternative, and prepared for this miserable journey with a heart bursting with anguish. The dying man was roused only to heavy moaning by the pain of lifting him into the carriage—where his faithful Agatha again supported his head, and a surgeon watched all the changes of his condition. Madame de L. was placed on horseback; and, surrounded by her father and mother, and a number of officers, went forward, scarcely conscious of anything that was passing—only that sometimes in the bitterness of her heart, when she saw the dead bodies of the republican soldiers on the road, she made her horse trample upon them as if in vengeance for the slaughter of her husband. In the course of little more than an hour, she thought she heard some little stir in the carriage, and insisted upon stopping to inquire into the cause. The officers, however, crowded around her; and then her father came up and said that M. de L. was in the same state as before, but that he suffered dreadfully from the cold, and would be very much distressed if the door was again to be opened. Obligated to be satisfied with this answer, she went on in a sullen and gloomy silence for some hours longer, in a dark and rainy day of November. It was night when they reached the town of Fougères; and, when lifted from her horse at the gate, she was unable either to stand or walk: she was carried into a wretched house, crowded with troops of all descriptions, where she waited two hours in agony till she heard that the carriage with M. de L. had come up. She was

left alone for a dreadful moment with her mother : and then M. de Beauvolliers came in, bathed in tears, and, taking both her hands, told her she must now think only of saving the child she carried within her ! Her husband had expired when she heard the noise in the carriage, soon after their setting out, and the surgeon had accordingly left it as soon as the order of the march had carried her ahead : but the faithful Agatha, lest her appearance might alarm her mistress in the midst of the journey, had remained alone with the dead body for all the rest of the day ! Fatigue, grief, and anguish of mind now threatened Madame de L. with consequences which it seems altogether miraculous that she should have escaped. She was seized with violent pains, and was threatened with a miscarriage in a room which served as a common passage to the crowded and miserable lodging she had procured. It was thought necessary to bleed her ; and, after some difficulty, a surgeon was procured. She can never forget, she says, the formidable apparition of this warlike phlebotomist. A figure six feet high, with ferocious whiskers, a great sabre at his side, and four huge pistols in his belt, stalked up with a fierce and careless air to her bedside ; and, when she said she was timid about the operation, answered harshly, "So am not I. I have killed three hundred men and upwards in the field in my time, one of them only this morning ; I think, then, I may venture to bleed a woman. Come, come, let us see your arm." She was bled accordingly ; and, contrary to all expectation, was pretty well again in the morning. She insisted for a long time in carrying the body of her husband in the carriage along with her ; but her father, after indulging her for a few days, contrived to fall behind with this precious deposit, and informed her, when he came up again, that it had been found necessary to bury it privately in a spot which he would not specify.

After a series of murderous battles, to which the mutual refusal of quarter gave an exasperation unknown in any other history, and which left the field so encumbered with dead bodies that Madame de L. assures us that it was dreadful to feel the lifting of the wheels, and the cracking of the bones, as her heavy carriage

passed over them, the wreck of the Vendéans succeeded in reaching Angers upon the Loire, and trusted to a furious assault upon that place for the means of repassing the river, and regaining their beloved country. The garrison, however, proved stronger and more resolute than they had expected. Their own gay and enthusiastic courage had sunk under a long course of suffering and disaster ; and, after losing a great number of men before the walls, they were obliged to turn back in confusion, they did not well know whither, but farther and farther from the land to which all their hopes and wishes were directed. . . . .  
After many a dreary march and desperate struggle, about 10,000 sad survivors got again to the banks of that fatal Loire, which now seemed to divide them from hope and protection. Henri, who had arranged the whole operation, with consummate judgment, found the shores on both sides free of the enemy. But all the boats had been removed ; and, after leaving order to construct rafts with all possible despatch, he himself, with a few attendants, ventured over in a little wherry, which he had brought with him on a cart, to make arrangements for covering their landing. But they never saw the daring Henri again ! The vigilant enemy came down upon them at this critical moment—intercepted his return—and, stationing several armed vessels in the stream, rendered the passage of the army altogether impossible. They fell back in despair upon Savenay : and there the brave and indefatigable Marigny told Madame de L. that all was now over—that it was altogether impossible to resist the attack that would be made next day—and advised her to seek her safety in flight and disguise, without the loss of an instant. She set out accordingly, with her mother, in a gloomy day of December, under the conduct of a drunken peasant ; and, after being out most of the night, at length obtained shelter in a dirty farm-house, from which, in the course of the day, she had the misery of seeing her unfortunate countrymen scattered over the whole open country, chased and butchered without mercy by the republicans, who now took a final vengeance of all the losses they had sustained. She had long been clothed in shreds and patches, and needed no disguise



to conceal her quality. She was sometimes hidden in the mill when the troopers came to search for fugitives in her lonely retreat; and oftener sent, in the midst of winter, to herd the sheep or cattle of her faithful and compassionate host, along with his rawboned daughter. . . .

The whole history of their escapes would make the adventures of Caleb Williams appear a cold and barren chronicle; but we have room only to mention that after the death of Robespierre there was a great abatement in the rigour of pursuit; and that a general amnesty was speedily proclaimed for all who had been concerned in the insurrection.

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### 351.—Hymn of the Nativity:

MILTON.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:

Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,  
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
Nature, in awe to Him,  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathise :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent show,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful flame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crowned with olives green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war nor battle's sound  
Was heard the world around ;  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
    Bending one way their precious influence ;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
    Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
    The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
    The new enlightened world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
    Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
    Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
    As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
    As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
    Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
    And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :

She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happy union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;  
The helmed cherubim,  
And sworded seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
Harping in loud and solemn choir,  
With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music, (as 'tis said,)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.



But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so,  
    The Babe yet lies, in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss ;  
    So both Himself and us to glorify ;  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
    While the red fire and smouldering clouds out break ;  
The aged earth, aghast  
With terror of that blast,  
    Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
    But now begins ; for from this happy day  
The old dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
    Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
    Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
    With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No mighty trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
    A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
    The parting genius is with sighing sent :  
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud;  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud!  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chain upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to th' infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.  
But see the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;  
Heaven's youngest teemed star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping lord with handmaid lamp attending;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

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## HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

KEBLE.

WHAT sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er th' expanse of heaven?  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
Th' angelic signal given—  
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire;  
Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on for ever:  
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."  
Yet stay, before thou dare  
To join that festal throng;  
Listen and mark what gentle air,  
First stirr'd the tide of song;  
'Tis not, "The Saviour born in David's home,  
To whom for power and health obedient worlds should  
come:"—  
'Tis not, "The Christ the Lord:"  
With fix'd adoring look

The choir of angels caught the word,  
Nor yet their silence broke.  
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,  
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The Hope and Glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid :  
No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

But where thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcomed and adored,  
How should I part with Thee ?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the bosom laid  
Of a pure virgin mind,  
In quiet ever, and in shade,  
Shepherd and sage may find ;  
They who have bow'd untaught to Nature's sway,  
And they who follow truth along her star-paved way.

The pastoral spirits first  
Approach Thee, Babe divine,  
For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,  
Meet for thy lowly shrine :  
Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost dwell,  
Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them to Thy cell.

Still as the day comes round  
For Thee to be reveal'd,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found  
Abiding in the field.  
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

Think on th' eternal home,  
The Saviour left for you ;  
Think on the Lord most holy, come  
To dwell with hearts untrue :  
So shall He tread untired His pastoral ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.



## 352.—Errors of Learning.

LORD BACON.

THERE be chiefly three vanities in studies whereby learning hath been most traduced. For those things we do esteem vain, which are either false or frivolous, those which either have no truth, or no use; and those persons we esteem vain, which are either credulous or curious; and curiosity is either in matter or words: so that in reason, as well as in experience, there fall out to be these three distempers, as I may term them, of learning: the first, fantastical learning; the second, contentious learning; and the last, delicate learning; vain imaginations, vain altercations, and vain affectations.

Thus have I gone over these three diseases of learning; besides the which, there are some other rather peccant humours than formed diseases; which, nevertheless, are not so secret and intrinsic, but that they fall under a popular observation and traducement, and, therefore, are not to be passed over.

The first of these is the extreme affecting of two extremities; the one antiquity, the other novelty; wherein it seemeth the children of time do take after the nature and malice of the father. For as he devoureth his children, so one of them seeketh to devour and suppress the other; while antiquity envieth there should be new additions, and novelty cannot be content to add, but it must deface: surely, the advice of the prophet is the true direction in this matter, "*State super vias antiquas, et videte quænam sit via recta et bona, et ambulate in ea.*"\* Antiquity deserveth that reverence, that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover what is the best way; but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progression. And to speak truly, "*Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi.*"† These times are the ancient times, when the

\* Stand fast in the old ways, and see what is righteous and good, and walk therein.

† Antiquity of time is the childhood of the world.

world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient "ordine retrogrado,"\* by a computation backward from ourselves.

Another error, induced by the former, is a distrust that anything should be now to be found out, which the world should have missed and passed over so long time; as if the same objection were to be made to time that Lucian maketh to Jupiter and other of the heathen gods; of which he wondereth that they begot so many children in old time, and begot none in his time; and asketh whether they were become septuagenary, or whether the law Papia, made against old men's marriages, had restrained them. So it seemeth men doubt lest time is become past children and generation; wherein, contrariwise, we see commonly the levity and inconstancy of men's judgments, which, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and, as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done: as we see in the expedition of Alexander into Asia, which, at first, was prejudged as a vast and impossible enterprise; and yet, afterwards, it pleaseth Livy to make no more of it than this: "*Nil aliud quàm bene ausus vana contemnere*:"† and the same happened to Columbus in the western navigation. But in intellectual matters it is much more common; as may be seen in most of the propositions of Euclid: which, till they be demonstrate, they seem strange to our assent; but, being demonstrate, our mind accepteth of them by a kind of relation, (as the lawyers speak,) as if we had known them before.

Another error, that hath also some affinity with the former, is a conceit that of former opinions or sects, after variety and examination, the best hath still prevailed, and suppressed the rest; so as, if a man should begin the labour of a new search, he were but like to light upon somewhat formerly rejected, and by rejection brought into oblivion; as if the multitude, or the wisest for the multitude's sake, were not ready to give passage rather to that which is popular and superficial, than to that which is substantial and pro-

\* In a retrograde order.

† He did nothing more than persevere in his noble and well-conceived enterprise, despite of idle remonstrances.

found ; for the truth is, that time seemeth to be of the nature of a river or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is weighty and solid.

Another error, of a diverse nature from all the former, is the over early and peremptory reduction of knowledge into arts and methods ; from which time commonly sciences receive small or no augmentation. But as young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a further stature ; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth ; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practice ; but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.

Another error which doth succeed that which we last mentioned, is, that after the distribution of particular arts and sciences, men have abandoned universality, or "*philosophia prima* : " \* which cannot but cease and stop all progression. For no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level : neither is it possible to discover the more remote and deeper parts of any science, if you stand upon the level of the same science, and ascend not to a higher science.

Another error hath proceeded from too great a reverence and a kind of adoration of the mind and understanding of man ; by means whereof, men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of nature, and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reason and conceits. Upon these intellectualists, which are, notwithstanding, commonly taken for the most sublime and divine philosophers, Heraclitus gave a just censure, saying, " Men sought truth in their own little worlds, and not in the great and common world ; " for they disdain to spell, and so by degrees to read, in the volume of God's works : and contrariwise, by continual meditation, and agitation of wit, do urge and, as it were, invoke their own spirits to divine and give oracles unto them, whereby they are deservedly deluded.

\* Elementary philosophy.

Another error that hath some connexion with this letter, is, that men have use to infect their meditations, opinions, and doctrines, with some conceits which they have most admired, or some sciences which they have most applied ; and giving all things else a tincture according to them, utterly untrue and improper. So hath Plato intermingled his philosophy with theology, and Aristotle with logic : and the second school of Plato, Proclus and the rest, with the mathematics. For these were the arts which had a kind of primogeniture with them severally. So have the alchemists made a philosophy out of a few experiments of the furnace ; and Gilbertus, our countryman, hath made a philosophy out of the observations of a loadstone. So Cicero, when, reciting the several opinions of the nature of the soul, he found a musician that held the soul was but a harmony, saith pleasantly, “*Hic ab arte sua non recessit,*” \* &c. But of these conceits Aristotle speaketh seriously and wisely, when he saith, “*Qui respiciunt ad pauca de facili pronunciant.*” †

Another error is an impatience of doubt, and haste to assertion, without due and mature suspension of judgment. For the two ways of contemplation are not unlike the two ways of action, commonly spoken of by the ancients ; the one plain and smooth in the beginning, and in the end impassable ; the other rough and troublesome in the entrance, but after a while fair and even : so it is in contemplation ; if a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts ; but, if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

Another error is in the manner of the tradition and delivery of knowledge, which is for the most part magisterial and peremptory, and not ingenuous and faithful ; in a sort as may be soonest believed, and not easiliest examined. It is true that, in compendious treatises for practice that form is not to be disallowed ; but, in the true handling of knowledge, men ought not to fall, either, on the one side, into the vein of Velleius the Epicurean. “*Nil*

\* He did not step out of his profession.

† Those who attend to few matters can easily give an opinion.



tam metuens, quàm ne dubitare aliqua de re videretur :” \* nor, on the other side, into Socrates’s ironical doubting of all things ; but to propound things sincerely with more or less asseveration, as they stand in a man’s own judgment proved more or less.

Other errors there are in the scope that men propound to themselves whereunto they bend their endeavours ; for whereas the more constant and devoted kind of professors of any science ought to propound to themselves to make some additions to their science, they convert their labours to aspire to certain second prizes : as to be a profound interpreter or commenter, to be a sharp champion or defender, to be a methodical compounder or abridger, and so the patrimony of knowledge cometh to be sometimes improved, but seldom augmented.

But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge ; for men have entered into a desire of earning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity, and inquisitive appetite ; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight ; sometimes for ornament and reputation ; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction ; and most times for lucre and profession ; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men : as if there were sought in knowledge a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit ; or a tarrasse, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect ; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon ; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention ; or a shop, for profit or sale ; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man’s estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straightly conjoined and united together than they have been ; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action : howbeit I do not mean, when I speak of use and action, that end before mentioned of the apply-

\* Fearing nothing so much as lest he should seem to doubt of anything.

ing of knowledge to lucre and profession ; for I am not ignorant how much that diverteth and interrupteth the prosecution and advancement of knowledge, like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta, which while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered.

“Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit.”\*

Neither is my meaning, as was spoken of Socrates, to call philosophy down from heaven to converse upon the earth ; that is, to leave natural philosophy aside, and to apply knowledge only to manners and policy. But as both heaven and earth do conspire and contribute to the use and benefit of man ; so the end ought to be, from both philosophies, to separate and reject vain speculations and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatsoever is solid and fruitful : that knowledge may not be, as a courtesan, for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bondwoman, to acquire and gain to her masters use : but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort.

### 353.—Another Year.

VARIOUS.

[WE are arrived at the period when that series of our poetical extracts which may be called “The Year of the Poets,” must at length close. Upon the threshold of “Another Year,” we give passages from Tennyson,—from Herrick, the great poet of old festivals,—from Keats, and from a transatlantic poet.]

#### THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

##### I.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing :  
Toll ye the church-bells sad and slow,  
And tread softly, and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.

\* Turns from the course to grasp the rolling gold.

Old year, you must not die ;  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die.

## II.

He lieth still : he doth not move :  
 He will not see the dawn of day.  
 He hath no other life above.  
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,  
 And the New Year will take 'em away.  
 Old year, you must not go ;  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old year, you shall not go.

## III.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;  
 A jollier year we shall not see :  
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.  
 Old year, you shall not die ;  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

## IV.

He was full of joke and jest,  
 But all his merry quips are o'er.  
 To see him die, across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
 But he 'll be dead before.  
 Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my friend ;  
 And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,  
 Comes up to take his own.

## V.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro :  
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die :  
 Old year we'll dearly rue for you ;  
 What is it we can do for you ?  
 Speak out before you die.

## VI.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack ! our friend is gone.  
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
 Step from the corpse, and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.  
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my friend,  
 A new face at the door.

TENNYSON.

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

Now, now the mirth comes,  
 With the cake full of plums,  
 Where bean's the king of the sport  
 here ;  
 Beside we must know,  
 The pea also  
 Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose  
 This night, as ye use,  
 Who shall for the present delight here,  
 Be a king by the lot,  
 And who shall not  
 Be Twelfth-day queen for the night  
 here.

Which known, let us make  
 Joy-sops with the cake ;  
 And let not a man then be seen here,

Who unerget will not drink,  
 To the base from the brink,  
 A health to the king and the queen  
 here.

Next, crown the bowl full  
 With gentle lamb's-wool ;  
 Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
 With store of ale too ;  
 And thus ye must do  
 To make the wassail a swinger.

Give them to the king  
 And queen wassailing ;  
 And though with ale ye be wet, here,  
 Yet part ye from hence,  
 As free from offence,  
 As when ye innocent met here.

HERRICK.

## END OF CHRISTMAS.

Partly work, and partly play  
 Ye must on St Distaff's day ;  
 From the plough soon free your team,  
 Then come home and fother them.



If the maids a spinning go ;  
Burn the flax, and fire the tow ;  
Scorch their plackets, but beware  
That you singe no maiden-hair.  
Bring in pails of water then,  
Let the maids bewash the men :  
Give St Distaff all the night,  
Then bid Christmas sport good night ;  
And next morrow, every one  
To his own vocation.  
Down with the rosemary, and so  
Down with the bays and mistletoe,  
Down with the holly, ivy, all  
Wherewith ye dress'd the Christmas hall ;  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least branch there left behind ;  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,  
So many goblins you shall see.

HERRICK.

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ST AGNES' EVE.

St Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was !  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;  
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :  
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censor old,  
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,  
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

They told her how, upon St Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright ;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

KEATS.

Another year ! another year !

The unceasing rush of time sweeps on !  
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear  
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone !

Oh, no ! forbear that idle tale !

The hour demands another strain,  
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,  
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,  
The stars, which now look down on earth,  
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,  
And given to countless changes birth.

Shine on ! shine on ! with you I tread  
The march of ages, orbs of light !  
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,  
To me, to me, there comes no night.

Oh ! what concerns it him, whose way  
Lies upward to the immortal dead,  
That a few hairs are turning gray,  
Or one more year of life has fled ?

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear,  
To feel and act with strength and skill,  
To reason wisely, nobly dare,  
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,  
How calm, how rich the twilight glow !  
The morning twilight of a sun  
Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain  
To leave, or lose wife, children, friends !  
What then—shall we not meet again  
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends ?

The fondness of a parent's care,  
The changeless trust which woman gives,  
The smile of childhood,—it is there  
That all we love in them still lives

Press onward through each varying hour ;  
Let no weak fears thy course delay ;  
Immortal being ! feel thy power,  
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

A. NORTON.

354.—*Prince Consort's Speech at Birmingham.*

[ALTHOUGH it is no part of our plan to give specimens of oratorical power, yet the various public addresses of one of the most thoughtful minds of his age, entitle some of them, as careful compositions, to be placed amongst the productions of the best authors. The speeches of the late Prince Consort embraced some of the most interesting subjects connected with our social condition, and with the intellectual and moral improvement of the whole community. That delivered in 1855, at the banquet in the Birmingham Town-Hall, on the occasion of laying the first stone of the Birmingham Midland Institute, is one of the most remarkable, as showing the scope and clearness of his mind, and his especial power of directing the attention of his hearers to great elementary truths. Such are too often overlooked in the details which a merely fluent speaker presents to audiences unaccustomed to view their own times under the broad light of a philosophical estimate of their character and tendency. That the decease, in the matured vigour of his intellect, of such a man as Prince Albert, should have been deeply felt by the nation as an irreparable loss, was the natural result of his useful life. The nation knows also how to appreciate that devotion to his memory which the royal widow cherishes as a sacred duty, not incompatible with the strict performance of the constantly recurring public duties which his companionship rendered less burthensome.]

It has been a great pleasure to me to have been able to participate, in however trifling a degree, in a work which I do not look upon as a simple act of worldly wisdom on the part of this great town and locality, but as one of the first public acknowledgments of a principle which is daily forcing its way amongst us, and is destined to play a great and important part in the future development of this nation, and of the world in general ; I mean the introduction of science and art as the unconscious regulators of productive industry.

The courage and spirit of enterprise with which an immense amount of capital is embarked in industrial pursuits, and the skill and indefatigable perseverance with which these are carried on in this country, cannot but excite universal admiration ; but in all our operations, whether agricultural or manufacturing, it is not *we* who operate, but the laws of nature, which we have set in operation.

It is, then, of the highest importance that we should know

these laws, in order to know what we are about, and the reason why certain things are, which occur daily under our hands, and what *course* we are to pursue with regard to them.

Without such knowledge we are condemned to one of three states : either we merely go on to do things just as our fathers did, and for no better reason than because they did them so ; or, trusting to some personal authority, we adopt at random the recommendation of some specific, in a speculative hope that it may answer ; or, lastly—and this is the most favourable case—we ourselves improve upon certain processes ; but this can only be the result of an experience hardly earned and dearly bought, and which, after all, can only embrace a comparatively short space of time and a small number of experiments.

From none of these causes can we hope for much progress ; for the mind, however ingenious, has no materials to work with, and remains in presence of phenomena, the causes of which are hidden from it.

But these laws of nature, these Divine laws, are capable of being discovered and understood, and being taught, and made our own. *This is the task of science* : and whilst science discovers and teaches these laws, art teaches their application. No pursuit is therefore too insignificant to be capable of becoming the subject both of a science and an art.

The Fine Arts, (as far as they relate to painting, sculpture, and architecture,) which are sometimes confounded with art in general, rest on the application of the laws of form and colour, and what may be called the science of the beautiful. They do not rest on any arbitrary theory on the modes of producing pleasurable emotions, but follow fixed laws ; more difficult, perhaps, to seize than those regulating the material world, because belonging partly to the sphere of the ideal, and of our spiritual essence, yet perfectly appreciable and teachable, both abstractedly and historically, from the works of different ages and nations.

No human pursuits make any material progress until science is brought to bear upon them. We have seen, accordingly, many of them slumber for centuries upon centuries ; but from the moment



that Science has touched them with her magic wand, they have sprung forward and taken strides which amaze, and almost awe the beholder.

Look at the transformation which has gone on around us since the laws of gravitation, electricity, magnetism, and the expansive power of heat have become known to us. It has altered our whole state of existence ; one might say the whole face of the globe. We owe this to Science, and to Science alone ; and she has other treasures in store for us, if we will but call her to our assistance.

It is sometimes objected by the ignorant that Science is uncertain and changeable, and they point with a malicious kind of pleasure to the many exploded theories which have been superseded by others as a proof that the present knowledge may be also unsound, and, after all, not worth having. But they are not aware that while they think to cast blame upon Science, they bestow in fact the highest praise upon her.

For that is precisely the difference between science and prejudice : that the latter keeps stubbornly to its position, whether disproved or not, whilst the former is an unarrestable movement towards the fountain of truth, caring little for cherished authorities or sentiment, but continually progressing, feeling no shame at her shortcomings, but, on the contrary, the highest pleasure when freed from an error at having advanced another step towards the attainment of Divine truth—a pleasure not even intelligible to the pride of ignorance.

We also hear, not unfrequently, science and practice, scientific knowledge and common sense, contrasted as antagonistic. A strange error ! for Science is eminently practical, and must be so, as she sees and knows what she is doing ; whilst common practice is condemned to work in the dark, applying natural ingenuity to unknown powers to obtain a known result.

Far be it from me to undervalue the creative power of genius, or to treat shrewd common sense as worthless, without knowledge. But nobody will tell me that the same genius would not take an incomparably higher flight if supplied with all the means which

knowledge can impart, or that common sense does not become, in fact, only truly powerful when in possession of the materials upon which judgment is to be exercised.

The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the universe is therefore our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have, rather arbitrarily, selected only two spheres of groups (as I may call them) as essential parts of our national education—the laws which regulate quantities and proportions, which form the subject of mathematics, and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts through the medium of language ; that is to say, grammar, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are most important branches of knowledge ; their study elevates the mind ; but they are not the only ones ; there are others, which we cannot disregard, which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, the laws governing the human mind and its relation to the Divine Spirit, (the subject of logic and metaphysics ;) there are those which govern our bodily nature and its connexion with the soul, (the subject of physiology and psychology ;) those which govern human society and the relation between man and man, (the subjects of politics, jurisprudence, and political economy ;) and many others.

Whilst of the laws just mentioned some have been recognised as essentials of education in different institutions, and some will by the course of time more fully assert their right of recognition, the laws regulating matter and form are those which will constitute the chief object of *your* pursuits ; and, as the principle of subdivision of labour is the one most congenial to our age, I would advise you to keep to this speciality, and to follow with undivided attention chiefly the sciences of mechanics, physics, and chemistry, and the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

You will thus have conferred an inestimable boon upon your country, and in a short time have the satisfaction of witnessing the beneficial results upon our national powers of production. Other parts of the country will, I doubt not, emulate your example ; and I live in hope that all these institutions will some day find a central point of union, and thus complete their national organisation.

355.--*Marian Erle.*

MRS BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, the authoress of "*Aurora Leigh*," from which the following extract is taken, died at Florence in June 1861. It has been said by a judicious critic, Professor Craik, that "the only really eminent poets that the age can boast of, are Tennyson, and Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning." The genius of Elizabeth Barrett was displayed at a very early age. Of delicate health, she nevertheless assiduously prepared herself for a noble career, by studies such as few women think within their province, as the fitting introduction to a life of literature. A translation by her of the "*Prometheus Bound*" of *Æschylus*, was published anonymously in 1833. The first collected edition of her poems, in two volumes, was published in 1844. Miss Mitford has touchingly described the life of seclusion which the young authoress was compelled to pursue for many years after the breaking of a blood-vessel in the lungs. "Confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted; reading meanwhile almost every book worth reading in every language, studying with ever fresh delight the great classic authors in the original, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess." Her health had been gradually improving when she bestowed her hand upon one of the warmest of her admirers, and thus gave a double immortality to the name of Browning. "*Aurora Leigh*," originally published in 1856, has gone through many editions. In a Dedication to her cousin and friend, John Kenyon, she describes this book as the most mature of her works, and the one into which her highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered.]

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Nowise beautiful

Was Marian Erle. She was not white nor brown,  
 But could look either, like a mist that changed  
 According to being shone on more or less :  
 The hair, too, ran its opulence of curls  
 In doubt 'twixt dark and bright, nor left you clear  
 To name the colour. Too much hair perhaps  
 (I'll name a fault here) for so small a head,  
 Which seemed to droop on that side and on this,  
 As a full-blown rose uneasy with its weight  
 Though not a wind should trouble it. Again,  
 The dimple on the cheek had better gone  
 With redder, fuller rounds ; and somewhat large

The mouth was, though the milky little teeth  
Dissolved it to so infantine a smile.  
For soon it smiled at me ; the eyes smiled too,  
But 'twas as if remembering they had wept,  
And knowing they should, some day, weep again.

We talked. She told me all her story out,  
Which I'll re-tell with fuller utterance,  
As coloured and confirmed in aftertimes  
By others and herself too. Marian Erle  
Was born upon the ledge of Malvern Hill  
To eastward, in a hut built up at night  
To evade the landlord's eye, of mud and turf,  
Still liable, if once he looked that way,  
To being straight levelled, scattered by his foot,  
Like any other anthill. Born, I say ;  
God sent her to His world, commissioned right,  
Her human testimonials fully signed,  
Not scant in soul—complete in lineaments ;  
But others had to swindle her a place  
To wail in when she had come. No place for her,  
By man's law ! born an outlaw was this babe.  
Her first cry in our strange and strangling air,  
When cast in spasms out by the shuddering womb,  
Was wrong against the social code,—forced wrong ;—  
What business had the baby to cry there ?

I tell her story, and grow passionate.  
She, Marian, did not tell it so, but used  
Meek words that made no wonder of herself  
For being so sad a creature. 'Mister Leigh  
Considered truly that such things should change.  
They *will*, in heaven—but meantime, on the earth,  
There's none can like a nettle as a pink,  
Except himself. We're nettles, some of us,  
And give offence by the act of springing up ;  
And, if we leave the damp side of the wall,



The hoes, of course, are on us.' So she said.  
Her father earned his life by random jobs  
Despised by steadier workmen—keeping swine  
On commons, picking hops, or hurrying on  
The harvest at wet seasons, or, at need,  
Assisting the Welsh drovers, when a drove  
Of startled horses plunged into the mist  
Below the mountain-road, and sowed the wind  
With wandering neighings. In between the gaps  
Of such irregular work he drank and slept,  
And cursed his wife because, the pence being out,  
She could not buy more drink. At which she turned,  
(The worm) and beat her baby in revenge  
For her own broken heart. There's not a crime  
But takes its proper change out still in crime  
If once rung on the counter of this world:  
Let sinners look to it.

Yet the outcast child,  
For whom the very mother's face forewent  
The mother's special patience, lived and grew;  
Learnt early to cry low, and walk alone,  
With that pathetic vacillating roll  
Of the infant body on the uncertain feet,  
(The earth being felt unstable ground so soon,)  
At which most women's arms unclosed at once  
With irrepressive instinct. Thus, at three,  
This poor weaned kid would run off from the fold,  
This babe would steal off from the mother's chair,  
And, creeping through the golden walls of gorse,  
Would find some keyhole toward the secrecy  
Of Heaven's high blue, and, nestling down, peer out,  
Oh, not to catch the angels at their games—  
She had never heard of angels,—but to gaze  
She knew not why, to see, she knew not what,  
A-hungering outward from the barren earth  
For something like a joy. She liked, she said,

To dazzle black her sight against the sky,  
For then, it seemed, some grand blind Love came down,  
And groped her out, and clasped her with a kiss;  
She learnt God that way, and was beat for it  
Whenever she went home,—yet came again,  
As surely as the trapped hare, getting free,  
Returns to his form. This grand blind Love, she said,  
This skyey father and mother both in one,  
Instructed her and civilised her more  
Than even Sunday-school did afterward,  
To which a lady sent her to learn books  
And sit upon a long bench in a row  
With other children. Well she laughed sometimes  
To see them laugh and laugh and maul their texts;  
But oft she was sorrowful with noise  
And wondered if their mothers beat them hard,  
That ever they should laugh so. There was one  
She loved indeed,—Rose Bell, a seven years' child,  
So pretty and clever, who read syllables  
When Marian was at letters; *she* would laugh  
At nothing—hold your finger up, she laughed,  
Then shook her curls down over eyes and mouth  
To hide her make-mirth from the schoolmaster:  
And Rose's pelting glee, as frank as rain  
On cherry-blossoms, brightened Marian too,  
To see another merry whom she loved.  
She whispered once, (the children side by side,  
With mutual arms entwined about their necks,)  
'Your mother lets you laugh so?' 'Ay,' said Rose,  
'She lets me. She was dug into the ground  
Six years since, I being but a yearling wean.  
Such mothers let us play and lose our time,  
And never scold nor beat us! don't you wish  
You had one like that?' There, Marian breaking off,  
Looked suddenly in my face. 'Poor Rose!' said she,  
'I heard her laugh last night in Oxford Street.

I'd pour out half my blood to stop that laugh.  
Poor Rose, poor Rose!' said Marian.

She resumed.

It tried her, when she had learnt at Sunday-school  
What God was, what He wanted from us all,  
And how in choosing sin we vexed the Christ,  
To go straight home and hear her father pull  
The Name down on us from the thunder-shelf,  
Then drink away his soul into the dark  
From seeing judgment. Father, mother, home,  
Were God and heaven reversed to her: the more  
She knew of Right, the more she guessed their wrong;  
Her price paid down for knowledge, was to know  
The vileness of her kindred: through her heart,  
Her filial and tormented heart, henceforth,  
They struck their blows at virtue. Oh, 'tis hard  
To learn you have a Father up in heaven,  
By gathering certain sense of being, on earth,  
Still worse than orphaned: 'tis too heavy a grief  
The having to thank God for such a joy!

And so passed Marian's life from year to year,  
Her parents took her with them when they tramped,  
Dodged lanes and heaths, frequented towns and fairs,  
And once went farther and saw Manchester,  
And once the sea, that blue end of the world,  
That fair scroll-finis of a wicked book.—  
And twice a prison,—back at intervals  
Returning to the hills. Hills draw like heaven,  
And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands  
To pull you from the vile flats up to them.  
And though perhaps these strollers still strolled back,  
As sheep do, simply that they knew the way,  
They certainly felt bettered unaware,  
Emerging from the social smut of towns  
To wipe their feet clean on the mountain turf.

In which long wanderings Marian lived and learned,  
Endured and learned. The people on the roads  
Would stop and ask her why her eyes outgrew  
Her cheeks, and if she meant to lodge the birds  
In all that hair ; and then they lifted her,  
The miller in his cart, a mile or twain,  
The butcher's boy on horseback. Often too  
The pedlar stopped, and tapped her on the head  
With absolute forefinger, brown and ringed,  
And asked if peradventure she could read,  
And when she answered " Ay," would toss her down  
Some stray odd volume from his heavy pack,  
A Thomson's Seasons, mulcted of the Spring,  
Or half a play of Shakspeare's, torn across,  
(She had to guess the bottom of a page  
By just the top sometimes,—as difficult  
As, sitting on the moon, to guess the earth !)  
Or else a sheaf of leaves (for that small Ruth's  
Small gleanings) torn out from the heart of books,  
From Churchyard Elegies, and Edens Lost,  
From Burns, and Bunyan, Selkirk and Tom Jones,—  
'Twas somewhat hard to the things distinct,  
And oft the jangling influence jarred the child  
Like looking at a sunset full of grace  
Through a pothouse window, while the drunken oaths  
Went on behind her. But she weeded out  
Her book-leaves, threw away the leaves that hurt,  
(First tore them small, that none should find a word,)  
And made a nosegay of the sweet and good  
To fold within her breast, and pore upon  
At broken moments of the noontide glare,  
When leave was given her to untie her cloak  
And rest upon the dusty highway bank  
From the road's dust : or oft, the journey done,  
Some city friend would lead her by the hand  
To hear a lecture at an institute



And thus she had grown, this Marian Erle of ours,  
To no book-learning,—she was ignorant  
Of authors,—not in ear shot of the things  
Out-spoken o'er the heads of common men  
By men who are uncommon,—but within  
The cadenced hum of such, and capable  
Of catching from the fringes of the wind  
Some fragmentary phrases, here and there,  
Of that fair music,—which, being carried in  
To her soul, had reproduced itself afresh  
In finer motions of the lips and lids

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### 356.—Wit and Humour.

SYDNEY SMITH.

[WE present a passage on “Wit and Humour,” from a work of one who was reputed the greatest wit of his day—the Reverend Sydney Smith. In 1804–5, and 6, Mr Smith delivered a series of Lectures on Moral Philosophy, at the Royal Institution. These Lectures were only published in 1850, five years after the decease of their author, who was born in 1768.]

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I wish, after all I have said about wit and humour, I could satisfy myself of the good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Profound wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer: in process of time, he can no more exist without applause, than he can exist without air; if his audience

be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be *probable*, too, that a *mere* wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are *useful*, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass,—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colours. In short, the character of a *mere* wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr Johnson, and almost every man who

has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the *danger* of wit: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit, like this, is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to “charm his pained steps over the burning marle.”

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357.—*The Forging of the Anchor*

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

[WE extract the following powerful lines from a little collection of "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland." Mr Ferguson, who is an eminent barrister in Dublin, and who is distinguished for his literary attainments, has contributed several other pieces to this interesting volume.]

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now :  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's  
brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves  
below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe,  
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow !  
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not  
so !

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show ;  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row  
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow  
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out—leap out ;" bang, bang the  
sledges go :

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—  
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,  
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow  
The ground around : at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,  
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"  
Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !  
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad ;



For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,  
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—  
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd  
From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast by the board ;  
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the  
chains !

But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,  
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high ;  
Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear nothing—here  
am I.”

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time ;  
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.  
But, while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,  
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we !  
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red ;  
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.  
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,  
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay ;  
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,  
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's  
cheer ;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and  
home ;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In hard and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;  
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast :  
Oh ! trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,  
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green  
sea !

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ?  
The hoary monsters' palaces ! Methinks what joy 'twere now  
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging  
tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,  
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory-horn;  
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;  
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;  
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles  
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;  
'Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;  
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals  
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,  
Shell strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,  
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,  
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?  
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;  
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,  
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—  
But shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave—  
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand  
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,  
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,  
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient  
friend—

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round  
thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou 'dst leap within the  
sea,

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land—  
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,  
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave.

Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

## 358.—On the Wisdom of this World.

SWIFT.

“The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.”—1 Cor. iii. 19.

It is remarkable that about the time of our Saviour’s coming into the world all kinds of learning flourished to a very great degree, insomuch that nothing is more frequent in the mouths of many men, even such who pretend to read and to know, than an extravagant praise and opinion of the wisdom and virtue of the Gentile sages of those days, and likewise of those ancient philosophers who went before them, whose doctrines are left upon record either by themselves or other writers.

As far as this may be taken for granted, it may be said that the providence of God brought this about for several very wise ends and purposes ; for it is certain that these philosophers have been a long time in searching out where to fix the true happiness of man, and not being able to agree upon any certainty about it, they could not possibly but conclude, if they judged impartially, that all their inquiries were in the end but vain and fruitless ; the consequence of which must be not only an acknowledgment of the weakness of all human wisdom, but likewise an open passage hereby made for letting in those beams of light which the glorious sunshine of the gospel then brought into the world, by revealing those hidden truths which they had so long before been labouring to discover, and fixing the general happiness of mankind beyond all controversy and dispute. And therefore the providence of God wisely suffered men of deep genius and learning then to arise, who should search into the truth of the gospel now made known, and canvass its doctrines with all the subtlety and knowledge they were masters of, and in the end freely acknowledge that to be the true wisdom only “which cometh from above.”

However, to make a further inquiry into the truth of this observation, I doubt not but there is reason to think that a great many of those encomiums given to ancient philosophers are taken upon trust, and by a sort of men who are not very likely to be at the pains of an inquiry that would employ so much time and think-

ing. For the usual ends why men affect this kind of discourse appear generally to be either out of ostentation, that they may pass upon the world for persons of great knowledge and observation ; or, what is worse, there are some who highly exalt the wisdom of those Gentile sages, thereby obliquely to glance at and traduce Divine revelation, and more especially that of the gospel ; for the consequence they would have us draw is this, that since those ancient philosophers rose to a greater pitch of wisdom and virtue than was ever known among Christians, and all this purely upon the strength of their own reason and liberty of thinking, therefore it must follow that either all revelation is false, or, what is worse, that it has depraved the nature of man, and left him worse than it found him.

But this high opinion of heathen wisdom is not very ancient in the world, nor at all countenanced from primitive times. Our Saviour had but a low esteem of it, as appears by His treatment of the Pharisees and Sadducees, who followed the doctrines of Plato and Epicurus. St Paul likewise, who was well versed in all the Grecian literature, seems very much to despise their philosophy, as we find in his writings, cautioning the Colossians to “beware lest any man spoil them through philosophy and vain deceit,” and in another place he advises Timothy to “avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called ;” that is, not to introduce into the Christian doctrine the janglings of those vain philosophers which they would pass upon the world for science. And the reasons he gives are, first, that those who possessed them did err concerning the faith ; secondly, because the knowledge of them did increase ungodliness, vain babblings being otherwise expounded vanities, or empty sounds ; that is, tedious disputes about words, which the philosophers were always so full of, and which were the natural product of disputes and dissensions between several sects.

Neither had the primitive fathers any great or good opinion of the heathen philosophy, as is manifest from several passages in their writings ; so that this vein of affecting to raise the reputation of those sages so high is a mode and a vice but of yesterday,



assumed chiefly, as I have said, to disparage revealed knowledge, and the consequences of it among us.

Now, because this is a prejudice which may prevail with some persons, so far as to lessen the influence of the gospel; and whereas, therefore, this is an opinion which men of education are likely to be encountered with, when they have produced themselves into the world; I shall endeavour to show that their preference of heathen wisdom and virtue before that of the Christian is every way unjust, and grounded upon ignorance or mistake; in order to which, I shall consider four things:—

*First*, I shall produce certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy in general fell short and was very imperfect.

*Secondly*, I shall show, in several instances, where some of the most renowned philosophers have been grossly defective in their lessons of morality.

*Thirdly*, I shall prove the perfection of Christian wisdom from the proper characters and marks of it.

*Lastly*, I shall show that the great examples of wisdom and virtue among the heathen wise men were produced by personal merit, and not influenced by the doctrine of any sect, whereas in Christianity it is quite the contrary.

*First*, I shall produce certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy in general fell short and was very imperfect.

My design is to persuade men that Christian philosophy is in all things preferable to heathen wisdom; from which, or its professors, I shall, however, have no occasion to detract. They were as wise and as good as it was possible for them to be under such disadvantages, and would have probably been infinitely more so with such aids as we enjoy; but our lessons are certainly much better, however our practices may fall short.

The first point I shall mention, is that universal defect which was in all their schemes, that they could not agree about their chief good, or wherein to place the happiness of mankind; nor had any of them a tolerable answer upon this difficulty to satisfy

a reasonable person. For to say, as the most plausible of them did, "that happiness consisted in virtue," was but vain babbling, and a mere sound of words, to amuse others and themselves; because they were not agreed what this virtue was, or wherein it did consist; and likewise because several among the best of them taught quite different things, placing happiness in health or good fortune, in riches or in honour, where all were agreed that virtue was not, as I shall have occasion to show when I speak of their particular tenets.

The second great defect in the Gentile philosophy was, that it wanted some suitable reward proportioned to the better part of man, his mind, as an encouragement for his progress in virtue. The difficulties they met with upon the score of this default were great, and not to be accounted for; bodily goods, being only suitable to bodily wants, are no rest at all for the mind; and if they were, yet are they not the proper fruits of wisdom and virtue, being equally attainable by the ignorant and wicked. Now human nature is so constituted that we can never pursue anything heartily but upon hopes of a reward. If we run a race, it is in expectation of a prize; and the greater the prize, the faster we run; for an incorruptible crown, if we understand it, and believe it to be such, more than a corruptible one. But some of the philosophers gave all this quite another turn, and pretended to refine so far as to call virtue its own reward, and worthy to be followed only for itself; whereas if there be anything in this more than the sound of the words, it is at least too abstracted to become a universal influencing principle in the world, and therefore could not be of general use.

It was the want of assigning some happiness proportioned to the soul of man that caused many of them, either on the one hand to be sour and morose, supercilious and untractable; or, on the other, to fall into the vulgar pursuits of common men, to hunt after greatness and riches, to make their court and to serve occasions, as Plato did to the younger Dionysius, and Aristotle to Alexander the Great. So impossible it is for a man who looks no further than the present world to fix himself long in a contempla-

tion where the present world has no part: he has no sure hold, no firm footing, he can never expect to remove the earth he rests upon while he has no support besides for his feet, but wants, like Archimedes, some other place whereon to stand. To talk of bearing pain and grief without any sort of present or future hope cannot be purely greatness of spirit; there must be a mixture in it of affectation and an alloy of pride, or perhaps it is wholly counterfeit.

It is true there has been all along in the world a notion of rewards and punishments in another life, but it seems to have rather served as an entertainment to poets, or as a terror of children, than a settled principle by which men pretended to govern any of their actions. The last celebrated words of Socrates, a little before his death, do not seem to reckon or build much upon any such opinion, and Cæsar made no scruple to disown it, and ridicule it in open senate.

*Thirdly*, The greatest and wisest of all their philosophers were never able to give any satisfaction to others and themselves in their notions of a Deity. They were often extremely gross and absurd in their conceptions, and those who made the fairest conjectures are such as were generally allowed by the learned to have seen the system of Moses, if I may so call it, who was in great reputation at that time in the heathen world, as we find by Diodorus, Justin, Longinus, and other authors; for the rest, the wisest among them laid aside all notions after a Deity, as a disquisition vain and fruitless, which indeed it was upon unrevealed principles; and those who ventured to engage too far fell into incoherence and confusion.

*Fourthly*, Those among them who had the justest conceptions of a Divine Power, and did also admit a providence, had no notion at all of entirely relying and depending upon either; they trusted in themselves for all things; but as for a trust or dependence upon God, they would not have understood the phrase, it made no part of the profane style.

Therefore it was that in all issues and events which they could not reconcile to their own sentiments of reason and justice they

were quite disconcerted, they had no retreat ; but upon every blow of adverse fortune, either affected to be indifferent, or grew sullen and severe, or else yielded and sunk like other men.

Having now produced certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy fell short and was very imperfect, I go on, in the second place, to show, in several instances, where some of the most renowned philosophers have been grossly defective in their lessons of morality.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic sect, so celebrated for morality, being asked how a man might bear ill-fortune with greatest ease, answered, "By seeing his enemies in a worse condition." An answer truly barbarous, unworthy of human nature, and which included such consequences as must destroy all society from the world.

Solon, lamenting the death of a son, one told him, "You lament in vain." "Therefore," said he, "I lament because it is in vain." This was a plain confession how imperfect all his philosophy was, and that something was still wanting. He owned that all his wisdom and morals were useless, and this upon one of the most frequent accidents in life. How much better could he have learned to support himself, even from David, by his entire dependence upon God ; and that before our Saviour had advanced the notions of religion to the height and perfection wherewith He hath instructed His disciples !

Plato, himself, with all his refinements, placed happiness in wisdom, health, good fortune, honour, and riches, and held that they who enjoyed all these were perfectly happy ; which opinion was indeed unworthy its owner, leaving the wise and good man wholly at the mercy of uncertain chance, and to be miserable without resource.

His scholar, Aristotle, fell more grossly into the same notion, and plainly affirmed, "That virtue, without the goods of fortune, was not sufficient for happiness ; but that a wise man must be miserable in poverty and sickness." Nay, Diogenes himself, from whose pride and singularity one would have looked for other notions, delivered it as his opinion, "That a poor old man was the most miserable thing in life."



Zeno, also, and his followers, fell into many absurdities, among which, nothing could be greater than that of maintaining all crimes to be equal ; which, instead of making vice hateful, rendered it as a thing indifferent and familiar to all men.

Lastly, Epicurus had no notion of justice, but as it was profitable, and his placing happiness in pleasure, with all the advantages he could expound it by, was liable to very great exception : for although he taught that pleasure did consist in virtue, yet he did not any way fix or ascertain the boundaries of virtue as he ought to have done, by which means he misled his followers into the greatest vices, making their names to become odious and scandalous, even in the heathen world.

I have produced these few instances, from a great many others, to show the imperfection of heathen philosophy, wherein I have confined myself wholly to their morality. And surely we may pronounce upon it, in the words of St James, that "this wisdom descended not from above, but was earthly and sensual." What if I had produced their absurd notions about God and the soul ? it would then have completed the character given it by that apostle, and appeared to have been devilish too. But it is easy to observe, from the nature of these few particulars, that their defects in morals were purely the flagging and fainting of the mind, for want of a support by revelation from God.

I proceed, therefore, in the third place, to show the perfection of Christian wisdom from above ; and I shall endeavour to make it appear, from those proper characters and marks of it by the apostle above-mentioned, in the 3d chapter, and 15th, 16th, and 17th verses.

The words run thus :—

"This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

"But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

“The wisdom from above is, first, pure.” This purity of the mind and spirit is peculiar to the gospel. Our Saviour says, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” A mind free from all pollution of lusts shall have a daily vision of God, whereof unrevealed religion can form no notion. This it is that keeps us unspotted from the world ; and hereby many have been prevailed upon to live in the practice of all purity, holiness, and righteousness, far beyond the examples of the most celebrated philosophers.

It is “peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated.” The Christian doctrine teacheth us all those dispositions that make us affable and courteous, gentle and kind, without any morose leaven of pride or vanity, which entered into the composition of most heathen schemes ; so we are taught to be meek and lowly. Our Saviour’s last legacy was peace ; and He commands us to forgive our offending brother until seventy times seven. Christian wisdom is full of mercy and good works, teaching the height of all moral virtues, of which the heathens fell infinitely short. Plato, indeed, (and it is worth observing,) has somewhere a dialogue, or part of one, about forgiving our enemies, which was, perhaps, the highest strain ever reached by man without divine assistance ; yet, how little is that to what our Saviour commands us ! “To love them that hate us ; to bless them that curse us ; and to do good to them that despitefully use us.”

Christian wisdom is “without partiality ;” it is not calculated for this or that nation of people, but the whole race of mankind ; not so the philosophical schemes, which were narrow and confined, adapted to their peculiar towns, governments, or sects ; but “in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.”

Lastly, It is “without hypocrisy ;” it appears to be what it really is ; it is all of a piece. By the doctrines of the gospel, we are so far from being allowed to publish to the world those virtues we have not, that we are commanded to hide even from ourselves those we really have, and not to let our right hand know what our left hand does ; unlike several branches of the heathen wisdom,

which pretended to teach insensibility and indifference, magnanimity and contempt of life, while, at the same time, in other parts, it belied its own doctrines.

I come now, in the last place, to show that the great examples of wisdom and virtue among the Grecian sages were produced by personal merit, and not influenced by the doctrine of any particular sect ; whereas, in Christianity, it is quite the contrary.

The two virtues most celebrated by ancient moralists were fortitude and temperance, as relating to the government of man in his private capacity, to which their schemes were generally addressed and confined ; and the two instances wherein those virtues arrived at the greatest height were Socrates and Cato. But neither those, nor any other virtues possessed by these two, were at all owing to any lessons or doctrines of a sect. For Socrates himself was of none at all ; and although Cato was called a Stoic, it was more from a resemblance of manners in his worst qualities, than that he avowed himself one of their disciples. The same may be affirmed of many other great men of antiquity. Whence I infer that those who were renowned for virtue among them were more obliged to the good natural dispositions of their own minds than to the doctrines of any sect they pretended to follow.

On the other side, as the examples of fortitude and patience among the primitive Christians have been infinitely greater and more numerous, so they were altogether the product of their principles and doctrine ; and were such as the same persons, without those aids, would never have arrived to. Of this truth, most of the apostles, with many thousand martyrs, are a cloud of witnesses beyond exception.

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### 359.—The Modern Dramatic Poets.—V.

#### A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

LEIGH HUNT.

[THE following scene between a gentle wife, driven to despair by her most captious and irritating husband, is as beautifully managed as anything we

could compare with it in the whole compass of that dramatic poetry which may be called domestic. The whole play is full of grace and tenderness—the work of a true artist.]

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*Gin.* (*Cheerfully.*) The world seems glad after its hearty drink  
Of rain. I fear'd, when you came back this morning,  
The shower had stopp'd you, or that you were ill.

*Ago.* You fear'd! you hoped. What fear you that I fear,  
Or hope for that I hope for? A truce, madam,  
To these exordiums and pretended interests,  
Whose only shallow intent is to delay,  
Or to divert, the sole dire subject,—me.  
Soh! you would see the spectacle! you, who start  
At openings of doors, and falls of pins.  
Trumpets and drums quiet a lady's nerves;  
And a good hacking blow at a tournament  
Equals burnt feathers or hartshorn for a stimulus  
To pretty household tremblers.

*Gin.* I express'd  
No wish to see the tournament, nor indeed  
Anything, of my own accord; or contrary  
To your good judgment.

*Ago.* Oh, of course not. Wishes  
Are never express'd for, or by, contraries;  
Nor the good judgment of an anxious husband  
Held forth as a pleasant thing to differ with.

*Gin.* It is as easy as sitting in my chair,  
To say I will not go: and I will not.  
Be pleased to think that settled.

*Ago.* The more easily,  
As 'tis expected I *should* go, is it not?  
And then you will sit happy at receipt  
Of letters from Antonio Rondinelli.

*Gin.* Return'd unopen'd, sir.

*Ago.* How many?



*Gin.*

Three.

*Ago.* You are correct as to those three. How many  
Open'd?—Your look, madam, is wondrous logical;  
Conclusive of mere pathos of astonishment;  
And cramm'd with scorn, from pure unscornfulness.  
I have, 'tis true, strong doubts of your regard  
For him, or any one;—of your love of power,  
None,—as you know I have reason;—though you take  
Ways of refined provokingness to wreak it.  
Antonio knows these fools you saw but now,  
And fools have foolish friendships, and bad leagues  
For getting a little power, not natural to them,  
Out of their laugh'd-at betters. Be it as it may,  
All this, I will not have these prying idlers  
Put my domestic troubles to the blush.  
Now you sit thus, in ostentatious meekness,  
Playing the victim with a pretty breath,  
And smiles that say "God help me."—Well, madam,  
What do *you* say?

*Gin.*

I say I will do whatever

You think best, and desire.

*Ago.*

And make the worst of it

By whatsoever may mislead, and vex?  
There—now you make a pretty sign, as though  
Your silence were compell'd.

*Gin.*

What can I say,

Or what, alas! not say, and not be chided?  
You should not use me thus. I have not strength for it,  
So great as you may think. My late sharp illness  
Has left me weak.

*Ago.*

I've known you weaker, madam,

But never feeble enough to want the strength  
Of contest and perverseness. Oh, men too,  
Men may be weak, even from the magnanimity  
Of strength itself; and women can take poor  
Advantages, that were in men but cowardice.

*Gin.* [*Aside.*] Dear Heaven ! what humblest doubts of our self-knowledge

Should we not feel, when tyranny can talk thus.

*Ago.* Can you pretend, madam, with your surpassing Candour and heavenly kindness, that you never Utter'd one gentle-sounding word, not meant To give the hearer pain ? me pain ? your husband ? Whom in all evil thoughts you so pretend To be unlike ?

*Gin.* I cannot dare pretend it.  
I am a woman, not an angel.

*Ago.* Ay,  
See there—you have ! you own it ! how pretend then To make such griefs of every petty syllable,  
Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn ?

*Gin.* One pain is not a thousand ; nor one wrong,  
Acknowledged and repented of, the habit  
Of unprovoked and unrepented years.

*Ago.* Of unprovoked ! Oh, let all provocation  
Take every brutish shape it can devise  
To try endurance with ; taunt it in failure,  
Grind it in want, stoop it with family shames,  
Make gross the name of mother, call it fool,  
Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever opprobrium  
Makes the soul swoon within its rage, for want  
Of some great answer, terrible as its wrong,  
And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,  
Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of lies ;  
This angel-mimicking non-provocation  
From one too cold to enrage, too weak to tread on ;  
You never loved me once—you loved me not—  
Never did—no—not when before the altar,  
With a mean coldness, a worldly-minded coldness  
And lie on your lips, you took me for your husband,  
Thinking to have a house, a purse, a liberty,  
By, but not for, the man you scorn'd to love !

*Gin.* I scorn'd you not—and knew not what scorn was—  
 Being scarcely past a child, and knowing nothing  
 But trusting thoughts and innocent daily habits.  
 Oh, could you trust yourself——But why repeat  
 What still is thus repeated, day by day,  
 Still ending with the question, “Why repeat?”

[*Rising and moving about.*

You make the blood at last mount to my brain,  
 And tax me past endurance. What have I done,  
 Good God! what have I done, that I am thus  
 At the mercy of a mystery of tyranny,  
 Which from its victim demands every virtue,  
 And brings it none?

*Ago.* I thank you, madam, humbly.  
 That was sincere, at least.

*Gin.* I beg your pardon.  
 Anger is ever excessive, and speaks wrong.

*Ago.* This is the gentle, patient, unprovoked,  
 And unprovoking, never-answering she!

*Gin.* Nay, nay, say on;—I do deserve it,—I,  
 Who speak such evil of anger, and then am angry.  
 Yet you might pity me too, being like yourself  
 In fellowship there at least.

*Ago.* A taunt in friendliness!  
 Meekness's happiest condescension!

*Gin.* No,  
 So help me Heaven!—I but spoke in consciousness  
 Of what was weak on both sides. There's a love  
 In that, would you but know it, and encourage it.  
 The consciousness of wrong, in wills not evil,  
 Brings charity. Be you but charitable,  
 And I am grateful, and we both shall learn.

*Ago.* I am conscious of no wrong in this dispute,  
 Nor when we dispute ever,—except the wrong  
 Done to myself by a will still more wilful,  
 Because less moved, and less ingenious.

Let them get charity that show it.

*Gin.* (*who has reseated herself.*) I pray you,  
Let Fiodilisa come to me. My lips  
Will show you that I faint.

### THE EARL OF GOWRIE.

JAMES WHITE.

[THE Reverend James White wrote several dramas of high merit,—chiefly historical. This form of poetry, in spite of the little encouragement to scenic representation in our times, has attractions for some of our best writers,—as we have shown ; and Mr White has a worthy niche amongst them. He died in 1862. The story of the Gowrie conspiracy is familiar to every reader of Scotch history ; and its mysterious interest is well kept up in this tragedy.]

#### *Enter GOWRIE.*

*Gowrie.* James Stewart,  
What moved you that you came into this house ?

*James.* Oh ! speak not so severely : spare me, cousin,  
I will do all you ask.

*Gowrie.* I ask you nothing.

*James.* I think I see a softening in your eye.  
Your voice is not so ruthless as your mother's.

*Gowrie.* Name not my mother's name if you are wise.  
What brought you hither ?

*James.* 'Twas with Restalrig :  
I came, with Restalrig, to see you, cousin,—  
To be more neighbours. We are both scholars, cousin,  
We should be friends. I never read a letter,  
Not Cicero's, or Pliny's, half so wise  
Or eloquent, as the short note you sent me  
From Padua. We should meet much oftener,  
And speak in the auld Roman tongue.

*Gowrie.* What thoughts  
Rise in that slavish, cruel heart of yours,  
Worthy to robe themselves in the great words  
Of a brave Roman ? Where, in all their language,  
Find you two words that speak so base a mixture  
As King and Falsehood ?



*James.*

"Falsitas," and "Rex,"

Quite common words ; the adjective is "falsus,"

Thus, "falsus rex," false or deceitful king ;

It's a far commoner phrase than "bonus vir."

*Gowrie (walking hurriedly.)* It makes me pause, ere I can give  
my faith

To truths in Holy Writ, that there's a power  
That guides our human destiny ; but rather  
That we're the puppets of blind chance, to see  
The government and rule of countless men  
Committed to such hands as this mere thing's !

*James.* As I'm some years your senior, gentle cousin,  
And had advantage of a schoolmaster,  
Such as has seldom showed he loved the child  
By such extravagance in birken rods,  
I might be helpful to your Latin style—  
And if ye'll stay with me at Falkland—

*Gowrie.*

Hush !

Your voice will move me from my fixed resolve.

*James.* I pray it may—I pray that it may move you—  
I'm in your power, I'm helpless, powerless, friendless ;  
Your mother threatens vengeance for her wrongs ;  
And I take Heaven to witness—

*Gowrie.*

Swear it not !

Or the great arrow shot against high heaven  
Will fall with its sharp point upon your head. [*Paces the stage.*]  
If I had met him in the open field,  
Ringed round by his whole court, I had not paused.  
But thus—in my own hall. Why went you not  
To hunt the deer on th' Ochil hills to-day ?

*James.* I went, sweet cousin,—and I killed a buck,  
Antlered as if the forest of Braemar  
Had lent him two young oaks to be his horns.  
You never saw a fatter. Zookers, cousin,  
His legs were like an ox's. He would weigh  
Against two swine. I wish you had been there.

*Gowrie.* This man will make me hesitate again.

[*Goes up to the king*]

Base king, why came you into Gowrie's hall ?  
Why did you leave your armed companions,  
And trust you in my house ?

*James.* I meant it well.  
I thought you 'd like it. I meant nothing ill.  
So help me ! Restalrig will tell you, cousin,  
I meant no harm. But pray you let me go.  
My train will soon be here.

*Gowrie.* Who form your train ?  
Will they take open stand, and play the men ?  
Are they all armed ?

*James.* Oh ! not a soul of them ;  
They're in their hunting gear, and not a dozen,  
Not half a dozen in all. They'll miss me soon,  
And raise the country,—pray you let me go ;  
I'll never say a word of what has passed.  
I'll love you like a true and loving kinsman ;  
As I'm a king, I give my royal word.

*Gowrie.* King James's word is not the royal word  
That subjects trust to. If I pause me now,  
'Tis not to make conditions.

*James.* Name them, cousin,  
You'll have them all. We'll set aside the blood  
Of our own son ; we'll name you our true heir ;  
But let me go !

*Gowrie.* Listen, James, king of Scots !  
If there is left one touch of knightly truth,  
One thought of honour, and the priceless debt  
That the great sound of your ancestral name  
Lays on your soul ; 'tis now that you may show them.  
I have you in my hands ; a word of mine  
Venges my father's blood, my mother's wrongs,  
My country's sufferings. I may say the word,  
I may incarnadine my filial sword,

And gain a nation's blessings on the blow ;  
I may enwrap you in a cavern's gloom,  
To be exchanged, after long years of night,  
For the scarce deeper or more certain darkness  
Of death,—all these are in my power to do.

*James.* Oh ! do them not, sweet cousin ; do them not !  
I'll be your slave, your bondsman !

*Gowrie.* If I ope  
The prison doors, 'twill be to loose again  
The enemy of our house ; the vengeful foe  
Who spares not.

*James.* Oh ! you wrong me, wrong me much.  
I'll love you better than myself. You'll be  
Dearer than life ; trust me this once, this once !

*Gowrie.* I trust you not. But higher duties claim me ;  
I may not do a deed, that the wild Arab  
Would shudder at in his wind-shaken tent.  
You are my guest ; unwished, but still my guest. [*To the guards.*  
Withdraw your watch. Leave the door free to all. [*Exeunt guard.*

*James.* Oh ! cousin, you have saved me ! see my tears,  
Take my true thanks. I am your debtor ever.  
Let me not see your mother. Please you, admit  
But two or three of the train ; they must be here.

*Gowrie.* You are my guest. I've said you are my guest.  
If I am wrong, I cannot fight with Heaven,  
And Heaven is on his side, and arms his head  
As with a pierceless helm, with the great name  
Of guest ! I go to call your followers. [*Exeunt.*

*James.* If Ramsay's come, and the stout sixty men,  
I never could be happy in my bed  
Till I have punished them. I hate them all.  
What right has he to set his sovereign free ?  
Zooks ! does he think us foolish as himself,  
To let occasion by for silly qualms ?  
I'll have their blood ; gadzooks ! I'll have their blood,  
And forfeit them for traitors.

360.—*The Independent Minister:*

MRS GASKELL.

[FROM the charming tale of "Cousin Phillis," published in the "Cornhill Magazine," we extract a life-like portrait which will not suffer by a comparison with the Parson Adams of Fielding, or the Doctor Primrose of Goldsmith. Mrs Elizabeth Gaskell, the wife of a Unitarian minister of Manchester, had ample opportunities for observing the characteristic traits of the population by which she was surrounded. Her first novel, "Mary Barton," published in 1848, shows how this power of observation became the principle which distinguished her works of fiction from those produced by exercises of fancy not associated with the experiences of real life. The Editor of "Half Hours" has said of Mrs Gaskell, ("Passages of a Working Life," vol. iii,) "In her desire to awaken our minds to the old oppressions, the ignorance, and the sufferings of the factory-workers, she exhibited a picture which would not be a faithful one if taken at the present day. In 'North and South' she has dealt more equally between the conflicting parties, and has shown how the tendencies of the age have been to bring them closer together, in mutual interest and mutual support." The later works of Mrs Gaskell have had a wider scope. Ranging over the general aspect of society, instead of its local peculiarities, in her "Wives and Daughters" she has produced a work of fiction that will hold its place amongst the best productions of the pens of females. Unhappily her sudden death, at the end of 1865, left this, her greatest work, slightly incomplete. The Editor of the "Cornhill Magazine" has supplied a sketch of what the authoress intended to do in a concluding chapter.]

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I availed myself of Mr Holdsworth's permission, and went over to Hope Farm some time in the afternoon, a little later than my last visit. I found "the curate" (the smaller side-door of the house, so called by its master, who styled the large front-door "the rector") open to admit the soft September air, so tempered by the warmth of the sun, that it was warmer out of doors than in, although the wooden log lay smouldering in front of a heap of hot ashes on the hearth. The vine-leaves over the window had a tinge more yellow, their edges were here and there scorched and browned; there was no ironing about, and cousin Holman sate just outside the house, mending a shirt. Phillis was at her knitting in-doors: it seemed as if she had been at it all the week. The many-speckled fowls were pecking about in the farm-yard beyond,



and the milk-cans glittered with brightness, hung out to sweeten. The court was so full of flowers that they crept out upon the low-covered wall and horse-mount, and were even to be found self-sown upon the turf that bordered the path to the back of the house. I fancied that my Sunday coat was scented for days afterwards by the bushes of sweetbriar and fraxinella that perfumed the air. From time to time cousin Holman put her hand into a covered basket at her feet, and threw handfuls of corn down for the pigeons that cooed and fluttered in the air around, in expectation of this treat.

I had a thorough welcome as soon as she saw me. "Now this is kind—this is right down friendly," shaking my hand warmly. "Phillis, your cousin Manning is come!"

"Call me Paul, will you?" said I; "they call me so at home, and Manning in the office."

"Well, Paul, then. Your room is all ready for you, Paul, for, as I said to the minister, 'I'll have it ready whether he comes o' Friday or not.' And the minister said he must go up to the Ashfield whether you were to come or not; but he would come home betimes to see if you were here. I'll show you to your room, and you can wash the dust off a bit."

After I came down, I think she did not quite know what to do with me; or she might think that I was dull; or she might have work to do in which I hindered her; for she called Phillis, and bade her put on her bonnet, and go with me to the Ashfield, and find father. So we set off, I in a little flutter of a desire to make myself agreeable, but wishing that my companion were not quite so tall; for she was above me in height. While I was wondering how to begin our conversation, she took up the words.

"I suppose, cousin Paul, you have to be very busy at your work all day long in general."

"Yes, we have to be in the office at half-past eight; and we have an hour for dinner, and then we go at it again till eight or nine."

"Then you have not much time for reading."

"No," said I, with a sudden consciousness that I did not make the most of what leisure I had.

"No more have I. Father always gets an hour before going a-field in the mornings, but mother does not like me to get up so early."

"My mother is always wanting me to get up earlier when I am at home."

"What time do you get up?"

"Oh!—ah!—sometimes half-past-six; not often though;" for I remembered only twice that I had done so during the past summer.

She turned her head and looked at me.

"Father is up at three; and so was mother till she was ill. I should like to be up at four."

"Your father up at three! Why, what has he to do at that hour?"

"What has he not to do? He has his private exercise in his own room; he always rings the great bell which calls the men to milking; he rouses up Betty, our maid; as often as not he gives the horses their feed before the man is up, for Jem, who takes care of the horses, is an old man, and father is always loth to disturb him; he looks at the calves, and the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn, before the horses go a-field; he has often to whip-cord the plough-whips; he sees the hogs fed; he looks into the swill-tubs, and writes his orders for what is wanted for food for man and beast; yes, and for fuel, too. And then, if he has a bit of time to spare, he comes in and reads with me—but only English; we keep Latin for the evenings, that we may have time to enjoy it; and then he calls in the man to breakfast, and cuts the boys' bread and cheese; and sees their wooden bottles filled, and sends them off to their work;—and by this time it is half-past six, and we have our breakfast. 'There is father,' she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two, with whom he was working. We only saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken; that man still looked like a very powerful labourer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined

was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Rev. Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field ; and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving some directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother's. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his gray hairs betokened no failure of strength. I never saw a more powerful man—deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him ; and he interrupted himself and stepped forward ; holding out his hand to me but addressing Phillis.

“Well, my lass, this is cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But——Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land : it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Monday. I beg your pardon, cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch ; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy.” Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, “Now, I will give out the psalm ; ‘Come, all harmonious tongues,’ to be sung to ‘Mount Ephraim’ tune.”

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it ; the two labourers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not ; and so did Phillis : her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune, and the men came in with more uncertainty, but still harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence, but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing ; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze, before I could rouse myself.

"I daresay you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together," said he ; "but it is not a bad practice, not a bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake—that's all."

I had nothing particular to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat ; neckcloth he had none, his strong full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-coloured knee-breeches, gray worsted stockings, (I thought I knew the maker,) and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand, as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so, they holding each other, went along towards home. We had to cross a lane. In it there were two little children, one lying prone on the grass in a passion of crying, the other standing stock still, with its finger in its mouth, the large tears slowly rolling down its cheeks for sympathy. The cause of their distress was evident : there was a broken brown pitcher, and a little pool of spilt milk on the road.

"Hollo ! hollo ! What 's all this ?" said the minister. "Why, what have you been about, Tommy ?" lifting the little petticoated lad, who was lying sobbing, with one vigorous arm. Tommy looked at him with surprise in his round eyes, but no affright—they were evidently old acquaintances.

"Mammy's jug !" said he, at last, beginning to cry afresh.

"Well ! and will crying piece mammy's jug, or pick up spilt milk ? How did you manage it, Tommy ?"

"He" (jerking his head at the other) "and me was running races."

"Tommy said he could beat me," put in the other.

"Now, I wonder what will make you two silly lads mind, and not run races again with a pitcher of milk between you," said the



minister, as if musing. "I might flog you, and so save mammy the trouble ; for I daresay she'll do it if I don't." The fresh burst of whimpering from both showed the probability of this. "Or I might take you to the Hope Farm, and give you some more milk ; but then you 'd be running races again, and my milk would follow that to the ground, and make another white pool. I think the flogging would be best—don't you ?"

"We would never run races no more," said the elder of the two.

"Then you 'd not be boys ; you 'd be angels."

"No we shouldn't."

"Why not ?"

They looked into each other's eyes for an answer to this puzzling question. At length, one said, "Angels is dead folk."

"Come, we 'll not get too deep into theology. What do you think of my lending you a tin can with a lid to carry the milk home in ? That would not break, at any rate ; though I would not answer for the milk not spilling if you ran races. That's it !"

He had dropped his daughter's hand, and now held out each of his to the little fellows. Phillis and I followed and listened to the prattle which the minister's companions now poured out to him, and which he was evidently enjoying. At a certain point, there was a sudden burst of the tawny, ruddy-evening landscape. The minister turned round and quoted a line or two of Latin.

"It's wonderful," said he, "how exactly Virgil has hit the enduring epithets, nearly two thousand years ago, and in Italy ; and yet how it describes to a T what is now lying before us in the parish of Heathbridge, county ——, England."

"I daresay it does," said I, all a-glow with shame, for I had forgotten the little Latin I ever knew.

The minister shifted his eyes to Phillis's face ; it mutely gave him back the sympathetic appreciation that I, in my ignorance, could not bestow.

"Oh ! this is worse than the catechism," thought I ; "that was only remembering words."

"Phillis, lass, thou must go home with these lads, and tell their mother all about the race and the milk. Mammy must

always know the truth," now speaking to the children. "And tell her, too, from me that I have got the best birch rod in the parish ; and that if ever she thinks her children want a flogging she must bring them to me, and, if I think they deserve it, I'll give it them better than she can." So Phillis led the children towards the dairy, somewhere in the back-yard, and I followed the minister in through "the curate" into the house-place.

"Their mother," said he, "is a bit of a vixen, and apt to punish her children without rhyme or reason. I try to keep the parish rod as well as the parish bull."

He sate down in the three-cornered chair by the fireside, and looked around the empty room.

"Where's the missus?" said he to himself. But she was there in a minute ; it was her regular plan to give him his welcome home—by a look, by a touch, nothing more—as soon as she could after his return, and he had missed her now. Regardless of my presence, he went over the day's doings to her, and then getting up, he said he must go and make himself "reverend," and that then we would have a cup of tea in the parlour. The parlour was a large room with two casemented windows on the other side of the broad flagged passage leading from the rector-door to the wide staircase, with its shallow, polished oaken steps, on which no carpet was ever laid. The parlour floor was covered in the middle by a home-made carpeting of needlework and list. One or two quaint family pictures of the Holman family hung round the walls ; the fire-grate and irons were much ornamented with brass ; and on a table against the wall between the windows, a great beau-pot of flowers was placed upon the folio volumes of Matthew Henry's Bible. It was a compliment to me to use this room, and I tried to be grateful for it ; but we never had our meals there after that first day, and I was glad of it ; for the large house-place, living-room, dining-room, which ever you might like to call it, was twice as comfortable and cheerful. There was a rug in front of the great large fire-place, and an oven by the grate, and a crook, with the kettle hanging from it, over the bright wood fire ; everything that ought to be black and polished in

that room was black and polished, and the flags, and window-curtains, and such things as were to be white and clean, were just spotless in their purity. Opposite to the fire-place, extending the whole length of the room, was an oaken shovel-board with the right incline for a skilful player to send the weights into their prescribed space. There were baskets of white work about, and a small shelf of books hung against the wall, books used for reading, and not for propping up a beau-pot of flowers. I took down one or two of these books once when I was left alone in the house-place on the first evening—Virgil, Cæsar, a Greek grammar—oh, dear ah me ! and Phillis Holman's name in each of them ! I shut them up, and put them back in their places, and walked as far away from the bookshelf as I could. Yes, and I gave my cousin Phillis a wide berth, although she was sitting at her work quietly enough, and her hair was looking more golden, her dark eyelashes longer, her round pillar of a throat whiter than ever. We had done tea, and we had returned into the house-place that the minister might smoke his pipe without fear of contaminating the drab damask window-curtains of the parlour. He had made himself "reverend" by putting on one of the voluminous white muslin neckcloths that I had seen cousin Holman ironing that first visit I had paid to the Hope Farm, and by making one or two other unimportant changes in his dress. He sate looking steadily at me, but whether he saw me or not I cannot tell. At the time I fancied that he did, and was gauging me in some unknown fashion in his secret mind. Every now and then he took his pipe out of his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and asked me some fresh question. As long as these related to my acquirements or my reading, I shuffled uneasily and did not know what to answer. By and by he got round to the more practical subject of railroads, and on this I was more at home. I really had taken an interest in my work ; nor would Mr Holdsworth, indeed, have kept me in his employment if I had not given my mind as well as my time to it, and I was, besides, full of the difficulties which beset us just then, owing to our not being able to find a steady bottom on the Heathbridge moss, over which we wished to carry our line. In

the midst of all my eagerness in speaking about this, I could not help being struck with the extreme pertinence of his questions. I do not mean that he did not show ignorance of many of the details of engineering : that was to have been expected ; but on the premises he had got hold of, he thought clearly and reasoned logically. Phillis, so like him as she was both in body and mind—kept stopping at her work and looking at me, trying to fully understand all that I said. I felt she did ; and perhaps it made me take more pains in using clear expressions, and arranging my words, than I otherwise should.

“She shall see I know something worth knowing, though it mayn’t be her dead-and-gone languages,” thought I.

“I see,” said the minister at length. “I understand it all. You’ve a clear, good head of your own, my lad—choose how you came by it.”

“From my father,” said I, proudly. “Have you not heard of his discovery of a new method of shunting? It was in the *Gazette*. It was patented. I thought every one had heard of Manning’s patent winch.”

“We don’t know who invented the alphabet,” said he, half smiling, and taking up his pipe.

“No, I daresay not, sir,” replied I, half offended ; “that’s so long ago.”

Puff—puff—puff.

“But your father must be a notable man. I heard of him once before ; and it is not many a one fifty miles away whose fame reaches Heathbridge.”

“My father is a notable man, sir. It is not me that says so ; it is Mr Holdsworth, and—and everybody.”

“He is right to stand up for his father,” said cousin Holman, as if she were pleading for me.

I chafed inwardly, thinking that my father needed no one to stand up for him. He was man sufficient for himself.

“Yes—he is right,” said the minister, placidly. “Right, because it comes from his heart—right, too, as I believe, in point of fact. Else there is many a young cockerel that will stand upon a dung-



hill and crow about his father, by way of making his own plumage to shine. I should like to know thy father," he went on, turning straight to me, with a kindly, frank look in his eyes.

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### 361.—*Rural Rides.*

COBBETT.

[WILLIAM COBBETT, the son of a farmer at Farnham, in Surrey, was born in 1762. He died in 1835. Regarded almost universally as the bitterest and most unscrupulous of political partisans, he is acknowledged by all as having possessed a mind of extraordinary vigour, with a power of adapting his expressions to the comprehension of all in a manner that has never been surpassed. The following passages in which he speaks of himself are full of interest. It is now simply amusing to see how the fierceness of political hatred pervades all his writings.]

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After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the abbey church, and the bridge, and looking from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it for sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, and even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a "creek!" But when in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my postchaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill: and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is

a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill, where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing? But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smockfrock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

. . . . .

The landlady sent her son to get me some cream, and he was just such a chap as I was at his age, and dressed just in the same sort of way, his main garment being a blue smock-frock, faded from wear, and mended with pieces of new stuff, and, of course,

not faded. The sight of this smock-frock brought to my recollection many things very dear to me. This boy will, I daresay, perform his part at Billinghamurst, or at some place not far from it. If accident had not taken me from a similar scene, how many villains and fools, who have been well teased and tormented, would have slept in peace at night, and have fearlessly swaggered about by day! When I look at this little chap, at his smock-frock, his nailed shoes, and his clean, plain, and coarse shirt, I ask myself, Will anything, I wonder, ever send this chap across the ocean to tackle the base, corrupt, perjured republican judges of Pennsylvania? Will this little lively, but, at the same time, simple boy, ever become the terror of villains and hypocrites across the Atlantic?

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The following extracts are from the "Rural Rides:"—

At Bower I got instructions to go to Hawkley, but accompanied with most earnest advice not to go that way, for that it was impossible to get along. The roads were represented as so bad, the floods so much out, the hills and bogs so dangerous, that, really, I began to doubt; and, if I had not been brought up among the clays of the Holt Forest and the bogs of the neighbouring heaths, I should certainly have turned off to my right, to go over Hindhead, great as was my objection to going that way. "Well, then," said my friend, at Bower, "if you would go that way, you must go down Hawkley Hanger;" of which he then gave me *such* a description! But even this I found to fall short of the reality. I inquired simply whether people were in the habit of going down it; and the answer being in the affirmative, on I went through green lanes and bridle-ways till I came to the turnpike-road from Petersfield to Winchester, which I crossed, going into a narrow and almost untrodden green lane, on the side of which I found a cottage. Upon my asking the way to Hawkley, the woman at the cottage said, "Right up the lane, sir: you'll come to a hanger presently: you must take care, sir: you can't ride down; will your horses go alone?"

On we trotted up this pretty green lane, and, indeed, we had

been coming gently and generally up hill for a good while. The lane was between highish banks, and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end, so that out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger. And never in all my life was I so surprised and so delighted. I pulled up my horse, and sat and looked ; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant, to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him ; his surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this route, had said not a word about the beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery. These hangers are woods on the sides of very steep hills. The trees and underwood hang, in some sort, to the ground, instead of standing on it. Hence the places are called hangers. From the summit of that which I had now to descend, I looked down upon the villages of Hawkley, Greatham, Selborne, and some others.

From the south-east, round, southward, to the north-west, the main valley has cross valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very steep, and in many parts covered with wood. The hills that form these cross valleys run out into the main valley like piers into the sea. Two of these promontories of great height are on the west side of the main valley, and were the first objects that struck my sight when I came to the edge of the hanger, which was on the south. The end of these promontories are nearly perpendicular, and their tops so high in the air, that you cannot look at the village below without something like a feeling of apprehension. The leaves are all off, the hop-poles are in stack, the fields have little verdure ; but, while the spot is beautiful beyond description even now, I must leave to imagination to suppose what it is when the trees, and hangers, and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright, and the hops upon the poles.



From the south-west, round, eastward, to the north, lie the heaths of which Woolmer Forest makes a part, and these go gradually rising up to Hindhead, the crown of which is to the north-west, leaving the rest of the circle, (the part from north to north-west,) to be occupied by a continuation of the valley, towards Headley, Binstead, Frensham, and the Holt Forest ; so that even the contrast in the view from the top of the hanger is as great as can possibly be imagined. Men, however, are not to have such beautiful views as this without some trouble. We had had the view, but we had to go down the hanger : we had, indeed, some roads to get along as we could, afterwards, but we had to get down the hanger first. The horses took the lead, and crept down partly upon their feet, and partly upon their hocks. It was extremely slippery, too, for the soil is a sort of *marle*, or, as they call it here, *maume*, or *mame*, which is, when wet, very much like gray soap. In such a case it was likely that I should keep in the rear, which I did, and I descended by taking hold of the branches of the underwood, and so letting myself down.

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### 362.—Resolution and Independence.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;  
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods ;  
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters,  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors :  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth :

And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor ;  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar ;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :  
The pleasant season did my heart employ :  
My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
And all the ways of men so vain and melancholy !

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low—  
To me that morning did it happen so ;  
And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came ;  
Dim sadness—and blind thought, I knew not, nor could  
name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky ;  
And I bethought me of the playful hare :  
Even such a happy child of earth am I ;  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;  
But there may come another day to me—  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood ;  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;  
But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following his plough, along the mountain side :  
By our own spirits are we deified :  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness :  
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above; a something given,  
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
Beside a pool, bare to the eye of heaven,  
I saw a man before me unawares :  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie,  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come, and whence ;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense :  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself.

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage :  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood ;  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all,

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book :  
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
" This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
" What occupation do you there pursue ?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest ;  
Choice word, and measured phrase ; above the reach  
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;  
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues

He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor :  
Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to endure :  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side ;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;  
And the whole body of the man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;



Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty poets in their misery dead.  
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,—  
“How is it that you live, and what is it you do?”

He with a smile did then his words repeat;  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pool where they abide.  
“Once I could meet with them on every side,  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old man's shape, and speech all troubled me:  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently.  
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
But stately in the main; and, when he ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find  
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.  
“God,” said I, “be my help and stay secure;  
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!”

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## 363.—The Chapel.

C. KNIGHT.

[It may appear presumptuous that I should insert an extract from my own writings in these volumes. It is perhaps no sufficient excuse that I have inserted passages from the writings of friends who are, or whose memories are, very dear to me. My apology is, that the extract has relation to the purposes of this work. The following is from the concluding chapter of "William Caxton, a Biography."]

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It was evensong time when, after a day of listlessness, the printers in the Almonry at Westminster prepared to close the doors of their workshop. This was a tolerably spacious room, with a carved oaken roof. The setting sun shone brightly into the chamber, and lighted up such furniture as no other room in London could then exhibit. Between the columns which supported the roof stood two presses—ponderous machines. A *form* of types lay unread upon the *table* of one of these presses; the other was empty. There were *cases* ranged between the opposite columns; but there was no *copy* suspended ready for the compositors to proceed with in the morning. No heap of wet paper was piled upon the floor. The *balls*, removed from the presses, were rotting in a corner. The *ink-blocks* were dusty, and a thin film had formed over the oily pigment. He who had set these machines in motion, and filled the whole space with the activity of mind, was dead. His daily work was ended.

Three grave-looking men, decently clothed in black, were girding on their swords. Their caps were in their hands. The door opened, and the chief of the workmen came in. It was Wynkyn de Worde. With short speech, but looks of deep significance, he called a *chapel*—the printer's parliament—a conclave as solemn and as omnipotent as the Saxons' Wittenagemot. Wynkyn was the Father of the Chapel.

The four drew their high stools round the *imposing-stone*—those stools on which they had sat through many a day of quiet labour, steadily working to the distant end of some ponderous folio, without hurry or anxiety. Upon the stone lay two uncorrected folio

pages—a portion of the “Lives of the Fathers.” The *proof* was not returned. He that they had followed a few days before to his grave in Saint Margaret’s church, had lifted it once to his failing eyes,—and then they closed in night.

“Companions,” said Wynkyn—surely that word “*companions*” tells of the antiquity of printing, and of the old love and fellowship that subsisted amongst its craft—“companions, the good work will not stop.”

“Wynkyn,” said Richard Pynson, “who is to carry on the work?”

“I am ready,” answered Wynkyn.

A faint expression of joy arose to the lips of these honest men, but it was damped by the remembrance of him they had lost.

“He died,” said Wynkyn, “as he lived. The Lives of the Holy Fathers is finished, as far as the translator’s labour. There is the rest of the copy. Read the words of the last page, which *I* have written :

“Thus endeth the most virtuous history of the devout and right-renowned lives of holy fathers living in desert, worthy of remembrance to all well-disposed persons, which has been translated out of French into English by William Caxton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life.”\*

The tears were in all their eyes ; and “God rest his soul” was whispered around.

“Companion,” said William Machlinia, “is not this a hazardous enterprise?”

“I have encouragement,” replied Wynkyn ;—“the Lady Margaret, his Highness’s mother, gives me aid. So droop not, fear not. We will carry on the work briskly in our good master’s house.—So fill the case.”†

A shout almost mounted to the roof.

“But why should we fear? You, Machlinia, you, Lettou, and

\* These are the words with which the book closes.

† “Wynkyn de Worde this hath set in print,  
In William Caxton’s house :—so fill the case.”

you, dear Richard Pynson, if you choose not to abide with your old companion here, there is work for you all in these good towns of Westminster, London, and Southwark. You have money; you know where to buy types. Printing *must* go forward."

"Always full of heart," said Pynson. "But you forget the statute of King Richard; we cannot say 'God rest his soul,' for our old master scarcely ever forgave him putting Lord Rivers to death. You forget the statute. We ought to know it, for we printed it. I can turn to the file in a moment. It is the Act touching the merchants of Italy, which forbids them selling their wares in this realm. Here it is: 'Provided always that this Act, or any part thereof, in nowise extend or be prejudicial of any let, hurt, or impediment to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or country he be or shall be of, for bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, of any manner of books written or imprinted.' Can we stand up against that, if we have more presses than the old press of the Abbey of Westminster?"

"Ay, truly, we can, good friend," briskly answered Wynkyn. "Have we any books in our stores? Could we ever print books fast enough? Are there not readers rising up on all sides? Do we depend upon the court? The mercers and the drapers, the grocers and the spicers of the city, crowd here for our books. The rude uplandish men even take our books; they that our good master rather vilipended. The tapsters and taverners have our books. The whole country-side cries out for our ballads and our Robin Hood stories; and, to say the truth, the citizen's wife is as much taken with our King Arthurs and King Blanchardines as the most noble knight that Master Caxton ever desired to look upon in his green days of jousts in Burgundy. So fill the case."\*

"But if foreigners bring books into England," said cautious William Machlinia, "there will be more books than readers."

"Books make readers," rejoined Wynkyn. "Do you remember how timidly even our bold master went on before he was safe in

\* To "fill the case" is to put fresh types in the case, ready to arrange in new pages. The bibliographers scarcely understood the technical expression of honest Wynkyn.



his sell? Do you forget how he asked this lord to take a copy, and that knight to give him something in fee; and how he bargained for his summer venison, and his winter venison as an encouragement in his ventures? But he found a larger market than he ever counted upon, and so shall we all. Go ye forth, my brave fellows. Stay not to work for me, if you can work better for yourselves. I fear no rivals."

"Why, Wynkyn," interposed Pynson, "you talk as if printing were as necessary as air, books as food, clothing, or fire."

"And so they will be some day. What is to stop the want of books? Will one man have the command of books, and another desire them not? The time may come when every man shall require books."

"Perhaps," said Lettou, who had an eye to printing the Statutes, "the time may come when every man shall want to read an Act of Parliament, instead of the few lawyers who buy our Acts now."

"Hardly so," grunted Wynkyn.

"Or perchance you think that when our sovereign liege meets his Peers and Commons in Parliament, it were well to print a book some month or two after, to tell what the said Parliament said, as well as ordained?"

"Nay, nay, you run me hard," said Wynkyn.

"And if within a month, why not within a day? Why shouldn't we print the words as fast as they are spoken? We only want fairy fingers to pick up our types, and presses that Doctor Faustus and his devils may some day make, to tell all London to-morrow morning what is done this morning in the palace at Westminster."

"Prithee, be serious," ejaculated Wynkyn. "Why do you talk such gallimaufry? I was speaking of possible things; and I really think the day may come when one person in a thousand may read books and buy books, and we shall have a trade almost as good as that of armourers and fletchers."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Pynson; "oh that we might print the Bible! I know of a copy of Wickliffe's Bible. That were indeed a book to print!"

"I have no doubt, Richard," replied Wynkyn, "that the happy time may come when a Bible shall be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon. You remember when our brother Hunte showed us the chained books in the Library at Oxford. So a century or two hence a Bible may be found in every parish. Twelve thousand parishes in England! We should want more paper in that good day, Master Richard."

"You had better fancy at once," said Lettou, "that every house-keeper will want a Bible! Heaven save the mark, how some men's imaginations run away them!"

"I cannot see," interposed Machlinia, "how we can venture upon more presses in London. Here are two. They have been worked well since the day when they were shipped at Cologne. Here are five good founts of type, as much as a thousand weight—*Great Primer*, *Double Pica*, *Pica*—a large and a small face, and a *Long Primer*. They have well worked; they are pretty nigh worn out. What man would risk such an adventure, after our good old master? He was a favourite at court and in cloister. He was well patronised. Who is to patronise us?"

"The people, I tell you," exclaimed Wynkyn. "The babe in the cradle wants an Absey-book; the maid at her distaff wants a ballad; the priest wants his pie; the young lover wants a romance of chivalry to read to his mistress; the lawyer wants his statutes; and the scholar wants his Virgil and Cicero. They will all want more the more they are supplied. How many in England have a book at all, think you? Let us make books cheaper by printing more of them at once. The churchwardens of St Margaret's asked me six-and-eightpence yesterday for the volume that our master left the parish;\* for not a copy can I get, if we should want to print again. Six-and-eightpence! That was exactly what he charged his customers for the volume. Print five hundred instead of two hundred, and we could sell it for three-and-fourpence."

\* There is a record in the parish books of St Margaret's of the churchwardens selling for 6s. 8d. one of the books bequeathed to the church by William Caxton.

"And ruin ourselves," said Machlinia. "Master Winkyn, I shall fear to work for you if you go on so madly. What has turned your head?"

"Hearken!" said Winkyn. "The day our good master was buried I had no stomach for my home. I could not eat. I could scarcely look on the sunshine. There was a chill at my heart. I took the key of our office, for you all were absent, and I came here in the deep twilight. I sat down in Mr Caxton's chair. I sat till I fancied I saw him moving about, as he was wont to move, in his furred gown, explaining this copy to one of us, and shaking his head at that proof to the other. I fell asleep. Then I dreamed a dream, a wild dream, but one that seems to have given me hope and courage. There I sat, at the old desk at the head of this room, straining my eyes at the old proofs. The room gradually expanded. The four *frames* went on multiplying, till they became innumerable. I saw *case* piled upon *case*; and *form* side by side with *form*. All was bustle, and yet quiet in that room. Readers passed to and fro; there was a glare of many lights; all seemed employed in producing one folio, an enormous folio. In an instant the room had changed. I heard a noise as of many wheels. I saw sheets of paper covered with ink as quickly as I pick up this type. Sheet upon sheet, hundreds of sheets, thousands of sheets, came from forth the wheels—flowing in unstained, like corn from the hopper, and coming out printed, like flour to the sack. They flew abroad as if carried over the earth by the winds. Again the scene changed. In a cottage, an artificer's cottage, though it had many things in it which belong to princes' palaces, I saw a man lay down his basket of tools and take up one of these sheets. He read it; he laughed, he looked angry; tears rose to his eyes; and then he read aloud to his wife and children. I asked him to show me the sheet. It was wet; it contained as many types as our "Mirror of the World." But it bore the date of 1844. I looked around, and I saw shelves of books against that cottage wall—large volumes and small volumes; and a boy opened one of the large volumes and showed me numberless block cuts; and the

artificer and his wife and his children gathered around me, all looking with glee towards their books, and the good man pointed to an inscription on his book-shelves, and I read these words,—

MY LIBRARY A DUKEDOM.

I woke in haste ; and, whether awake or dreaming I know not, my master stood beside me, and smilingly exclaimed, ‘This is my fruit.’ I have encouragement in this dream.”

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364.—Great Floods in the Province of Moray.

LAUDER.

[THE following clear and simple narrative of a remarkable escape is from an octavo volume, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. At the beginning of August, 1829, a great rain succeeded to an unusually dry summer. The streams rushed down from the mountains ; the rivers overflowed ; and a scene of desolation ensued which has been seldom equalled.]

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Among the poor people, who were for a long time in danger, was a man of the name of Sandy Smith, whose cottage stood upon



a piece of fuzzy pasture, not far from one of the rivers which had overflowed its banks. A great number of the inhabitants of the cottages in the part of the country nearest to him escaped early in the night of Monday to a large barn, which stood on high ground; and others were received into a gentleman's house, where they were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. All of them thought that poor Sandy Smith would never be seen by them again, for his house was in a low situation, and already surrounded by water. But, on looking in the direction of his cottage, they were very glad to see a distant gleam of light, which came from a candle placed in his cottage window. They, therefore, had lights placed in the windows of the gentleman's house just mentioned, in order that the poor people in the distant cottage might know they were not forgotten, although it was impossible to to get at them.

A dismal night had Sandy Smith in his cottage, in the midst of the waters. At break of day the kind people, who were looking out for him and his family, saw all the country laid under water, including many fields which had the day before been beautiful with yellow wheat, green tops of turnips, and other crops; and the surface of the flood was strewn with trees and every kind of wreck from farms, and barns, and houses. The heavy rain and the raging wind were yet continuing; the cattle were wandering about, and lowing for want of their usual food, and crowds of distressed families were crying and bewailing themselves. Afar off was seen the cottage of Sandy Smith—its roof like a speck above water;—and it was seen that the gable end had given way. With the help of a good telescope, the family were perceived to have got out of the cottage, and to be all huddled together on a small spot of ground not more than a few feet square, and forty or fifty yards distant from their ruined dwelling. Sandy himself was seen sometimes standing up and sometimes sitting on a small cask; he seemed to be watching the large trees that swept past him and his wife and children, and which threatened to sweep them away. His wife was sitting on a bit of a log, covered with a blanket, having one child on her knee, and two leaning by her side. On the

ground stood a bottle and glass, from which those who saw them hoped they had derived some little comfort in the midst of the cold rain and wind. Close to them were about a score of sheep, a small horse, and three cows, all glad, like themselves, to stand on that little spot of dry land.

The greatest fear which those who saw these poor people from distant houses had was that the waters would gain upon them before any boat could be procured to go and bring them away. A lady in the neighbourhood had, however, ordered her horses to be put to a boat, to drag it down to a convenient spot for being launched, and three bold men got into it, determined to save the lives of the poor people if possible. Before they reached Sandy Smith and his family, they thought it their duty to rescue another poor family, whose situation was still more dangerous, as they were in a house of which hardly anything was visible but the thatch. When they reached that house, the poor people within were obliged to duck down into the water before they could be dragged out of the windows.

But to reach the house, and then to get on to where Sandy Smith and his family were waiting, was a task of no small labour and difficulty : for as the boat seemed to be going on fairly and well, it was more than once carried away by the currents that were to be crossed, and carried away with such violence, that those on shore thought the people in the boat would be lost. The activity of the men in the boat was their only safety ; and one of them, whose name was Donald Munro, but who, on account of his dress, was that day called Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat, gained much honour for his wonderful exertions. Sometimes he was at the head of the boat, and sometimes at the stern, not unfrequently in the water up to the neck, and then again rowing with all his strength. Before they reached the spot where Sandy Smith and his family were standing in a cluster on their little spot of land, there were five raging currents to be passed. The moment the boat came to one of these, it was whirled away far down the stream ; and when one current was passed, the men had to pull the boat up again all the way before they ventured to cross another. The last current

which they had to cross was the worst ; but Smith was so delighted to see the boat approaching, that he ran into the water to meet it, and helped to drag it towards the spot whereon his wife and children were yet remaining. They were all then safely placed in the boat, and carried back, with many difficulties, across all the currents to the shore.

It appeared that these poor people had been driven out of their house at about eight o'clock on the Monday evening, and had fled to the only dry place they could reach. They had but just time to throw blankets over them, and Smith himself had, fortunately, presence of mind enough to take with him a small bag of meal. His cows, and his pony, and his sheep, being let out, wandered to the same spot. As the water gained upon the little space of ground they had, the poor beasts, feeling chilled with the cold, pressed inwards also upon the family. Smith caught a log which was floating past, and it made a seat for his companions ; an old chest served the same purpose : and a little meal and a little whisky was all their nourishment. There they had remained all that dismal night—all dark around them ; the noise of the waters roaring in their ears—great trees going crashing past them every minute, as if they would sweep them all into eternity ; and all the time the wind and rain beating upon them so fiercely that it seemed as if it would be impossible for them to live long under it. Nothing was to be seen but the far-off candles, placed in the house which has already been mentioned ; and the light of which, as had been intended, was still some comfort to them in their desolate situation. When the light of morning broke upon them, Sandy Smith saw the little hamlet of Stripeside, where he had lived, a heap of ruins, besides all the neighbouring hamlets ; and, far above them, the bridge broken by the violence of the stream. He had the attention to hide the sorrowful sight from his wife, by wrapping her head more closely from the cold, until the waters began to fall a little, in consequence of the giving way of some embankments ; and then he told her to look round about her, for that now there was some hope. The Scotch peasantry are a religious people, and Sandy, who thought, when he saw the light of the

candles shining across the broad and roaring water in the night, that the Providence to whom he addressed his prayers had not forgotten him and his little family, observed, after all the danger was over, that he should be grateful to God all the rest of his days.

Another family, whose cottage stood at no great distance from that of Sandy Smith, passed that terrible night in the midst of still greater dangers and struggles for life. The name of these poor people was Kerr. They left their house, which was already surrounded by water, early in the night, and tried to wade across the water to the dry ground, but the farther they waded, the deeper they found the water. Kerr's niece, a girl twelve years of age, lost heart, and began to sink : and the stream was increasing, and the darkness of night was upon them. The old man, however, did not give way ; but, taking his niece on his shoulder, waded back with his wife, and by great labour regained his own cottage. It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when they groped their way to it ; and they were obliged to clamber up into the garret. There they remained, in loneliness and darkness, until about two o'clock in the morning, when the roof of the cottage, damaged by the wet, began to fail. To avoid being crushed to death, the old man forced his way through a partition into the next house. Fortunately for them all the partition was only made of wood and clay. There they remained till about eight o'clock in the morning, when the strength of the water on the outside became so great, that it bent the bolt of the lock of the house door inwards, until it had no more hold of the staple than about the eighth of an inch. If the door had given way, the water would have rushed in with such violence as to sweep away the back wall of the house ; and Kerr rummaged the garret until he was lucky enough to find a bit of board and a few nails, with which he managed to make the door more secure. At last, the roof of this second house began to fail also ; and Kerr and his wife and niece had no way of escaping but through the thatch.

Whilst the party in the cottage were undergoing all this, there were some on the shore who were very anxiously watching their



fate; and among them a son of Kerr's, who had been straining his eyes towards his father's cottage all night long; unable to send help to them, and never expecting to see them alive more. Those about the young man tried to comfort him; but even whilst they were speaking to him the gable of Kerr's dwelling was seen to give way, and to fall into the raging current. But a gentleman, who was looking towards the cottage with a telescope, observed a hand thrust through the thatch of the house next to it. The hand worked busily, as if in despair of life; then a head appeared, and, at length, Kerr was seen to drag himself through the roof, and to drag up his wife and niece through the thatch after him. The three unfortunate people were then seen crawling along the roof towards the next house, for there were three houses built in a row: Kerr went first, and behind him the woman and girl, hardly able, from the force of the wind, to keep a blanket round them. Fortunate was it for them that old Kerr possessed so much courage and sense, exactly when courage and sense were wanting, for the tottering roof they had just left fell into the water, and was swept away. Kerr now tried in vain to force a passage through the thatch into the next house, but, finding he could not do it, he attempted one of the windows with no better success. He was then seen to drop himself down from the eaves upon a small speck of ground, a little higher than the rest, close to the back wall of the houses. To that spot of ground, where there was just room for them to stand, but not to move, he managed to get his wife and niece safely down.

Among those who could see all this going on was also a nephew of old Kerr's, the brother of the little girl who was with Kerr and his wife; and he was half distracted by the sight. "Good God! friends," he exclaimed, "will you allow human beings to perish before your eyes, and do nothing to give them help? If I had but a boat, I would try to save them. Will nobody give me a horse to go in search of one?"

It has already been mentioned that a lady in the neighbourhood lent her horses to drag a boat to the place where it was

wanted; and in this boat it was that the Kerrs were taken from the dangerous spot on which they stood, before the brave men in the boat went on to Sandy Smith and his family, who, it will be remembered, had a few more yards of ground to stand upon than the Kerrs. The skill and coolness of these men, among whom was *Straw Hat* and *Yellow Waistcoat*, were witnessed by those on shore with admiration; and when they saw that they had crossed the dangerous currents, just in time to save the Kerrs, who had now only about three feet of earth left to stand upon, they gave them three hearty cheers. They were in no small degree rejoiced to see Kerr, and his poor wife, and the little girl, stowed safely in the boat; but when, directly after, they saw the brave *Yellow Waistcoat* wading away, and sounding the depths with a pole, until he got to one end of the building, and then beheld him lay hold of a large pig, and throw it into the boat as easily as if it had been a rabbit, they were angry to think his life should have been risked for such a saving:—but he must have been a good-natured fellow, for it seems that the pig belonged to a poor widow, and was all the property she had left.

When the frail boat, crossing again all the dangerous streams arrived at the shore with the little party, they were received by many of their friends with so much heart and rejoicing, that even old Kerr, who was known for his firmness by the name of old Rodney, could not help shedding a few tears among the rest, exclaiming in his homely Scotch,—“Hoot, toot, nonsense! What’s this o’t? Toots! I canna stand this mair than you, bairns. Od, I maun just greet it out.”

The boat next, with considerable difficulty, reached a cottage among alders, a little way above the bridge, in which were three helpless old women, one of whom had been for years bedridden. When the boat reached the hut, *Yellow Waistcoat* knocked in the window and entered with another of the boat’s crew. They found the inmates sitting on chairs, immersed in water, which was four feet deep in the house. They were nearly dead with cold, and could not have existed many hours longer. They were lifted through the window, and were soon placed in safety.

To reach another family, consisting of a poor invalid old man, his infirm wife, their daughter, and grandson, it was necessary to carry the boat some distance, in order to launch it to another part of the flood. By the time the boat with its crew reached the cottage, its western side was entirely gone, and the boat was pushed in at the gap. Not a sound was heard within, and they suspected that all were drowned ; but, on looking through a hole in a partition, they discovered the unhappy inmates roosted, like fowls, on the beams of the roof. They were, one by one, transferred safely to the boat, half dead with cold : but the old man's mind, unable to withstand the agonising apprehensions he had suffered, had become utterly deranged.

A book might be filled with accounts of the wonderful escapes of the night when these families were exposed to the wind, and the rain, and the flood.

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### 365.—December.

CLARE.

[OF the muse of John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, we give this one specimen. The first volume of his productions appeared in 1820, and the fifth and last in 1835, from which time, until his death in 1864, he was the inmate of a Lunatic Asylum.]

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Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth  
Makes room to give him welcome now,  
E'en Want will dry its tears in mirth,  
And crown him with a holly bough ;  
Though trampling 'neath a winter sky,  
O'er snowy paths and rimy stiles,  
The housewife sets her spinning by  
To bid him welcome with her smiles.

Each house is swept the day before,  
And windows stuck with evergreens,  
The snow is besom'd from the door,  
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes.  
Gilt holly, with its thorny pricks,  
And yew and box with berries small,

These deck the unused candlesticks,  
And pictures hanging by the wall.

Neighbours resume their annual cheer,  
Wishing, with smiles and spirits high,  
Glad Christmas and a happy year,  
To every morning passer-by ;  
Milkmaids their Christmas journeys go,  
Accompanied with a favour'd swain ;  
And children pace the crumping snow,  
To taste their granny's cake again.

The shepherd, now no more afraid,  
Since custom doth the chance bestow,  
Starts up to kiss the giggling maid  
Beneath the branch of mistletoe  
That 'neath each cottage beam is seen,  
With pearl-like berries shining gay :  
The shadow still of what hath been,  
Which fashion yearly fades away,

The singing wates, a merry throng,  
At early morn, with simple skill,  
Yet imitate the angels' song,  
And chant their Christmas ditty still ;  
And, 'mid the storm that dies and swells  
By fits—in hummings softly steals  
The music of the village bells,  
Ringing round their merry peals.

When this is past, a merry crew,  
Bedeck'd in masks and ribbons gay,  
The "Morris-dance," their sports renew,  
And act their winter evening play.  
The clown turn'd king, for penny praise,  
Storms with the actor's strut and swell ;  
And Harlequin a laugh to raise,  
Wears his hunchback and tinkling bell.

And oft for pence and spicy ale,  
With winter nosegays pinn'd before,  
The wassail-singer tells her tale,  
And drawls her Christmas carols o'er.  
While 'prentice boy, with ruddy face,  
And rime-bepowder'd, dancing locks,  
From door to door with happy pace,  
Runs round to claim his "Christmas-box."



The block upon the fire is put,  
To sanction custom's old desires ;  
And many a fagot's bands are cut,  
For the old farmers' Christmas fires ;  
Where loud-tongued Gladness joins the throng,  
And Winter meets the warmth of May,  
Till feeling soon the heat too strong,  
He rubs his shins, and draws away.

While snows the window-panes bedim,  
The fire curls up a sunny charm,  
Where, creaming o'er the pitcher's rim,  
The flowering ale is set to warm ;  
Mirth, full of joy as summer bees,  
Sits there, its pleasures to impart,  
And children, 'tween their parent's knees,  
Sing scraps of carols o'er by heart.

And some, to view the winter weathers,  
Climb up the window-seat with glee,  
Likening the snow to falling feathers,  
In Fancy's infant ecstasy ;  
Laughing, with superstitious love,  
O'er visions wild that youth supplies,  
Of people pulling geese above,  
And keeping Christmas in the skies.

As though the homestead trees were drest,  
In lieu of snow, with dancing leaves ;  
As though the sun-dried martin's nest,  
Instead of i'cles hung the eaves ;  
The children hail the happy day—  
As if the snow were April's grass,  
And pleased, as 'neath the warmth of May,  
Sport o'er the water froze to glass.

Thou day of happy sound and mirth,  
That long with childish memory stays,  
How blest around the cottage hearth  
I met thee in my younger days !  
Harping, with rapture's dreaming joys,  
On presents which thy coming found,  
The welcome sight of little toys,  
The Christmas gift of cousins round.

Around the glowing hearth at night,  
The harmless laugh and winter tale

Go round, while parting friends delight  
To toast each other o'er their ale ;  
The cotter oft with quiet zeal  
Will musing o'er his Bible lean ;  
While in the dark the lovers steal  
To kiss and toy behind the screen.

Old customs ! Oh ! I love the sound,  
However simple they may be :  
Whate'er with time hath sanction found,  
Is welcome, and is dear to me.  
Pride grows above simplicity,  
And spurns them from her haughty mind,  
And soon the poet's song will be  
The only refuge they can find.

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

\* \* \* *The name of the author of each extract is printed in italic.*

## A.

ABBEY, Newstead, *Byron*, iv. 390.  
 Absence, *Shakspeare*, iv. 235.  
 Academy of Lagado, the, *Swift*, ii. 528.  
 Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition, *Horace Smith*, iii. 513.  
 Admiral, the Old English, *E. H. Locker*, i. 545.  
 Adventure in a Forest, *Smollett*, i. 494.  
 Adventures of Colonel Jack, Early, *Defoe*, iii. 365.  
 Adversity, Struggling with, *Basil Hall*, i. 140.  
 Advice to his Family, *William Penn*, iii. 121.  
 Advice to his Son, *Lord Burleigh*, iv. 72.  
 Affection, Paternal, *Scott*, iv. 251.  
 Affections, on the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous and Misery of the Vicious, *Chalmers*, iii. 202.  
 Age before Newspapers, the, *Walpole*, i. 64.  
 Age, the Present, *Channing*, i. 148.  
 Agent and the Landlord, the, *Maria Edgeworth*, iv. 164.  
 Agriculture, Field Sports, and Trade of the Middle Ages, *Hallam*, iv. 28.  
 Agrippina, the Mother of Nero, Death of, *Tacitus*—*G. Long*, iv. 23.  
 Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my Darling, *Tannahill*, iv. 164.

Alchemist, Scenes from the, *Ben Jonson*, i. 403.  
 Ambition, *Bacon*, i. 267.  
 America, the Great Dismal Swamp of, *Sir C. Lyell*, ii. 207.  
 Anchor, the Forging of the, *S. Ferguson*, iv. 482.  
 Ancient London, *Fitz Stephen*, iv. 373.  
 Ancient Mansion, the, *Crabbe*, i. 108.  
 Ancient Mariner, the Rime of the, *Coleridge*, iii. 111.  
 Anglo-Saxons and Normans, *Hardy*, iv. 227.  
 Another Year. *See* Year.  
 Another Year! Another Year! *Norton*, iv. 468.  
 APOPTHEGMS—  
 Age before Newspapers, the, *Walpole*, i. 64.  
 Ambition, *Bacon*, i. 267.  
 Bacon, Character of Lord, *Ben Jonson*, ii. 205.  
 Books, Days before, *Aubrey*, i. 260.  
 Burning of Wickliffe's Body by Order of the Council of Constance, *Fuller*, i. 64.  
 Calling, Keep to your, *Aubrey*, i. 262.  
 Candour, *Seward*, i. 266.  
 Canning and the Ambassador, *Coleridge*, i. 59.  
 Civil War, *Aubrey*, i. 62.  
 Coleridge, Power of his Conversation, *Henry Coleridge*, ii. 422.

## APOPTHEGMS—Continued.

- Conscience, *Coleridge*, i. 262.  
 Conscience, Tenderness of, *Fuller*, i. 261.  
 Courage, Real, *Fuller*, i. 381.  
 Danger, *Bacon*, i. 265.  
 Desolation of Tyranny, the, *Lane*, i. 61.  
 Distinction, a, *Seward*, ii. 204.  
 Fashion, *Cowper*, ii. 477.  
 Fears, Idle, *Bacon*, ii. 205.  
 Fielding and the Rabble, *Fielding*, ii. 480.  
 Fleetwood, Sir Miles, Recorder of London, *Aubrey*, ii. 204.  
 Fool, Begging a, *L'Estrange*, i. 265.  
 Genius, *Cowper*, ii. 478.  
 Gentry, Decayed, *Fuller*, i. 58.  
 Goldsmith, *Croker*, i. 59.  
 Horse, King James's, *L'Estrange*, i. 264.  
 Intelligence, Precocious, *Lane*, i. 381.  
 Johnson, *Boswell*, ii. 203.  
 Keats, Coleridge's First Interview with, *Coleridge*, ii. 206.  
 Kemble, John, *Coleridge*, i. 62.  
 Kettle, Dr, *Aubrey*, i. 383.  
 Knowledge, Desire of, *Boswell*, i. 57.  
 Lenders, the Safest, *Bacon*, i. 264.  
 Levelling, *Johnson*, ii. 474.  
 Literary Quacks, *Colton*, ii. 424.  
 Martin, Henry, *Aubrey*, i. 61.  
 Memory, *Ben Jonson*, i. 264.  
 Merciful Law, *Bacon*, i. 65.  
 More, Sir Thomas, *Aubrey*, ii. 202.  
 Naseby Field, *Carlyle*, ii. 478.  
 Observation, *Colton*, i. 267.  
 Och Clo, *Coleridge*, i. 64.  
 Opinions, *Colton*, i. 65.  
 Parliamentary Despatch, *Bacon*, i. 65.  
 Parver the Quaker and his Translation of the Bible, *Hartley Coleridge*, ii. 423.  
 Perfection, *Colton*, i. 62.  
 Pitt, Mr, *Quarterly Review*, i. 261.  
 Pretenders, a Lesson for, *Peacham*, i. 261.  
 Prisoners, Illustrious, *Bacon*, i. 59.  
 Quackery in the Seventeenth Century, *Sir William Temple*, ii. 475.  
 Rage, *Hartley Coleridge*, ii. 476.  
 Saint Bartholomew, *Bacon*, i. 63.  
 School Discipline, *Coleridge*, ii. 205.  
 Stocking Frames, the Inventor of the, *Aubrey*, i. 63.  
 Tobacco, *Aubrey*, i. 266.

## APOPTHEGMS—Continued.

- Translation, *L'Estrange*, i. 262.  
 Treason, *Coleridge*, i. 265.  
 Truth, Impediments to the Progress of, *Rev. R. Hall*, ii. 476.  
 Vicar of Wakefield, the, *Johnson*, i. 266.  
 Vice, the Selfishness of, *Colton*, ii. 20x.  
 Waller, *Johnson*, i. 62.  
 Wit, Wicked, *L'Estrange*, ii. 204.  
 Youth, *Johnson*, i. 384.  
 Youth, the Follies of, *Shelley*, ii. 476.  
 Aram, the Dream of Eugene, *Hood*, i. 208.  
 Ariel Among the Shoals, the, *Cooper*, iii. 245.  
 Armida and Rinaldo, *Tasso*, iii. 214.  
 Art and Nature, *Byron*, iv. 298.  
 Art, Imitation in, *Reynolds*, iv. 98.  
 Artega and the Giant, *Spenser*, iii. 538.  
 Artevelde, Philip Van, Extract from the Dramatic Poem of, *H. Taylor*, iv. 360.  
 Ascham, Roger, and Lady Jane Grey, *Landor*, i. 47.  
 Astrologer, the, *Butler*, iv. 33.  
 Athenian Orators, on the, *Anonymous*, iii. 385.  
 Athens, St Paul at, *Milman*, i. 43.  
 Aurengzebe, *Bernier*, ii. 186.  
 Author of Civilisation, the Great, *Ray*, ii. 115.  
 Authors of a Century Ago, *Smollett*, i. 441.  
 Autumn, Selections on, from *Spenser*, *Chatterton*, *Keats*, *Southey*, *Shelley*, *Shakspeare*, *Burns*, *Coleridge*, *Tennyson*, and *Haven*, iii. 64.  
 Autumnal Field Sports, selections on, from *Gascoigne*, *Richard Ayton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Wordsworth*, iii. 405.

## B.

- BACON, Character of Lord, *Ben Jonson*, ii. 205.  
 Ball, Sir Alexander, *Coleridge*, i. 157.  
 BALLADS—  
 Auld Robin Gray, *Lady Anne Barnard*, i. 241.  
 Gentle Herdsman, *Anonymous*, i. 239.  
 Sir Patrick Spence, *Anonymous*, i. 240.  
 Barcelona, Columbus at, *Washington Irving*, iii. 241.  
 Barometer, the, *Arnott*, i. 85.



C.

Bartholomew, Saint, *Bacon*, i. 63.  
 Bastille, Escape from the, *De Latude*, ii. 11.  
 Battle of the Nile, the, *Southey*, iii. 357.  
 Beautiful and the Useful, the, *Wieland*, iii. 341.  
 Beauty, Hymn of Heavenly, *Spenser*, ii. 83.  
 Bee, the Spider and the, *Swift*, i. 110.  
 Beggars in the Metropolis, a Complaint of the Decay of, *C. Lamb*, i. 117.  
 Belzoni's Exhibition, Address to the Mummy in, *Horace Smith*, iii. 513.  
 Best English People, the, *Thackeray*, i. 504.  
 Betrothed, the, *Crabbe*, iv. 103.  
 Bible, Parver the Quaker and his Translation of the, *Hartley Coleridge*, ii. 423.  
 Bird, the Mocking, *Alex. Wilson*, ii. 137.  
 Birds, selections on, from *Logan*, *Anacreon*, *Drummond*, *Milton*, *Coleridge*, *Drayton*, *Wordsworth*, and *Shelley*, i. 451.  
 Birks of Aberfeldy, the, *Burns*, ii. 259.  
 Birmingham, the Prince Consort's Speech at, *The Prince Consort*, iv. 469.  
 Bittern, the, *Mudie*, iii. 97.  
 Black-Eyed Susan, *Gay*, iii. 493.  
 Books, *Richard de Bury*, ii. 1.  
 Books, Days before, *Aubrey*, i. 260.  
 Boswell's First Interview with Johnson, *Boswell*, ii. 203.  
 Borderers, the Scottish, *Scott*, iii. 397.  
 Braes o' Gleniffer, the, *Tannahill*, iv. 162.  
 Bring Flowers, *Mrs Hemans*, iv. 251.  
 Brief, My Maiden, *Anonymous*, ii. 469.  
 Britain's Best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls, *Dr Arne*, iii. 267.  
 British Hirundines, the, *Gilbert White*, i. 177.  
 British Nation, the Industry of the, *Chenevix*, iii. 138.  
 Britons, Strike Home! *Anonymous*, iii. 268.  
 Brodningnag, Gulliver and the King of, *Swift*, iii. 291.  
 Brother, to his, *Keats*, iii. 317.  
 Brutus, Character of, *G. Long*, iii. 380.  
 Bull and his Son, the Quarrel of Squire, *Paulding*, iii. 463.  
 Bunyan, *T. B. Macaulay*, i. 420.  
 Burial, Urn, *Sir Thos. Browne*, iii. 153.  
 Burke, Crabbe and, *Crabbe*, ii. 143.  
 Burning of Wickliffe's Body by Order of the Council of Constance, *Fuller*, i. 64.

CÆSAR, Death of, *Plutarch*, i. 360.  
 Caius Marius, *Plutarch*, ii. 409.  
 Calling, Keep to Your, *Aubrey*, i. 262.  
 Canadian Indians, the, *Sir F. B. Head*, iv. 381.  
 Candid Man, the, *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton*, i. 66.  
 Candlemas Day, Song for, *Herrick*, i. 40.  
 Candour, *Seward*, i. 266.  
 Canning and the Ambassador, *Coleridge*, i. 59.  
 Carol, a Christmas, *Anonymous*, iv. 417.  
 Cathedral, an English, and St Mark's, *Ruskin*, iv. 176.  
 Celandine, Lines to the, *Wordsworth*, i. 351.  
 Century Ago, Authors of a, *Smollett*, i. 441.  
 Chapel, the, *C. Knight*, iv. 520.  
 Character, Decision of, *John Foster*, i. 202.  
 Character, Influence of the Parental, *Rev. R. Cecil*, iv. 247.  
 Character of Brutus, *G. Long*, iii. 380.  
 Character of Charles II., *Burnet*, iv. 352.  
 Character of Colonel Hutchinson, *Mrs Hutchinson*, iii. 438.  
 Character of James Watt, *Jeffrey*, i. 293.  
 Character of Jonathan Wild, *Fielding*, iii. 70.  
 Character of Keats, the, *Moncton Milnes*, iii. 322.  
 Character of Louis the Eleventh, the, *Comines*, ii. 395.  
 Character of Polybius the Historian, the, *Dryden*, ii. 249.  
 Characters, *Sir Thos. Overbury*, iii. 32.  
 Characters, Every-Day, *Praed*, iii. 374.  
 Charity, Christian, *J. B. Sumner*, ii. 424.  
 Charity, Sisters of, *Anonymous*, ii. 54.  
 Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, Escape of, *Charles II.*, iii. 531.  
 Charles II., Character of, *Burnet*, iv. 352.  
 Chatterton, Thomas, *Campbell*, iv. 48.  
 Chaucer, London in the Time of, *Godwin*, iii. 284.  
 Chemical Philosopher, the, *Sir H. Davy*, ii. 211.  
 Chevy Chase, *A. Cunningham*, iii. 236.  
 Children of Light, the, *Archdeacon Hare*, iii. 390.

- Christ, the Imitation of, *Bishop Beveridge*, i. 384.
- Christian Revelation the Sure Standard of Morality, the, *Locke*, iii. 44.
- Christians, Primitive, *W. Cave*, ii. 260.
- Christmas and Martelmas, Lines on, *Herrick*, iv. 414.
- Christmas Carol, a, *Anonymous*, iv. 417.
- Christmas Day, Hymn for, *Keble*, iv. 457.
- Christmas, End of, *Herrick*, iv. 466.
- Christmas, selections on, from *Coleridge*, *Herrick*, *Wither*, *Shakspeare*, and *Anonymous*, iv. 414.
- Christmas Tree, the, *Coleridge*, iv. 379.
- Christina, Queen, of Sweden, *Ranke*, iv. 431.
- Civilisation, *Guizot*, i. 470.
- Civilisation, the Great Author of, *Ray*, ii. 115.
- Civil War, *Aubrey*, i. 62.
- Classical Education, *Arnold*, i. 153.
- Clifford, the Good Lord, *Wordsworth*, i. 135.
- Clo, Och, *Coleridge*, i. 64.
- Clouds and Winds, selections on, from *Shelley*, *Shakspeare*, *Coleridge*, and *Donne*, iii. 232.
- Clouds, the, *Shelley*, iv. 71.
- Coffee, Introduction of Tea and, *D'Israeli*, iii. 426.
- Coleridge, Power of his Conversation, *Henry Coleridge*, ii. 422.
- Coleridge's First Interview with Keats, *Henry Coleridge*, ii. 206.
- Columbus at Barcelona, *Washington Irving*, iii. 241.
- Coming of Our Saviour, the, *Thos. Burnet*, ii. 507.
- Commedia Divina, the, *Dante*, iv. 332-352.
- Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis, *C. Lamb*, i. 117.
- Coningsby and the Mysterious Stranger, *Disraeli*, iv. 120.
- Conscience, Tenderness of, *Fuller*, i. 261.
- Conscience, *Coleridge*, i. 262.
- Contentment, Special Means of, *Bishop Sanderson*, iv. 81.
- Contentment and Thankfulness, *Isaak Walton*, ii. 58.
- Contrarieties Discoverable in Human Nature, the Strange, *Pascal*, i. 211.
- Conversation, Power of Coleridge's, *Henry Coleridge*, ii. 422.
- Conversion of King Ethelbert, *Bede*, ii. 219.
- Co-operation, *E. G. Wakefield*, ii. 288.
- Cotter's Saturday Night, the, *Burns*, ii. 281.
- Cottier Rents, *Professor Jones*, iii. 407.
- Council of Constance, Burning of Wickliffe's Body by Order of the, *Fuller*, i. 64.
- Count Julian, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Landon*, i. 323.
- Country House, an Elizabethan, *Sir John Cullum*, ii. 78.
- Country Life, English, *Herrick*, iii. 162.
- Courage, Real, *Fuller*, i. 381.
- Court of James the First, *Sir J. Harrington*, ii. 157.
- Courtier, the Old and the Young, *Anonymous*, i. 317.
- Coverley, Sir Roger de, *Addison*, i. 73, 228, 392, 560.
- Cowper's Tame Hares, *Cowper*, iii. 125.
- Crabbe and Burke, *Crabbe*, ii. 143.
- Critic, Scene from the, *Sheridan*, ii. 449.
- Criticism on Don Quixote, *Hallam*, i. 287.
- Cromwell, the Vision of Oliver, *Cowley*, iii. 57.
- Cuckoo, Ode to the, *Logan*, i. 452.
- Cynthia, Hymn to, *Ben Jonson*, iii. 338.

## D.

- DAFFODILS, Lines on, *Herrick*, i. 348.
- Daisies, Lines to, *Chaucer*, i. 347.
- Daisy, to a Mountain, *Burns*, i. 347.
- Danger, *Bacon*, i. 265.
- Day, a Good Man's, *Bishop Hall*, i. 1.
- Days before Books, *Aubrey*, i. 260.
- Deafness, *Dr J. Kitto*, ii. 544.
- Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero, *Tacitus*—*G. Long*, iv. 23.
- Death of Cæsar, *Plutarch*, i. 360.
- Death of Cardinal Wolsey, *Cavendish*, i. 511.
- Death of the First Born, *A. A. Watts*, iv. 441.
- Death of Lord Falkland, the, *Clarendon*, ii. 19.
- Death of Lord Hastings, the, *Hall*, iv. 394.
- Death of the Old Year, *Tennyson*, iv. 464.
- Death of Pliny the Elder, *Pliny the Younger*, ii. 362.
- Death, the Piteous, of the Son of Gaston de Foix, *Froissart*, i. 12.
- Death of Socrates, *Plato*, iii. 445.

December, *Clare*, iv. 533.  
 Decision of Character, *John Foster*, i. 202.  
 Defence of Enthusiasm, a, *H. T. Tuckerman*, iii. 307.  
 Defence of Poesy, the, *Sir P. Sidney*, iv. 238.  
 Deity, on the Goodness of the, *Paley*, iv. 40.  
 Dejection: an Ode, *Coleridge*, i. 51.  
 De Monfort, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Joanna Baillie*, i. 320.  
 Desbarreaux, Sonnet from the French of, *H. K. White*, iii. 181.  
 Desert, the Nile and the, *H. Martineau*, iii. 544.  
 Desolation of Tyranny, the, *Lane*, i. 61.  
 Despatch, Parliamentary, *Bacon*, i. 65.  
 Devil of Edmonton, the Merry, *Anonymous*, ii. 118.  
 Difference of Wits, the, *Ben Jonson*, iv. 244.  
 Dinner Talk, Dr Johnson's, *Boswell*, iv. 77.  
 Dirge for the Old Year, *Shelley*, i. 40.  
 Discontent, the Progress of, *T. Warton*, iii. 466.  
 Discontents, Remedies of, *Burton*, iii. 412.  
 Distinction, a, *Seward*, ii. 204.  
 Divina Commedia, the, *Dante*, iv. 332-352.  
 Doctor's Family Feeling, the, *Southey*, iv. 400.  
 Domestic Jars, *Lord Stowell*, iv. 263.  
 Don Quixote, Criticism on, *Hallam*, i. 287.  
 Dramatic Poets, the Modern. See Poets.  
 Dramatic Poets, Old, *Massinger*, i. 20.  
 Dream of Eugene Aram, the, *Hood*, i. 208.  
 Dress, the New, *Richard Brathwayte*, iv. 330.  
 Ducal Osbornes, the, *G. L. Craik*, ii. 304.  
 Duel, the, *Dickens*, i. 424.  
 Duelling, Origin of, *Bassompierre*, ii. 358.  
 Durer, the Married Life of Albert, *Leopold Schefer*, iv. 141.  
 Dying Thoughts, *Baxter*, ii. 130.

## E.

EARL OF GOWRIE, THE, Extract from the Play of, *James White*, iv. 498.  
 Early Days, Gifford's Account of his, *Gifford*, i. 304.  
 Earthly Things, *Gurnall*, iii. 346.

Earthquake at Lisbon, the Great, *Davy*, ii. 62.  
 Earthquake in London, 1750, an, *Horace Walpole*, ii. 335.  
 Eblis, the Hall of, *Beckford*, iv. 64.  
 Edmonton, the Merry Devil of, *Anonymous*, ii. 118.  
 Education, *Pope*, iv. 325.  
 Education, Classical, *Arnold*, i. 153.  
 Elizabeth, Poetry of the Age of, *Thomas Warton*, iii. 270.  
 Elizabeth, the Literature of the Age of, *Hazlitt*, ii. 266.  
 Elizabethan Country House, an, *Sir John Cullum*, ii. 78.  
 Elwes, John, the Miser, *Topham*, ii. 314.  
 England, Rural Life in, *Washington Irving*, ii. 168.  
 England, the Old Mariners of, *Chas. Kingsley*, ii. 179.  
 English Cathedral, an, and St Mark's, *Ruskin*, iv. 176.  
 English Country Life, *Herrick*, iii. 162.  
 English Harvest Home, an, *Herrick*, iii. 162; *Bloomfield*, 164.  
 English Literature, Progress of, *Jeffrey*, iii. 223.  
 English People, the Best, *Thackeray*, i. 504.  
 Enigmas, *W. M. Praed*, and *Byron*, iv. 366.  
 Enthusiasm, a Defence of, *H. T. Tuckerman*, iii. 307.  
 Epistle to a Friend, *S. Rogers*, ii. 194.  
 Epitaphs, *Wordsworth*, iii. 522.  
 Erle, Marian, *Mrs Browning*, iv. 473.  
 Errors of Learning, *Bacon*, iv. 459.  
 Escape from the Bastille, *De Latude*, ii. 11.  
 Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, *Charles II.*, iii. 531.  
 Ethelbert, Conversion of King, *Bede*, ii. 219.  
 Eve, St Agnes', *Keats*, iv. 467.  
 Evening Star, Ode to the, *Leyden*, iii. 340.  
 Every-Day Characters, *Praed*, iii. 374.  
 Examples of Spiritual Perfection, *Bates*, ii. 4.  
 Exercise, Mental Stimulus Necessary to, *Andrew Combe*, ii. 124.  
 Exile, Reflections upon, *Bolingbroke*, iv. 12.

## F.

- FAITHFUL Minister, the, *Thomas Fuller*, i. 338.  
 Fall of the Marquis of Montrose, the, *Clarendon*, i. 411.  
 Falkland, the Death of Lord, *Clarendon*, ii. 19.  
 False and True Knowledge, *Sir J. Davies*, iv. 205.  
 Fame, *Southey*, iv. 135.  
 Family, Advice to his, *William Penn*, iii. 121.  
 Family Feeling, the Doctor's, *Southey*, iv. 400.  
 Fanshawe, Lady, *Lady Fanshawe*, ii. 160.  
 Farewell to Tobacco, a, *Charles Lamb*, iii. 555.  
 Fashion, *Cowper*, ii. 477.  
 Faustus, *Goethe*, ii. 401.  
 Fazio, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Milman*, iv. 286.  
 Fears, Idle, *Bacon*, ii. 205.  
 Field Flowers, Address to, *Campbell*, i. 353.  
 Fielding and the Rabble, *Fielding*, ii. 480.  
 Field Sports, Agriculture, and Trade of the Middle Ages, *Hallam*, iv. 28.  
 Field Sports, Autumnal, selections on, from *Gascoigne*, *Richard Ayton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Wordsworth*, iii. 405.  
 Fire of London, Account of the Great, *Evelyn*, i. 218.  
 Fireside, My Own, *A. A. Watts*, iv. 439.  
 First-Born, Death of the, *A. A. Watts*, iv. 441.  
 First Man, the, *Buffon*, i. 126.  
 Fisherman, the Red, *Praed*, i. 224.  
 Fleetwood, Sir Miles, Recorder of London, *Aubrey*, ii. 204.  
 Floods, Great, in the Province of Moray, *Sir T. Dick Lauder*, iv. 526.  
 Florence, a Legend of, Extract from the Play of, *Leigh Hunt*, iv. 493.  
 Florence, the Plague of, *Boccaccio*, iv. 200.  
 Flowers, Bring, *Mrs Hemans*, iv. 251.  
 Flowers, selections on, from *Milton*, *Shakspeare*, *Chaucer*, *Burns*, *Herrick*, *Raleigh*, *Drayton*, *Herbert*, *Longfellow*, *Wordsworth*, *Shelley*, *Campbell*, and *Waller*, i. 345.

- Fool, Begging a, *L'Estrange*, i. 265.  
 Follies of Youth, the, *Shelley*, ii. 476.  
 Forest, Address to a, *Bryant*, ii. 27.  
 Forest, Adventures in a, *Smollett*, i. 494.  
 Forging of the Anchor, the, *S. Ferguson*, iv. 482.  
 Fortune, *Lucas*, ii. 90.  
 Fortune, Good and Bad, *Petrarch*, iii. 297.  
 Fraud, Of, *Bishop Wilson*, iv. 405.  
 Friend, Epistle to a, *S. Rogers*, ii. 194.  
 Friendship, the Measures and Offices of, *Jeremy Taylor*, i. 168.  
 Friendship, Youthful, *John Wilson*, iii. 168.

## G.

- GARDENS, *Jesse*, ii. 458.  
 Garret, Watt in his, *Samuel Smiles*, ii. 310.  
 Gaston de Foix, the Piteous Death of the Son of, *Froissart*, i. 12.  
 Generalizations of Science, *Humboldt*, iv. 211.  
 Genius, *Cowper*, ii. 478.  
 Gentleman, the Industry of a, *Barrow*, i. 522.  
 Gentry, Decayed, *Fuller*, i. 58.  
 Geologist, the Young, *Hugh Miller*, i. 369.  
 Geste of Robin Hood, a Little, *Anonymous*, iii. 457.  
 Giant, Artega and the, *Spenser*, iii. 538.  
 Gifford's Account of his Early Days, *Gifford*, i. 304.  
 Goldsmith, *Croker*, i. 59.  
 God Moves in a Mysterious Way, (Hymn,) *Cowper*, iv. 371.  
 God the Author of Nature, *Cowper*, iv. 47.  
 God, the Ways of, *John Scott*, iv. 368.  
 God's Mercy, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 301.  
 Good and Bad Fortune, *Petrarch*, iii. 297.  
 Good Examples, of Improving by, *O. Feltham*, ii. 239.  
 Good Lord Clifford, the, *Wordsworth*, i. 135.  
 Good Man's Day, a, *Bishop Hall*, i. 1.  
 Goodness of the Deity, on the, *Paley*, iv. 40.  
 Good, of the Public, *A. Sidney*, iv. 183.  
 Good Parson, the, *Dryden*, iii. 419.



Good Works, *Thomas Erskine*, iv. 131.  
 Gossip at Reculvers, a, *Douglas Ferrolld*, iv. 318.  
 Government of the Tongue, upon the, *Butler*, i. 298.  
 Gowrie, the Earl of, Extract from the Play of, *James White*, iv. 498.  
 Grant, Sir William, *Lord Brougham*, ii. 534.  
 Grave, Hope Beyond the, *Beattie*, iv. 176.  
 Great Author of Civilisation, the, *Ray*, ii. 115.  
 Great Britain, Patriotic Songs of. See Songs.  
 Great Dismal Swamp of America, the, *Sir C. Lyell*, ii. 207.  
 Greatness, Of the Inconvenience of, *Montaigne*, i. 333.  
 Great Place, Of, *Bacon*, i. 407.  
 Grey, Roger Ascham and Lady Jane, *Landor*, i. 47.  
 Griselda, *Boccaccio*, ii. 223.  
 Gulliver and the King of Brobdingnag, *Swift*, iii. 291.

## H.

HABITS of the Red Deer, *Scrope*, iii. 487.  
 Hall of Eblis, the, *Beckford*, iv. 64.  
 Hamelin, the Pied Piper of, *Browning*, i. 476.  
 Happiness in Solitude, *J. J. Rousseau*, ii. 276.  
 Happiness of the Life to Come, *Leighton*, iv. 170.  
 Hare-Hunting, Description of, by *Gascoigne*, *Ayton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Wordsworth*, iii. 405.  
 Hares, Cowper's Tame, *Cowper*, iii. 125.  
 Hart-leap Well, *Wordsworth*, iii. 410.  
 Harvest, descriptive extracts on, from *Thomson*, *Wordsworth*, *Herrick*, and *Bloomfield*, iii. 161.  
 Harvest Home, an English, *Herrick*, iii. 162; *Bloomfield*, 164.  
 Hastings, the Death of Lord, *Hall*, iv. 394.  
 Hatfield, Broadoak, the Old Oak-Tree at, *F. Locker*, ii. 366.  
 Haunch of Vension, the, *Goldsmith*, iv. 314.

Haymaking, Lines on, *Joanna Baillie*, ii. 258.  
 Health and Long Life, *Sir W. Temple*, iii. 498.  
 Heart, Lyrics of the, *Alaric A. Watts*—  
     Death of the First Born, iv. 441.  
     My Own Fireside, iv. 439.  
 Heavenly Beauty, Hymn of, *Spenser*, ii. 83.  
 Heir of Linne, the, *Anonymous*, iii. 352.  
 Hesperus, the Wreck of the, *Longfellow*, iii. 137.  
 Highland Lass, Description of a, *Wordsworth*, iii. 162.  
 Highland Snow Storm, *John Wilson*, ii. 29.  
 Hirundines, the British, *Gilbert White*, i. 177.  
 History of a Philosophic Vagabond, the, *Goldsmith*, ii. 148.  
 History of Perkin Warbeck, the, *Bacon*, i. 93.  
 Hogarth, *Charles Lamb*, i. 329.  
 Hohenlinden, *Thomas Campbell*, iii. 306.  
 Holy Sonnets, *Donne*, iii. 174.  
 Homeless Wanderer, the, *Charlotte Brontë*, iii. 74.  
 Homer, the English Translators of, being specimens of versions by *Chapman*, *Pope*, *Walker*, and the *Earl of Derby*, iii. 146.  
 Hope at the Close of Life, *Campbell*, iv. 6.  
 Hope Beyond the Grave, *Beattie*, iv. 176.  
 Horace, Imitation of, *Pope*, i. 281.  
 Horace, Imitation of, *Swift* and *Pope*, iv. 260.  
 Horse, King James's, *L'Estrange*, i. 264.  
 Household, the Royal, in 1780, *Burke*, ii. 368.  
 Human Nature, the Strange Contrarieties Discoverable in, *Pascal*, i. 211.  
 Human Wishes, the Vanity of, *Johnson*, iv. 216.  
 Humour and Wit, *Sydney Smith*, iv. 479.  
 Hunchback, the, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Sheridan Knowles*, iv. 291.  
 Hunting, Hare, Description of, by *Gascoigne*, *Ayton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Wordsworth*, iii. 405.  
 Hurricane, the, *Audubon*, iii. 423.  
 Hutchinson, Character of Colonel, *Mrs Hutchinson*, iii. 438.  
 Hymn for Christmas Day, *Keble*, iv. 457.

Hymn—God Moves in a Mysterious Way,  
*Cowper*, iv. 371.

Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, *Spenser*, ii. 83.

Hymn of the Nativity, *Milton*, iv. 451.

Hymn on the Seasons, *Thomson*, iv. 288.

Hymn to Cynthia, *Ben Jonson*, iii. 338.

Hymn to Light, Extract from, *Cowley*, ii.  
107.

Hymn to Morning, *Milton*, ii. 109.

Hymn, Sabbath Evening, *Anonymous*, iii.  
438.

## I.

IDLE Fears, *Bacon*, ii. 205.

Idle, it will never do to be, *Anonymous*, ii.  
233.

Illustrious Prisoners, *Bacon*, i. 59.

Imitation in Art, *Reynolds*, iv. 98.

Imitation of Christ, the, *Bishop Beveridge*, i.  
384.

Imitation of Horace, *Pope*, i. 281.

Imitation of Horace, *Swift* and *Pope*, iv.  
260.

Imitation, Sympathetic, *Dugald Stewart*, iv.  
423.

Immortality of the Soul, on the, *Leighton*,  
iii. 515.

Immortality of the Soul, on the, *Sherlock*,  
iv. 1.

Improving by Good Examples, of, *O. Feltham*,  
ii. 239.

Inconvenience of Greatness, Of the, *Montaigne*, i. 333.

Independence and Resolution, *Wordsworth*,  
iv. 515.

Independent Minister, the, *Mrs Gaskell*, iv.  
502.

Indian of Juan Fernandez, the Moskito, *Dampier*,  
ii. 111.

Indians, the Canadian, *Sir F. B. Head*, iv.  
381.

Industry Essentially Social, *Everett*, ii. 293.

Industry of a Gentleman, the, *Barrow*, i.  
522.

Industry of the British Nation, the, *Chenevix*,  
iii. 138.

Influence of the Parental Character, *Rev. R. Cecil*,  
iv. 247.

Influence of Science on the Wellbeing and  
Progress of Society, *Herschel*, i. 6.

Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous and Misery  
of the Vicious Affections, on the, *Chalmers*,  
iii. 202.

Instinct, *Green*, i. 354.

Intelligence, Precocious, *Lane*, i. 381.

Introduction of Tea and Coffee, the, *D'Israeli*,  
iii. 426.

Introduction to the Night Thoughts, *Young*,  
ii. 339.

Inventor of the Stocking Frames, the, *Aubrey*,  
i. 63.

Ion, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Talfourd*,  
iv. 356.

Irish Village, an, *Carleton*, i. 243.

It's, Hame, and it's Hame, *Cunningham*, iv.  
193.

It will never do to be Idle, *Anonymous*, ii.  
233.

## J.

JACK, Early Adventures of Colonel, *Defoe*, iii.  
365.

James the First, Court of, *Sir J. Harrington*,  
ii. 157.

Jars, Domestic, *Lord Stowell*, iv. 263.

Jealousy of Trade, Of the, *David Hume*, i.  
113.

Jerusalem, *Dr Kitto*, iii. 259.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane, *Tannahill*,  
iv. 162.

Johnson, *Boswell*, ii. 202.

Johnson, Dr, and his Times, *Macaulay*, i.  
272.

Johnson, Boswell's First Interview with, *Boswell*,  
ii. 203.

Johnson's, Dr, Dinner Talk, *Boswell*, iv. 77.

Juan Fernandez, the Moskito Indian of, *Dampier*,  
ii. 111.

Julian, Count, Extract from the Tragedy of,  
*Landor*, i. 323.

June, Lines on the Leafy Month of, *Keats*,  
ii. 26.

K.

- KEATS, Coleridge's First Interview with, *Coleridge*, ii. 206.  
 Keats, the Character of, *Moncton Milnes*, iii. 322.  
 Kemble, John, *Coleridge*, i. 62.  
 Kettle, Dr, *Aubrey*, i. 383.  
 Knowledge, *Bacon*, iv. 418.  
 Knowledge, Desire of, *Boswell*, i. 57.  
 Knowledge, False and True, *Sir J. Davies*, iv. 205.  
 Knowledge, Religious, *Robert Hall*, i. 252.  
 Koran, the, *G. Campbell*, i. 268.

L.

- LABOUR in Utopia, *Sir T. More*, ii. 512.  
 Lady Fanshawe, *Lady Fanshawe*, ii. 160.  
 Lady, the Voluble, *Jane Austen*, i. 189.  
 Lagado, the Academy of, *Swift*, ii. 528.  
 Landlord and the Agent, the, *Maria Edgeworth*, iv. 164.  
 Lass, Description of a Highland, *Wordsworth*, iii. 162.  
 Lass of Patie's Mill, the, *Allan Ramsay*, ii. 258.  
 Last of the Incas, the, *Wm. H. Prescott*, ii. 427.  
 La Vendée, the War in, *Marquise de La-rochejaquelein*, i. 30.  
 La Vendée, the War in, *Jeffrey*, iv. 444.  
 Law, Merciful, *Bacon*, i. 65.  
 Law, Nature's, *Hooker*, i. 130.  
 Law of Prices, the, *Chalmers*, iii. 26.  
 Law-Suit, some Account of the Great, between the Parishes of St Dennis and St George in the Water, *Macaulay*, iv. 55.  
 Learning, Errors of, *Bacon*, iv. 459.  
 Le Fevre, the Story of, *Sterne*, ii. 348.  
 Legend of Florence, a, Extract from the Play of, *Leigh Hunt*, iv. 493.  
 Lenders, the Safest, *Bacon*, i. 264.  
 Lesson, a, for Pretenders, *Peacham*, i. 201.  
 Levelling, *Johnson*, ii. 474.

- Leveller, the, (Song,) *Procter*, iv. 195.  
 Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, the, *Milton*, iii. 51.  
 Life, Hope at the Close of, *Campbell*, iv. 6.  
 Life, the Married, of Albert Durer, *Leopold Schefer*, iv. 141.  
 Life to Come, Happiness of the, *Leighton*, iv. 170.  
 Light, Hymn to, Extract from, *Cowley*, ii. 107.  
 Light, the Children of, *Archdeacon Hare*, iii. 390.  
 Linne, the Heir of, *Anonymous*, iii. 352.  
 Lion and the Spaniel, the, *Brooke*, iii. 39.  
 Lisbon, the Great Earthquake at, *Davy*, ii. 62.  
 Literary Quacks, *Colton*, ii. 424.  
 Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, the, *Hazlitt*, ii. 266.  
 Literature, Progress of English, *Jeffrey*, iii. 223.  
 Little Geste of Robin Hood, a, *Anonymous*, iii. 457.  
 Locke, John, and William Penn, *Bancroft*, iii. 36.  
 London, Account of the Great Fire of, *Evelyn*, i. 218.  
 London, Ancient, *Fitz-Stephen*, iv. 373.  
 London in the Time of Chaucer, *Godwin*, iii. 284.  
 London, 1750, an Earthquake in, *Horace Walpole*, ii. 335.  
 London, Progress of the Great Plague of, *Pepys*, i. 531.  
 London, Sir Miles Fleetwood, Recorder of, *Aubrey*, ii. 204.  
 Long Life, Health and, *Sir W. Temple*, ii. 498.  
 Lord's Day, Of the, *Cave*, iii. 432.  
 Louis the Eleventh, the Character of, *Comines*, ii. 395.  
 Love, *Elliot*, iv. 148.  
 Love of our Neighbour, Sermon upon the, *Bishop Butler*, iii. 84.  
 Love, the Victories of, *Herman Hooker*, iii. 218.  
 Luxury, *Sir G. Mackenzie*, iii. 181.  
 Luxury of the Roman Nobles, *A. Marcellinus*, ii. 481.  
 Lyrics of the Heart, *Alaric A. Watts*, iv. 438.

## M.

- MAID, the Nut-Brown, *Anonymous*, i. 554.  
 Maiden Brief, My, *Anonymous*, ii. 469.  
 Man, the Candid, *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton*, i. 66.  
 Man, the First, *Buffon*, i. 126.  
 Manfred, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Byron*, iv. 282.  
 Mansion, the Ancient, *Crabbe*, i. 108.  
 March, Lines on the First Mild Day of, *Wordsworth*, i. 40.  
 Marian Erle, *Mrs Browning*, iv. 473.  
 Mariner, Rime of the Ancient, *Coleridge*, iii. 111.  
 Mariners of England, the Old, *Chas. Kingsley*, ii. 179.  
 Mariners of England, ye, *Campbell*, iii. 269.  
 Marius, Caius, *Plutarch*, ii. 409.  
 Married Life of Albert Durer, the, *Leopold Schefer*, iv. 141.  
 Martin, Henry, *Aubrey*, i. 61.  
 Martinus Scriblerus, *Arbuthnot*, ii. 330.  
 Massacre of St Bartholomew, the, *Mad. de Mornay*, ii. 96.  
 May, selections on, from *Wordsworth*, *Spenser*, *James I. of Scotland*, *Edwards*, *Longfellow*, and *Shakspeare*, i. 193.  
 May Queen, the, *Tennyson*, i. 539.  
 Measures and Offices of Friendship, the, *Jeremy Taylor*, i. 168.  
 Mechanical Arts, Progress of the, *Daniel Webster*, i. 197.  
 Meduse French Frigate, Shipwreck of the, *Quarterly Review*, iii. 279.  
 Memory, *Ben Jonson*, i. 264.  
 Mental Stimulus Necessary to Exercise, *Andrew Combe*, ii. 124.  
 Merciful Law, *Bacon*, i. 65.  
 Mercy, God's, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 301.  
 Merry Devil of Edmonton, the, *Anonymous*, ii. 118.  
 Metropolis, Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the, *C. Lamb*, i. 117.  
 Middle Ages, Field Sports, Agriculture, and Trade, of the, *Hallam*, iv. 28.  
 Midges Dance aboon the Burn, the, *Tanna-hill*, iv. 163.  
 Minister, the Faithful, *Thomas Fuller*, i. 338.  
 Minister, the Independent, *Mrs Gaskell*, iv. 502.  
 Mirth, *Archdeacon Hare*, iii. 190.  
 Miser, John Elwes, the, *Topham*, ii. 314.  
 Miseries, the Mountain of, *Addison*, ii. 45.  
 Mocking-Bird, the, *Alex. Wilson*, ii. 137.  
 Modern Dramatic Poets, the. See Poets.  
 Montfort, De, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Joanna Baillie*, i. 320.  
 Montrose, the Fall of the Marquis of, *Clarendon*, i. 411.  
 Moon, Descriptive Extracts on the, from *Homer* by *Pope* and *Chapman*, from *Jonson*, *Sidney*, *Keats*, *Coleridge*, *Leyden*, *Shakspeare*, and *Milton*, iii. 337.  
 Morality, the Christian Revelation the Sure Standard of, *Locke*, iii. 44.  
 Moray, Great Floods in the Province of, *Sir T. Dick Lauder*, iv. 526.  
 More, Sir Thomas, *Aubrey*, ii. 202.  
 Morning, Hymn to, *Milton*, ii. 109.  
 Morning, selections on, from *Surrey*, *Cowley*, *Shakspeare*, *Fletcher*, *Anonymous*, and *Milton*, ii. 106.  
 Mortality at Sea, *Anson*, iv. 90.  
 Moskito Indian of Juan Fernandez, the, *Dampier*, ii. 111.  
 Mother's Picture, on the Receipt of his, *Cowper*, iii. 22.  
 Mountain of Miseries, the, *Addison*, ii. 45.  
 Movement of the Reformation, *D'Aubigné*, iii. 505.  
 Moving Onward, *H. Martineau*, iii. 165.  
 Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition, Address to the, *Horace Smith*, iii. 513.  
 Music, Scottish, *Beattie*, iv. 157.  
 Myself, Of, *Cowley*, iv. 196.  
 Mysterious Stranger, the, and Coningsby, *Disraeli*, iv. 120.

## N.

- NAPLES, Society at, *Forsyth*, iii. 551.  
 Naseby Field, *Carlyle*, ii. 478.  
 Nativity, Hymn of the, *Milton*, iv. 451.  
 Nature and Art, *Byron*, iv. 298.



Nature, God the Author of, *Cowper*, iv. 47.  
 Nature's Law, *Hooker*, i. 130.  
 Neighbour, Sermon upon the Love of our,  
*Butler*, iii. 84.  
 New Dress, the, *Richard Brathwayte*, iv.  
 330.  
 Newspapers, the Age before, *Walpole*, i. 64.  
 Newstead Abbey, *Byron*, iv. 390.  
 New Testament, on the, *Doddridge*, ii. 375.  
 Nightingale, Lines to the, *Drummond, Milton*, and *Coleridge*, i. 453.  
 Night Thoughts, Introduction to the, *Young*,  
 ii. 339.  
 Nile and the Desert, the, *H. Martineau*, iii.  
 544.  
 Nile, the Battle of the, *Southey*, iii. 357.  
 Nobles, Luxury of the Roman, *A. Marcellinus*, ii. 481.  
 Normans and Anglo-Saxons, *Hardy*, iv. 227.  
 North America, 1784, the Savages of, *Dr Franklin*, ii. 343.  
 North, Sir Dudley, *Roger North*, i. 488.  
 Nut-Brown Maid, the, *Anonymous*, i. 554.

O.

OAK-TREE at Hatfield, Broadoak, the Old,  
*F. Locker*, ii. 366.  
 Observation, *Colton*, i. 267.  
 Och Clo, *Coleridge*, i. 64.  
 Ode to Dejection, *Coleridge*, i. 51.  
 Ode to the Cuckoo, *Logan*, i. 452.  
 Ode to the Evening Star, *Leyden*, iii. 340.  
 Ode to the Skylark, *Shelley*, i. 457.  
 Old and the Young Courtier, the, *Anonymous*,  
 i. 317.  
 Old English Admiral, the, *E. H. Locker*, i.  
 545.  
 Old Fortunatus, Scene from, *Dekker*, i. 501.  
 Old Mariners of England, the, *Chas. Kingsley*, ii. 179.  
 Omens, *Davy*, i. 144.  
 Onward, Moving, *H. Martineau*, iii. 165.  
 Opening Year, the, selections on, from *Shelley*,  
*Herrick*, *Wordsworth*, *Burns*, and *Bryant*, i. 39.  
 Opinions, *Colton*, i. 65.

Opium, the Pains of, *Thos. De Quincey*, ii.  
 487.  
 Orators, on the Athenian, *Anonymous*, iii.  
 385.  
 Origin of Duelling, *Bassompierre*, ii. 358.  
 Osbornes, the Ducal, *G. L. Craik*, ii. 304.

P.

PAGE's Scenes in Philaster, the, *Beaumont*  
 and *Fletcher*, iii. 197.  
 Pains of Opium, the, *Thos. De Quincey*, ii.  
 487.  
 Panza, Sancho, in his Island, *Cervantes*, iv.  
 113.  
 Parental Character, Influence of the, *Rev. R. Cecil*, iv. 247.  
 Parliamentary Despatch, *Bacon*, i. 65.  
 Parson, the Good, *Dryden*, iii. 419.  
 Parver the Quaker and his Translation of the  
 Bible, *Hartley Coleridge*, ii. 423.  
 Passage of the Red Sea, the, *Heber*, ii. 174.  
 Paternal Affection, *Scott*, iv. 251.  
 Patriotic Songs of Great Britain. See Songs.  
 Paul, Saint, *Cave*, ii. 462.  
 Paul, Saint, at Athens, *Milman*, i. 43.  
 Peace, On, *Clarendon*, iii. 60.  
 Penn, William, and John Locke, *Bancroft*,  
 iii. 36.  
 Perfection, *Colton*, i. 62.  
 Perfection, Examples of Spiritual, *Bates*,  
 ii. 4.  
 Philaster, the Page's Scenes in, *Beaumont*  
 and *Fletcher*, iii. 197.  
 Philip Van Artevelde, Extract from the Dram-  
 atic Poem of, *H. Taylor*, iv. 360.  
 Philosopher, the Chemical, *Sir H. Davy*, ii.  
 211.  
 Philosophic Vagabond, the History of a, *Goldsmith*, ii. 148.  
 Pied Piper of Hamelin, the, *Browning*, i.  
 476.  
 Piteous Death of the Son of Gaston de Foix,  
*Froissart*, i. 12.  
 Pitt, Mr, *Quarterly Review*, i. 261.  
 Place, Of Great, *Bacon*, i. 467.  
 Plague of Florence, the, *Beccaccio*, iv. 300.

- Plague of London, the Progress of the Great, *Pepys*, i. 531.
- Plague-Stricken Village, the, *George Eliot*, iii. 326.
- Plantagenet, the Story of Richard, *Brett*, i. 314.
- Pliny the Elder, Death of, *Pliny the Younger*, ii. 362.
- Plough, the Sermon of the, *Latimer*, i. 435.
- Poesy, the Defence of, *Sir P. Sidney*, iv. 238.
- Poet Described, the, *S. Johnson*, ii. 392.
- Poet? What is a, *Wordsworth*, ii. 539.
- Poetic Extract, *J. R. Lowell*, iv. 313.
- Poetry of the Age of Elizabeth, *Thomas Warton*, iii. 270.
- Poetry? What is, *Leigh Hunt*, i. 516.
- Poets, Old Dramatic, *Massinger*, i. 20.
- POETS, THE MODERN DRAMATIC,—
- Count Julian, *Landor*, i. 323.
- De Montfort, *Joanna Baillie*, i. 320.
- Earl of Gowrie, the, *James White*, iv. 498.
- Fazio, *Milman*, iv. 286.
- Hunchback, the, *Sheridan Knowles*, iv. 291.
- Ion, *Talfourd*, iv. 356.
- Legend of Florence, a, *Leigh Hunt*, iv. 493.
- Manfred, *Byron*, iv. 282.
- Philip Van Artevelde, *H. Taylor*, iv. 360.
- Remorse, *Coleridge*, i. 326.
- Richelieu, *Bulwer Lytton*, iv. 295.
- Polybius the Historian, the Character of, *Dryden*, ii. 249.
- Poor Jack, *Charles Dibdin*, iii. 495.
- Poor Richard, *Dr Franklin*, i. 459.
- Prayer, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 50.
- Prayer, On, *Ogden*, iii. 132.
- Preface to the Schoolmaster, *Ascham*, ii. 41.
- Present Age, the, *Channing*, i. 148.
- Pretenders, a Lesson for, *Peacham*, i. 261.
- Prices, the Law of, *Chalmers*, iii. 26.
- Primitive Christians, *W. Cave*, ii. 260.
- Printing, the Liberty of Unlicensed, *Milton*, iii. 51.
- Prisoners, Illustrious, *Bacon*, i. 59.
- Probation, of a State of, as implying Trial, Difficulties, and Danger, *Bishop Butler*, iii. 1.
- Progress of Discontent, the, *T. Warton*, iii. 466.
- Progress of English Literature, *Jeffrey*, iii. 223.
- Progress of the Great Plague of London, the, *Pepys*, i. 531.
- Progress of the Mechanical Arts, *Daniel Webster*, i. 197.
- Public Good, Of the, *A. Sidney*, iv. 183.

## Q.

- QUACKERY in the Seventeenth Century, *Sir William Temple*, ii. 475.
- Quacks, Literary, *Colton*, ii. 424.
- Quarrel of Squire Bull and his Son, the, *Paulding*, iii. 463.
- Queen Christina of Sweden, *Ranke*, iv. 431.
- Queen, the May, *Tennyson*, i. 539.

## R.

- RABBLE, the, and Fielding, *Fielding*, ii. 480.
- Rage, *Hartley Coleridge*, ii. 476.
- Readers, to all, *Bishop Hall*, i. 486.
- Receipt of his Mother's Picture, on the, *Cowper*, iii. 22.
- Reculvers, a Gossip at, *Douglas Jerrold*, iv. 318.
- Red Deer, Habits of the, *Scrope*, iii. 487.
- Red Fisherman, the, *Praed*, i. 224.
- Red Sea, the Passage of the, *Heber*, ii. 174.
- Reflections upon Exile, *Bolingbroke*, iv. 12.
- Reflections on War, *Robert Hall*, iii. 301.
- Reformation, Movement of the, *D'Aubigné*, iii. 505.
- Religious Knowledge, *Robert Hall*, i. 252.
- Remedies of Discontents, *Burton*, iii. 412.
- Remorse, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Coleridge*, i. 326.
- Rents, Cottier, *Professor Jones*, iii. 497.
- Resolution and Independence, *Wordsworth*, iv. 515.
- Resolutions, *Bishop Beveridge*, iii. 469.
- Richard, Poor, *Dr Franklin*, i. 459.
- Richelieu, Extract from the Tragedy of, *Bulwer Lytton*, iv. 295.
- Rides, Rural, *Cobbett*, iv. 511.

Rienzi, *Gibbon*, iii. 8.  
 Rill from the Town Pump, a, *Hawthorne*, iii. 105.  
 Rime of the Ancient Mariner, the, *Coleridge*, iii. 111.  
 Rinaldo and Armida, *Tasso*, iii. 214.  
 Rise of Wolsey, the, *Cavendish*, ii. 440.  
 Rising of the Waters, the, *Galt*, i. 248.  
 Robin Hood, *Allan Cunningham*, iii. 450.  
 Roman Nobles, Luxury of the, *A. Marcellinus*, ii. 481.  
 Rose, Lines to the, *Waller*, i. 353.  
 Royal Household in 1780, the, *Burke*, ii. 368.  
 Rule, Britannia, *Thomson*, iii. 266.  
 Rural Life in England, *Washington Irving*, ii. 168.  
 Rural Life in Sweden, *Longfellow*, ii. 243.  
 Rural Rides, *Cobbett*, iv. 511.

## S.

SABBATH Evening Hymn, *Anonymous*, iii. 438.  
 Sabbath, the, *Willis*, iv. 371.  
 Sagacity of the Spider, on the, *Goldsmith*, iii. 255.  
 St Agnes' Eve, *Keats*, iv. 467.  
 St Bartholomew, *Bacon*, i. 63.  
 St Bartholomew, the Massacre of, *Mad. de Mornay*, ii. 96.  
 St Mark's and an English Cathedral, *Ruskin*, iv. 176.  
 St Paul, *Cave*, ii. 462.  
 St Paul at Athens, *Milman*, i. 43.  
 Sancho Panza in his Island, *Cervantes*, iv. 113.  
 Saturday Night, the Cotter's, *Burns*, ii. 281.  
 Savages of North America, 1784, the, *Dr Franklin*, ii. 343.  
 Saviour, the Coming of Our, *Thos Burnet*, ii. 507.  
 Scene from the Critic, *Sheridan*, ii. 449.  
 Scene from Old Fortunatus, *Dekker*, i. 501.  
 Scenes from the Alchemist, *Ben Jonson*, i. 403.  
 Science, Generalisations of, *Humboldt*, iv. 211.

Science, Influence of, on the Wellbeing and Progress of Society, *Herschel*, i. 6.  
 School Discipline, *Coleridge*, ii. 205.  
 Schoolmaster, the, *Verplanck*, i. 378.  
 Schoolmaster, Preface to the, *Ascham*, ii. 41.  
 Schoolmistress, the, *Shenstone*, ii. 518.  
 Scottish Borderers, the, *Scott*, iii. 397.  
 Scottish Music, *Beattie*, iv. 157.  
 Scriblerus Martinus, *Arbuthnot*, ii. 330.  
 Sea, Mortality at, *Anson*, iv. 90.  
 Sea Songs. *See* Songs, Sea.  
 Seasons, Hymn on the, *Thomson*, iv. 288.  
 Sea Storm, Description of a, *Donne*, iii. 235.  
 Sea, The, (Song,) *Procter*, iv. 195.  
 Security, Of, *Jeremy Bentham*, iv. 106.  
 Selfishness of Vice, the, *Colton*, ii. 201.  
 Selkirk, Alexander, *Steele*, iii. 210.  
 Sensitive Plant, Lines on the, *Shelley*, i. 352.  
 Sermon of the Plough, the, *Latimer*, i. 435.  
 Sermon upon the Love of our Neighbour, *Bishop Butler*, iii. 84.  
 Shipwreck of the Meduse French Frigate, *Quarterly Review*, iii. 279.  
 Shoals, the Ariel among the, *Cooper*, iii. 245.  
 Sir Roger de Coverley, *Addison*, i. 73, 228, 392, 560.  
 Sisters of Charity, *Anonymous*, ii. 54.  
 Skylark, Ode to the, *Shelley*, i. 457.  
 Sloth, the, *Chas. Waterton*, ii. 385.  
 Snow Storm, Highland, *John Wilson*, ii. 29.  
 Social, Industry Essentially, *Everett*, ii. 293.  
 Society at Naples, *Forsyth*, iii. 551.  
 Society, the Influence of Science on the Wellbeing and Prosperity of, *Herschel*, i. 6.  
 Socrates, Death of, *Plato*, iii. 445.  
 Solitude, Happiness in, *J. J. Rousseau*, ii. 276.  
 SONGS by *Allan Cunningham*, and *Procter*, (*Barry Cornwall*),—  
     A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, *Cunningham*, iv. 194.  
     It's Hame, and It's Hame, *Cunningham*, iv. 193.  
     The Leveller, *Procter*, iv. 195.  
     The Sea, *Procter*, iv. 195.  
     Thou hast Sworn by thy God, my Jeanie, *Cunningham*, iv. 192.  
 SONGS, SCOTTISH—  
     Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my Darling, *Tannahill*, iv. 164.

- Auld Robin Gray, *Lady Anne Barnard*, i. 241.  
 Birks o' Aberfeldy, the, *Burns*, ii. 259.  
 Braes o' Gleniffer, the, *Tannahill*, iv. 152.  
 Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane, *Tannahill*, iv. 162.  
 Lass o' Patie's Mill, *Ramsay*, ii. 259.  
 Midges Dance aboon the Burn, *Tannahill*, iv. 163.  
 SONGS, SEA—  
   Black-Eyed Susan, *Gay*, iii. 493.  
   Poor Jack, *Charles Dibdin*, iii. 495.  
   Storm, The, *Stevens* (?), *Falconer* (?), iii. 495.  
 SONGS, THE PATRIOTIC, OF GREAT BRITAIN—  
   Britain's Best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls, *Dr Arne*, iii. 267.  
   Britons, Strike Home! *Anonymous*, iii. 268.  
   Rule, Britannia, *Thomson*, iii. 266.  
   Ye Mariners of England, *Campbell*, iii. 269.  
 Son, Advice to his, *Lord Burleigh*, iv. 72.  
 Sonnet from the French of Desbarreaux, *H. K. White*, iii. 181.  
 Sonnet to Morning, *Anonymous*, ii. 109.  
 Sonnet to the Moon, *Sidney*, iii. 338.  
 Sonnets by *Spenser*, *Drummond*, *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Milton*, *Wordsworth*, and *Blanco White*, iv. 308.  
 Sonnets, Holy, *Donne*, iii. 174.  
 Soul, on the Immortality of the, *Archbishop Leighton*, iii. 515.  
 Soul, on the Immortality of the, *Sherlock*, iv. 1.  
 Spaniel, the, and the Lion, *Brooke*, iii. 39.  
 Special Means of Contentment, *Bishop Sander-son*, iv. 81.  
 Speech, the Prince-Consort's, at Birmingham, *The Prince Consort*, iv. 469.  
 Spider and the Bee, the, *Swift*, i. 110.  
 Spider, on the Sagacity of the, *Goldsmith*, iii. 255.  
 Spiritual Perfection, Examples of, *Bates*, ii. 4.  
 Squire Bull and his Son, the Quarrel of, *Paulding*, iii. 463.  
 Star, Ode to the Evening, *Leyden*, iii. 340.  
 State of Probation, as implying Trial, Difficulties, and Danger, of a, *Bishop Butler*, iii. 1.  
 Statesmanship, *Machiavelli*, ii. 273.  
 Stocking Frames, the Inventor of the, *Aubrey*, i. 63.  
 Storm at Sea, Description of a, *Donne*, iii. 235.  
 Storm, The, *Stevens* (?), *Falconer* (?), iii. 494.  
 Story of Le Fevre, the, *Sterne*, ii. 348.  
 Story of Richard Plantagenet, the, *Brett*, i. 314.  
 Struggling with Adversity, *Basil Hall*, i. 140.  
 Studies, Of his Own, *Milton*, iii. 480.  
 Summer, selections on, from *Spenser*, *Scott*, *Bryant*, *Milton*, *Joanna Baillie*, *Allan Ramsay*, *Burns*, and *Leigh Hunt*, ii. 254.  
 Sunday, *Herbert*, i. 91.  
 Swallow, Lines to the, *Anacreon*, i. 452.  
 Swallow, the First, *Anonymous*, i. 193.  
 Swamp of America, the Great Dismal, *Sir C. Lyell*, ii. 207.  
 Sweden, Queen Christina of, *Ranke*, iv. 431.  
 Sweden, Rural Life in, *Longfellow*, ii. 243.  
 Swineherds of the New Forest, *Gilpin*, ii. 455.  
 Sympathetic Imitation, *Dugald Stewart*, iv. 423.  
 T.  
 TALE of Terror, a, *Courier*, i. 37.  
 Talk, Dr Johnson's Dinner, *Boswell*, iv. 77.  
 Tea and Coffee, the Introduction of, *D'Israeli*, iii. 426.  
 Terror, a Tale of, *Courier*, i. 37.  
 Testament, on the New, *Doddridge*, ii. 375.  
 Thankfulness, Contentment and, *Izaak Walton*, ii. 58.  
 Things, Earthly, *Gurnall*, iii. 346.  
 Thou hast Sworn by thy God, my Jeanie, *Cunningham*, iv. 192.  
 Thoughts, Dying, *Baxter*, ii. 130.  
 Thrush Sing, Lines on Hearing a, *Burns*, i. 41.  
 Time, the Value of, *Johnson*, iv. 37.  
 Times, Dr Johnson and his, *Macaulay*, i. 272.



Tobacco, *Aubrey*, i. 266.  
 Tobacco, a Farewell to, *Charles Lamb*, iii.  
 555.  
 Tongue, upon the Government of the, *Butler*,  
 i. 298.  
 Town Pump, a Rill from the, *Hawthorne*, iii.  
 105.  
 Trade, Field Sports, and Agriculture of the  
 Middle Ages, *Hallam*, iv. 28.  
 Trade, of the Jealousy of, *David Hume*, i.  
 113.  
 Translation, *L'Estrange*, i. 262.  
 Treason, *Coleridge*, i. 265.  
 Tree, the Christmas, *Coleridge*, iv. 379.  
 Trees, selections on, from *Spenser*, *Scott*,  
*Keats*, *Milnes*, and *Bryant*, ii. 25.  
 Truth, Impediments to the Progress of, *Rev*,  
*R. Hall*, ii. 476.  
 Twelfth Night, *Herrick*, iv. 466.  
 Tyranny, the Desolation of, *Lane*, i. 61.

## U.

URN BURIAL, *Sir Thomas Browne*, iii.  
 153.  
 Useful, the, and the Beautiful, *Wieland*, iii.  
 341.  
 Utopia, Labour in, *Sir T. More*, ii. 512.

## V.

VAGABOND, History of a Philosophic, *Goldsmith*, ii. 148.  
 Value of Time, *Johnson*, iv. 37.  
 Vanity of Human Wishes, *Johnson*, iv. 216.  
 Venison, the Haunch of, *Goldsmith*, iv. 314.  
 Vicar of Wakefield, the, *Johnson*, i. 266.  
 Vicar of Wakefield, the, *John Forster*, iv.  
 273.  
 Vice, the Selfishness of, *Colton*, ii. 201.  
 Victories of Love, the, *Herman Hooker*, iii.  
 218.  
 Village, an Irish, *Carleton*, i. 243.  
 Village, the Plague-Stricken, *George Eliot*,  
 iii. 326.

Virtuous Affections, on the Inherent Pleasure  
 of the, and Misery of the Vicious, *Chalmers*, iii. 202.  
 Vision of Oliver Cromwell, the, *Cowley*, iii. 57.  
 Voluble Lady, the, *Jane Austen*, i. 189.

## W.

WAKEFIELD, the Vicar of, *Johnson*, i. 266.  
 Wakefield, the Vicar of, *John Forster*, iv.  
 273.  
 Walk, at Noon, Winter, *Cowper*, iv. 269.  
 Waller, *Johnson*, i. 62.  
 Wanderer, the Homeless, *Charlotte Brontë*,  
 iii. 74.  
 Warbeck, the History of Perkin, *Bacon*, i.  
 93.  
 War, Civil, *Aubrey*, i. 62.  
 War in La Vendée, the, *Marquise de La-  
 rochejaquelein*, i. 30.  
 War in La Vendée, *Jeffrey*, iv. 444.  
 War, Reflections on, *Robert Hall*, iii. 301.  
 Waters, the Rising of the, *Galt*, i. 248.  
 Watt, Character of James, *Jeffrey*, i. 293.  
 Watt in his Garret, *Samuel Smiles*, ii. 310.  
 Ways of God, the, *John Scott*, iv. 368.  
 West Wind, to the Wild, *Shelley*, iii. 232.  
 Wet Sheet, a, and a Flowing Sea, *Cunning-  
 ham*, iv. 194.  
 What is a Poet? *Wordsworth*, ii. 539.  
 What is Poetry? *Leigh Hunt*, i. 516.  
 Wicked Wit, *L'Estrange*, ii. 204.  
 Wickliffe's Body, Burning of, by Order of the  
 Council of Constance, *Fuller*, i. 64.  
 Wild, Character of Jonathan, *Fielding*, iii.  
 70.  
 Wind, to the Wild West, *Shelley*, iii. 232.  
 Winds and Clouds, selections on, from *Shel-  
 ley*, *Shakspeare*, *Coleridge*, and *Donne*, iii.  
 232.  
 Winter, Come, Let,—selections from *Pope*,  
*Burns*, *Spenser*, *Green*, *Sackville*, *Sou-  
 they*, and *Shelley*, iv. 7.  
 Winter Walk at Noon, *Cowper*, iv. 269.  
 Wisdom, Of, *Henry Taylor*, iv. 252.  
 Wisdom of this World, the, *Swift*, iv. 485.

- Wise, a Word to the, *Bishop Berkeley*, iv.  
186.  
Wishes, the Vanity of Human, *Johnson*, iv.  
216.  
Wit and Humour, *Sydney Smith*, iv. 479.  
Wit, Wicked, *L'Estrange*, ii. 204.  
Wits, the Difference of, *Ben Jonson*, iv. 244.  
Wolsey, Death of Cardinal, *Cavendish*, i.  
511.  
Wolsey, the Rise of, *Cavendish*, ii. 440.  
Wooden Walls, Britain's Best Bulwarks are  
her, *Dr Arne*, iii. 267.  
Worcester, Escape of Charles II. after the  
Battle of, *Charles the Second*, iii. 531.  
Word to the Wise, a, *Bishop Berkeley*, iv.  
186.  
Work, *Carlyle*, i. 397.  
Works, Good, *Thomas Erskine*, iv. 131.  
World, the Wisdom of this, *Swift*, iv. 485.  
Wreck of the Hesperus, the, *Longfellow*, iii.  
137.

## Y.

## YEAR, ANOTHER, selections—

- Another Year! Another Year, *Norton*, iv.  
468.  
Death of the Old Year, the, *Tennyson*, iv.  
464.  
End of Christmas, *Herrick*, iv. 466.  
St Agnes' Eve, *Keats*, iv. 467.  
Twelfth Night, *Herrick*, iv. 466.  
Year, the Opening, selections from *Shelley*,  
*Herrick*, *Wordsworth*, *Burns*, and *Bry-*  
*ant*, i. 39.  
Ye Mariners of England, *Campbell*, iii. 269.  
Young Geologist, the, *Hugh Miller*, i. 369.  
Youth, *Johnson*, i. 384.  
Youth, the Follies of, *Shelley*, ii. 476.  
Youthful Friendship, *John Wilson*, iii. 168.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

*\* \* A notice and estimate of the life and writings of the author will be found prefixed to each extract.*

### A.

ADDISON, Sir Roger de Coverley, i. 73, 228, 392, 560; The Mountain of Miseries, ii. 45.

ANACREON, Lines to the Swallow, i. 452.

ANONYMOUS, The First Swallow, i. 193; Gentle Herdsman, 239; Sir Patrick Spence, 240; The Old and the Young Courtier, 317; The Nut-Brown Maid, 554; Sisters of Charity, ii. 54; Sonnet to Morning, 109; The Merry Devil of Edmonton, 118; It will never do to be Idle, 233; My Maiden Brief, 469; Britons, Strike Home, iii. 268; The Heir of Linne, 352; On the Athenian Orators, 385; Sabbath Evening Hymn, 438; A Little Geste of Robin Hood, 457; Christmas Carol, iv. 417.

ANSON, LORD, Mortality at Sea, iv. 90.

ARBUTHNOT, Martinus Scriblerus, ii. 330.

ARNE, DR, Britain's Best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls, iii. 267.

ARNOLD, Classical Education, i. 153.

ARNOTT, The Barometer, i. 85.

ASCHAM, Preface to the Schoolmaster, ii. 41.

AUBREY, Henry Martin, i. 61; Civil War, 62;

Inventor of the Stocking Frames, 63; Days before Books, 260; Keep to your Calling,

262; Tobacco, 266; Dr Kettle, 383; Sir Thomas More, ii. 202; Sir Miles Fleetwood, Recorder of London, 204.

AUDUBON, The Hurricane, iii. 423.

AUSTEN, JANE, The Vcluble Lady, i. 189.

AYTON, RICHARD, Description of Hare-Hunting, iii. 407.

### B.

BACON, Illustrious Prisoners, i. 59; St Bartholomew, 63; Merciful Law, 65; Parliamentary Despatch, 65; The History of Perkin Warbeck, 93; The Safest Lenders, 264; Danger, 265; Ambition, 267; Of Great Place, 467; Idle Fears, ii. 205; Knowledge, iv. 418; Errors of Learning, 459.

BAILLIE, JOANNA, Extract from the Tragedy of De Montfort, i. 320; Lines on Hay-making, ii. 258.

BANCROFT, John Locke and William Penn, iii. 36.

BARNARD, LADY A., Auld Robin Gray, i. 241.

BARROW, The Industry of a Gentleman, i. 522.

BASSOMPIERRE, Origin of Duelling, ii. 358.

BATES, Examples of Spiritual Perfection, ii. 4.

## F.

- FALCONER, (?) *The Storm*, iii. 494.  
 FANSHAWE, LADY, *Lady Fanshawe*, ii. 160.  
 FELTHAM, O., *Of Improving by Good Examples*, ii. 239.  
 FERGUSON, SAMUEL, *The Forging of the Anchor*, iv. 482.  
 FIELDING, *Fielding and the Rabble*, ii. 480; *Character of Jonathan Wild*, iii. 70.  
 FITZ STEPHEN, *Ancient London*, iv. 373.  
 FLETCHER, *Lines to Morning*, ii. 108.  
 FORSTER, JOHN, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, iv. 273.  
 FORSYTH, *Society at Naples*, iii. 551.  
 FOSTER, JOHN, *Decision of Character*, i. 202.  
 FRANKLIN, DR., *Poor Richard*, i. 459; *The Savages of North America*, 1784, ii. 343.  
 FROISSART, *The Piteous Death of the Son of Gaston de Foix*, i. 12.  
 FULLER, THOMAS, *Decayed Gentry*, i. 58; *Burning of Wickliffe's Body by order of the Council of Constance*, 64; *Tenderness of Conscience*, 261; *The Faithful Minister*, 338; *Real Courage*, 381.

## G.

- GALT, *The Rising of the Waters*, i. 248.  
 GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, *Description of Hunting*, iii. 405.  
 GASKELL, MRS., *The Independent Minister*, iv. 502.  
 GAY, *Black-Eyed Susan*, iii. 493.  
 GIBBON, Rienzi, iii. 8.  
 GIFFORD, *Gifford's Account of his Early Days*, i. 304.  
 GILPIN, *Swincherds of the New Forest*, ii. 455.  
 GODWIN, *London in the Time of Chaucer*, iii. 284.  
 GOETHE, *Faustus*, ii. 401.  
 GOLDSMITH, *The History of a Philosophic Vagabond*, ii. 148; *On the Sagacity of the Spider*, iii. 255; *The Haunch of Venison*, iv. 314.

- GREEN, *Instinct*, i. 354.  
 GREENE, *Lines on Winter*, iv. 9.  
 GURNALL, *Earthly Things*, iii. 346.  
 GUIZOT, *Civilisation*, i. 470.

## H.

- HALL, BASIL, *Struggling with Adversity*, i. 140.  
 HALL, BISHOP, *A Good Man's Day*, i. 1; *To all Readers*, 486.  
 HALL, ROBERT, *Religious Knowledge*, i. 252; *Impediments to the Progress of Truth*, ii. 476; *Reflections on War*, iii. 301.  
 HALL, *The Death of Lord Hastings*, iv. 394.  
 HALLAM, *Criticism on Don Quixote*, i. 287; *Field Sports, Agriculture, and Trade of the Middle Ages*, iv. 28.  
 HARDY, T. D., *Anglo-Saxons and Normans*, iv. 227.  
 HARE, ARCHDEACON, *Mirth*, iii. 190; *The Children of Light*, 390.  
 HARRINGTON, SIR J., *Court of James the First*, ii. 157.  
 HAVEN, *Lines on Autumn*, iii. 69.  
 HAWTHORNE, *A Rill from the Town Pump*, iii. 105.  
 HAZLITT, *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, ii. 266.  
 HEAD, SIR F. B., *The Canadian Indians*, iv. 381.  
 HEBER, *The Passage of the Red Sea*, ii. 174.  
 HEMANS, MRS., *Bring Flowers*, iv. 251.  
 HERBERT, *Sunday*, i. 91; *Lines on Flowers*, i. 349.  
 HERRICK, *Song for Candlemas Day*, i. 40; *Lines on Daffodils*, 348; *Description of an English Harvest-Home*, iii. 162; and *of English Country Life*, 163; *Lines on Martelmas and Christmas*, iv. 415; *Twelfth Night*; *End of Christmas*, 466.  
 HERSCHEL, *The Influence of Science on the Wellbeing and Progress of Society*, i. 6.  
 HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, i. 208.  
 HOOKER, *Nature's Law*, i. 130.  
 HOOKER, HERMAN, *The Victories of Love*, iii. 218.



HUMBOLDT, A. VON, Generalisations of Science, iv. 211.  
 HUME, DAVID, Of the Jealousy of Trade, i. 113.  
 HUNT, LEIGH, What is Poetry? i. 516; Lines on Summer, ii. 260; Extract from the Play of a Legend of Florence, iv. 493.  
 HUTCHINSON, MRS, Character of Colonel Hutchinson, iii. 438.

I.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, Rural Life in England, ii. 168; Columbus at Barcelona, iii. 241.

J.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND, Lines on May, i. 195.  
 JEFFREY, Character of James Watt, i. 293; Progress of English Literature, iii. 223; The War in La Vendée, iv. 444.  
 JERROLD, DOUGLAS, A Gossip at Reculvers, iv. 318.  
 JESSE, Gardens, ii. 458.  
 JOHNSON, Waller, i. 65; The Vicar of Wakefield, 266; Youth, 384; The Poet Described, ii. 392; Levelling, 474; The Value of Time, iv. 37; The Vanity of Human Wishes, 216.  
 JONES, PROFESSOR, Cottier Rents, iii. 497.  
 JONSON, BEN, Memory, i. 264; Scenes from "The Alchemist," 403; Character of Lord Bacon, ii. 205; Hymn to Cynthia, iii. 338; The Difference of Wits, iv. 244.

K.

KEATS, Lines on the "Leafy Month of June," ii. 26; Lines on Autumn, iii. 65;

On the Moon, 338; To his Brother, 317; St Agnes' Eve, iv. 467.  
 KEEBLE, Hymn for Christmas Day, iv. 457.  
 KINGSLEY, CHAS., The Old Mariners of England, ii. 179.  
 KITTO, DR J., Deafness, ii. 544; Jerusalem, iii. 259.  
 KNIGHT, CHARLES, The Chapel, iv. 520.  
 KNOWLES, SHERIDAN, The Hunchback, iv. 291.

L.

LAMB, C., A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis, i. 117; A Farewell to Tobacco, iii. 555.  
 LANDOR, ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY, i. 47; Extract from the Tragedy of Count Julian, 323.  
 LANE, The Desolation of Tyranny, i. 61.  
 LAROCHEJAQUELEIN, MARQUISE DE, The War in La Vendée, i. 30.  
 LATIMER, The Sermon of the Plough, i. 435.  
 LATUDE, DE, Escape from the Bastille, ii. 11.  
 LAUDER, SIR T. DICK, Great Floods in the Province of Moray, iv. 526.  
 LEIGHTON, ARCHB., On the Immortality of the Soul, iii. 515; Happiness of the Life to Come, iv. 170.  
 L'ESTRANGE, Translation, i. 262; King James's Horse, 262; Begging a Fool, 265; Wicked Wit, ii. 204.  
 LEYDEN, Ode to the Evening Star, iii. 340.  
 LOCKE, The Christian Revelation the Sure Standard of Morality, iii. 44.  
 LOCKER, E. H., The Old English Admiral, i. 545; The Old Oak-Tree at Hatfield, Broad-oak, ii. 366.  
 LOGAN, Ode to the Cuckoo, i. 453.  
 LONG, G., Character of Brutus, iii. 380; Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero, iv. 23.  
 LONGFELLOW, Lines on May, i. 196; On Flowers, 350; Rural Life in Sweden, ii. 243; The Wreck of the Hesperus, iii. 137.  
 LOWELL, J. R., Poetic Extract from, iv. 313.  
 LUCAS, Fortune, ii. 90.  
 LYELL, SIR C., The Great Dismal Swamp of America, ii. 207.

LYTTON, SIR E. BULWER, *The Candid Man*, i. 66; *Extract from the Play of Richelieu*, iv. 295.

## M.

MACAULAY, Dr Johnson and his Times, i. 272; Bunyan, 420; *Some Account of the Great Law-Suit between the Parishes of St Dennis and St George in the Water*, iv. 55.

MACHIAVELLI, *Statesmanship*, ii. 273.

MACKENZIE, SIR G., *Luxury*, iii. 181.

MARCELLINUS, A., *Luxury of the Roman Nobles*, ii. 481.

MARTINEAU, H., *Moving Onward*, iii. 105; *The Nile and the Desert*, 544.

MASSINGER, *Old Dramatic Poets*, i. 20.

MILLER, HUGH, *The Young Geologist*, i. 369.

MILMAN, St Paul at Athens, i. 43; *Extract from the Tragedy of Fazio*, iv. 286.

MILNES, MONCTON, *Lines on Trees*, ii. 27; *The Character of Keats*, iii. 322.

MILTON, *Lines on Flowers*, i. 345; *to the Nightingale*, 453; *Hymn to Morning*, ii. 109; *Lines on Summer*, 257; *The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, iii. 51; *on Night and the Music of the Spheres*, 340; *Of his own Studies*, 480; *Sonnets*, iv. 310-312; *Hymn of the Nativity*, iv. 451.

MONTAIGNE, *Of the Inconvenience of Greatness*, i. 333.

MORE, SIR T., *Labour in Utopia*, ii. 512.

MORNAY, MAD. DE, *The Massacre of St Bartholomew*, ii. 96.

MUDIE, *The Bittern*, iii. 97.

## N.

NORTH, ROGER, Sir Dudley North, i. 488.

NORTON, A., *Another Year! Another Year!* iv. 458.

## O.

OGDEN, *On Prayer*, iii. 132.

OVERBURY, SIR THOS., *Characters*, iii. 32.

## P.

PALEY, *On the Goodness of the Deity*, iv. 40.

PASCAL, *The Strange Contrarieties Discoverable in Human Nature*, i. 211.

PAULDING, *The Quarrel of Squire Bull and his Son*, iii. 463.

PEACHAM, *A Lesson for Pretenders*, i. 261.

PENN, WILLIAM, *Advice to his Family*, iii. 121.

PEPYS, *The Progress of the Great Plague of London*, i. 531.

PETRARCH, *Good and Bad Fortune*, iii. 297.

PLATO, *Death of Socrates*, iii. 445.

PLINY THE YOUNGER, *Death of Pliny the Elder*, ii. 362.

PLUTARCH, *Death of Cæsar*, i. 360; *Caius Marius*, ii. 409.

POPE, *Imitation of Horace*, i. 281; *Extract from his Version of Homer*, iii. 148; *Lines on the Moon from his Version of Homer*, 337; *Imitation of Horace*, iv. 260; *Education*, 325.

PRAED, W. M., *The Red Fisherman*, i. 224; *Every-Day Characters*, iii. 374; *Enigmas*, iv. 366.

PRESCOTT, WM. H., *The Last of the Incas*, ii. 427.

PROCTER, MR., *The Sea*, (Song,) iv. 195; *The Leveller*, (Song,) 195.

## Q.

*Quarterly Review*, Mr Pitt, i. 261; *Shipwreck of the Meduse French Frigate*, iii. 279.

## R.

RALEIGH, *Lines on Flowers*, i. 348.

RAMSAY, ALLAN, *The Lass o' Patie's Mill*, ii. 259.

RANKE, *Queen Christina of Sweden*, iv. 431.

RAY, *The Great Author of Civilisation*, ii. 115.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, *Imitation in Art*, iv. 98.

ROGERS, S., *Epistle to a Friend*, ii. 194.

ROUSSEAU, J. J., Happiness in Solitude, ii. 276.

RUSKIN, An English Cathedral and St Mark's, iv. 176.

## S.

SACKVILLE, Lines on Winter, iv. 10.

SANDERSON, BISHOP, Special Means of Contentment, iv. 81.

SCHEFER, LEOPOLD, The Married Life of Albert Durer, iv. 141.

SCOTT, JOHN, The Ways of God, iv. 368.

SCOTT, SIR W., Lines on Trees, ii. 25; on Summer, 255; The Scottish Borderers, iii. 397; Paternal Affection, iv. 251.

SCROPE, Habits of the Red Deer, iii. 487.

SEWARD, Candour, i. 266; A Distinction, ii. 204.

SHAKSPERE, Lines on May, i. 197; on Flowers, 346; to Morning, ii. 108; on Autumn, iii. 67; on Clouds, 234; on the Stars, and the Music of the Spheres, 340; on Hare-Hunting, 407, 408; Absence, iv. 235; on Christmas, 417.

SHELLEY, Dirge for the Old Year, i. 40; Lines on Flowers, 352; Ode to the Skylark, 457; The Follies of Youth, ii. 476; Lines on Autumn, iii. 67; To the Wild West Wind, 232; Lines on Winter, iv. 11; the Clouds, 71.

SHENSTONE, The Schoolmistress, ii. 518.

SHERIDAN, Scene from the Critic, ii. 449.

SHERLOCK, On the Immortality of the Soul, iv. i.

SIDNEY, A., Of the Public Good, iv. 183.

SIDNEY, SIR P., Sonnet to the Moon, iii. 338; The Defence of Poesy, iv. 238.

SMILES, SAMUEL, Watt in his Garret, ii. 310.

SMITH, HORACE, Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition, iii. 513.

SMITH, SYDNEY, Wit and Humour, iv. 479.

SMOLLETT, Authors of a Century Ago, i. 441; Adventure in a Forest, 494.

SOUTHEY, Lines on Autumn, iii. 66; The Battle of the Nile, 357; Lines on Winter, iv. 11; Fame, 135; The Doctor's Family Feeling,

SPENSER, Lines on May, i. 195; on Trees, ii. 25; Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, 83; Lines to Summer, 254; Lines on Autumn, iii. 64; Artegal and the Giant, 538; Lines on Winter, iv. 9; Sonnet, 308.

STEELE, Alexander Selkirk, iii. 210.

STERNE, The Story of Le Fevre, ii. 348.

STEVENS, G. A. (?), The Storm, iii. 494.

STEWART, DUGALD, Sympathetic Imitation, iv. 423.

STOWELL, LORD, Domestic Jars, iv. 263.

SUMNER, J. B., Christian Charity, ii. 424.

SURREY, Lines to Morning, ii. 106.

SWIFT, The Spider and the Bee, i. 110; The Academy of Lagado, ii. 528; Gulliver and the King of Brobdingnag, iii. 291; Imitation of Horace, iv. 260; The Wisdom of this World, 485.

## T.

TACITUS, Death of Agrippina, the Mother of Nero, iv. 23.

TALFOURD, Extract from the Tragedy of Ion, iv. 356.

TANNAHILL, Songs — Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane, iv. 162; The Braes o' Gleniffer, 163; The Midges Dance aboon the Burn, 163; Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my Darling, 164.

TASSO, Rinaldo and Armida, iii. 214.

TAYLOR, H., Of Wisdom, iv. 252; Extract from the Drama of Philip van Artevelde, 360.

TAYLOR, JEREMY, The Measures and Offices of Friendship, i. 168; Prayer, ii. 50; God's Mercy, 301.

TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM, Quackery in the Seventeenth Century, ii. 475; Health and Long Life, 498.

TENNYSON, The May Queen, i. 539; Lines on Autumn, iii. 69; The Death of the Old Year, iv. 464.

THACKERAY, The Best English People, i. 504.

THOMSON, Lines on Harvest, iii. 161; Rule, Britannia, 266; Hymn on the Seasons, iv. 288.

- TOPHAM, John Elwes the Miser, ii. 314.  
 TUCKERMAN, H. T., A Defence of Enthusiasm, iii. 307.

## V.

- VERPLANCK, The Schoolmaster, i. 378.

## W.

- WAKEFIELD, E. G., Co-operation, ii. 288.  
 WALKER, WILLIAM SYDNEY, Extract from his Version of Homer, iii. 150.  
 WALLER, Lines to the Rose, i. 353.  
 WALPOLE, The Age before Newspapers, i. 66; An Earthquake in London, 1750, ii. 335.  
 WALTON, IZAAK, Contentment and Thankfulness, ii. 58.  
 WARTON, THOMAS, Poetry of the Age of Elizabeth, iii. 270; The Progress of Discontent, iii. 466.  
 WATERTON, CHAS., The Sloth, ii. 385.  
 WATTS, ALARIC A., Lyrics of the Heart—My Own Fireside, iv. 439; Death of the First Born, 441.  
 WEBSTER, DANIEL, Progress of the Mechanical Arts i. 197.  
 WHITE, BLANCO, Sonnet, iv. 311.  
 WHITE, GILBERT, The British Hirundines, i. 177.  
 WHITE, H. K., Sonnet from the French of Desbarreaux, iii. 181.  
 WHITE, JAMES, Extract from the Play of The Earl of Gowrie, iv. 498.  
 WIELAND, The Beautiful and the Useful, iii. 341.  
 WILLIS, The Sabbath, iv. 371.  
 WILSON, ALEX., The Mocking-Bird, ii. 137.  
 WILSON, BISHOP, Of Fraud, iv. 405.  
 WILSON, JOHN, Highland Snow Storm, ii. 29; Youthful Friendship, iii. 168.  
 WITHER, GEORGE, Lines on Christmas, iv. 416.  
 WORDSWORTH, Lines on the First Mild Day of March, i. 40; The Good Lord Clifford 135; On May, 194; To the Celandine 351; on Birds, 456; What is a Poet? ii. 539; Lines on a Highland Lass, iii. 162; Poem of Hartleap Well, 410; Epitaphs 522; Sonnets, iv. 310-313; Resolution and Independence, 515.

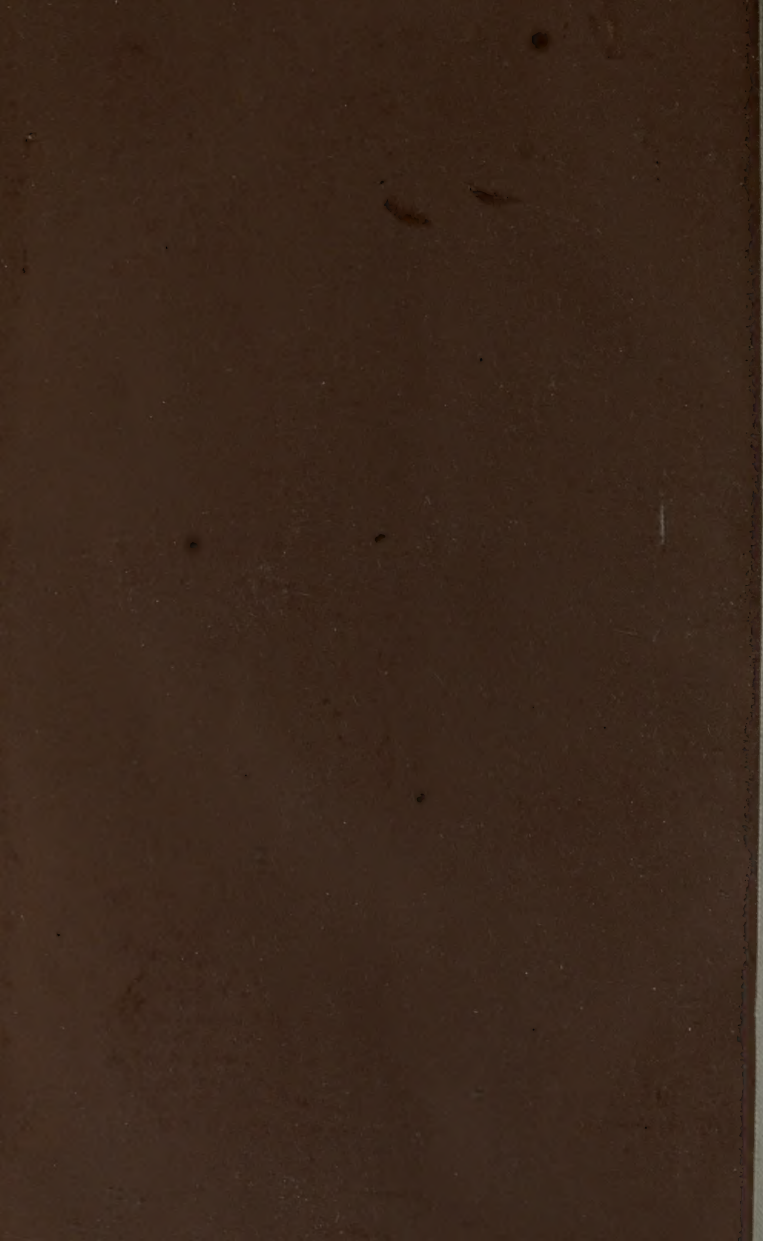
## Y.

- YOUNG, Introduction to the Night Thoughts ii. 339.

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